Dec. 18, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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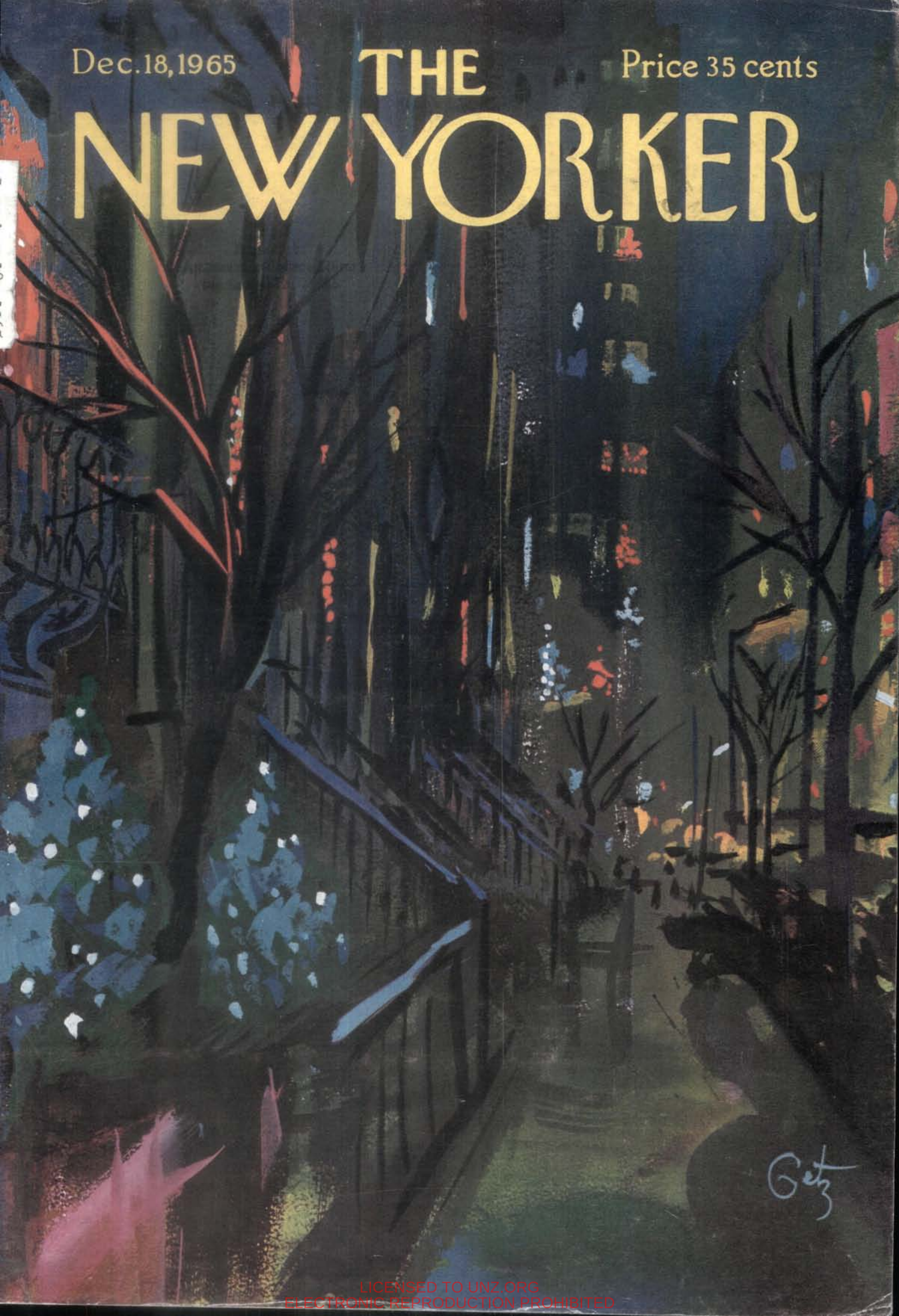

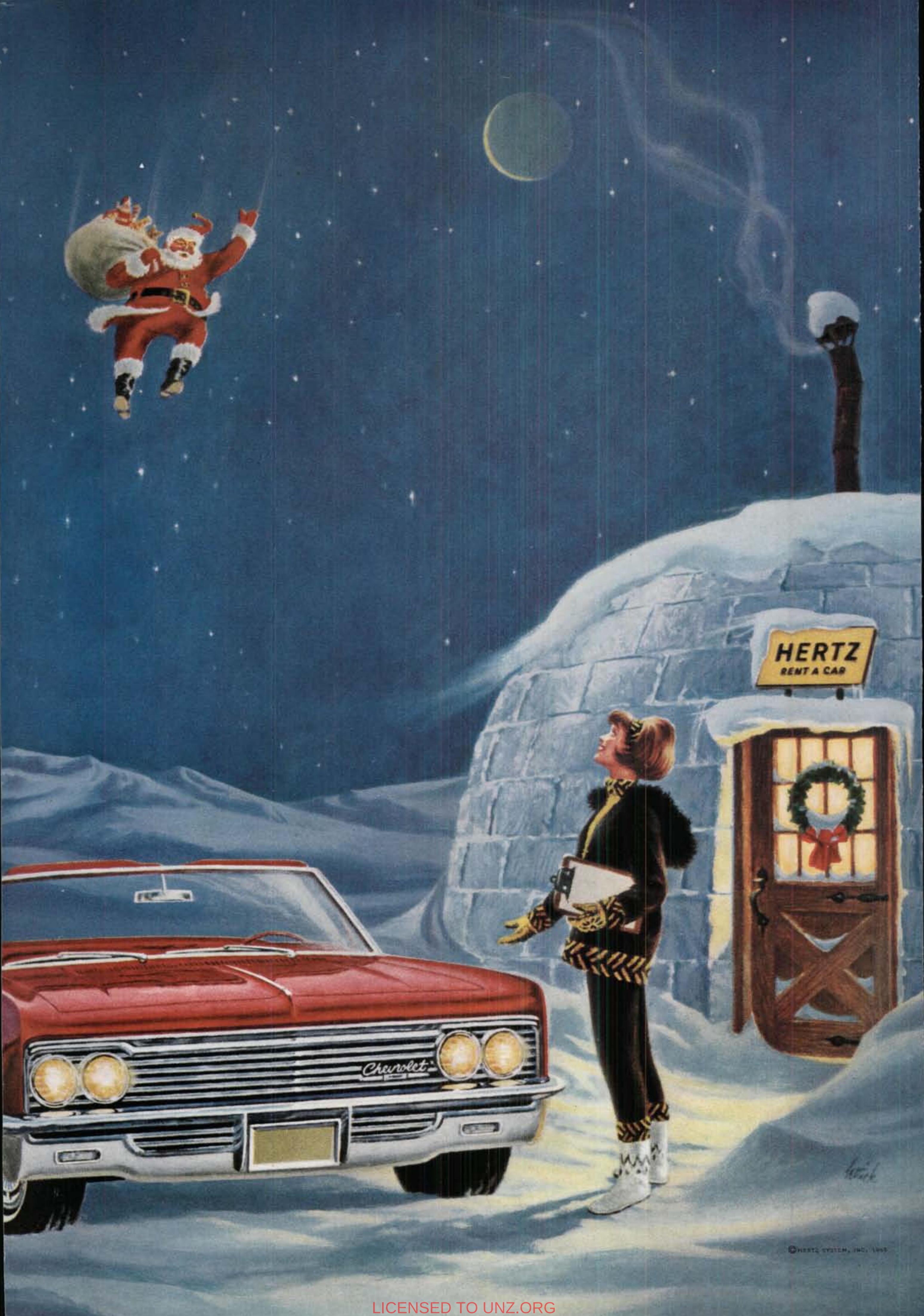
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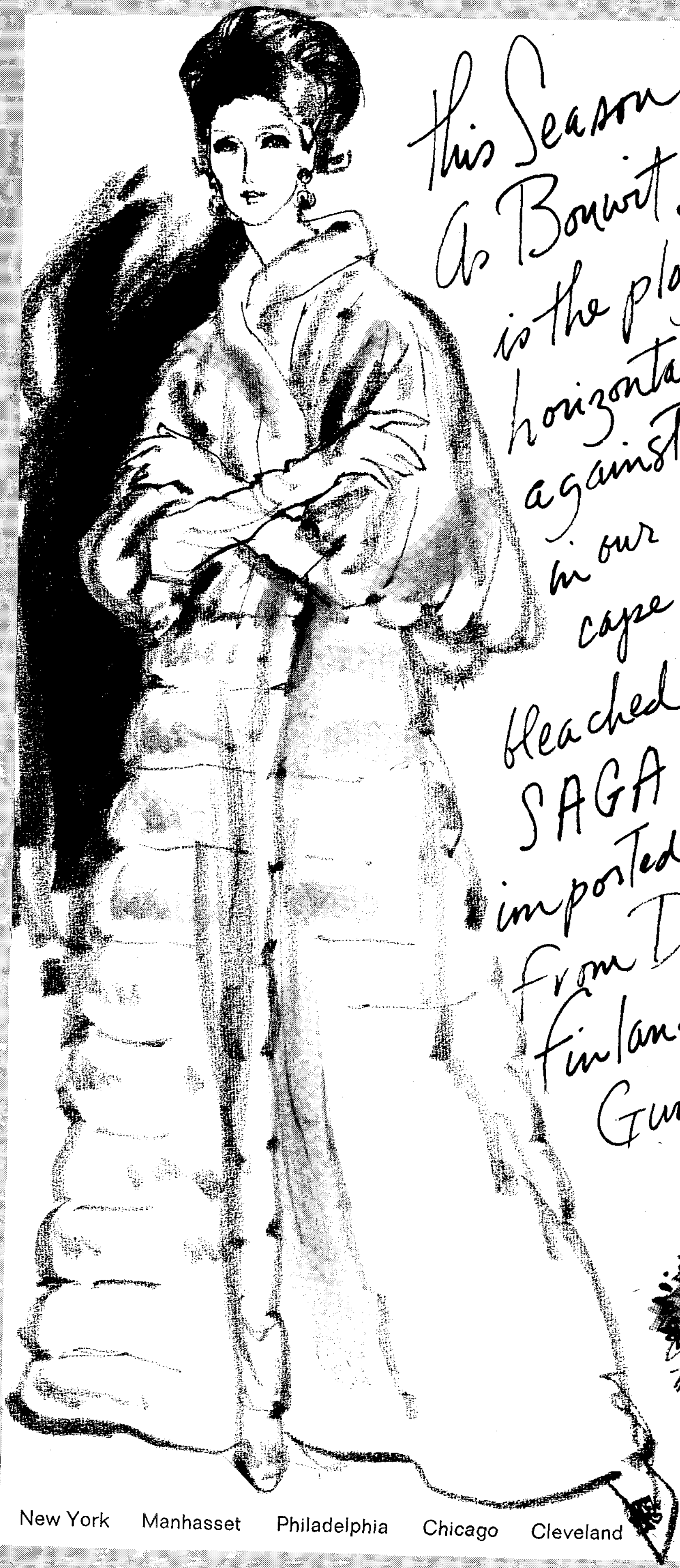

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, having a splendid time in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devils—The late John Whiting's dramatization of Aldous Huxley's "The Devils of Loudun," a study of demonology in the seventeenth century. Jason Robards appears as a womanizing vicar who is presently undone by a hysterical prioress. As directed by Michael Cacoyannis, the play moves haltingly, and Mr. Whiting's characters are seldom credible. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Generation—William Goodhart's rather tiresome description of the struggle that takes place in a lower East Side loft between a beatnik and his civilized father-in-law from Chicago. Henry Fonda is excellent as the father-in-law, but Richard Jordan as the beatnik is hard to take. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

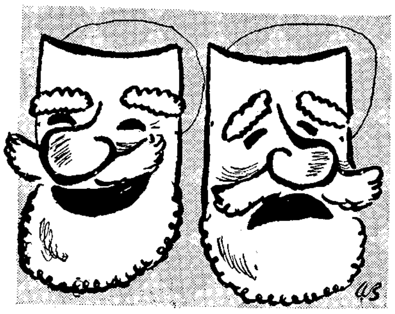
The Impossible Years—Alan King functioning to no particular purpose in an empty comedy about a psychiatrist and some horrid adolescents whose customs he finds it difficult to understand. Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, a couple of television veterans, put the thing together. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—Nicol Williamson as a seedy and loquacious lawyer disintegrating under assorted pressures. A long, windy, and depressing drama by John Osborne. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Playroom—Five adolescent brats are involved in a kidnapping plot in this melodrama, which is too dishevelled to be entirely successful as a thriller but has alarming moments nevertheless. Joseph Anthony directed Mary Drayton's play, which is sometimes too shrill for comfort. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Right Honourable Gentleman—A play that never raises its voice but holds attention nevertheless. It has to do with some concupiscent capers in governmental circles of Victorian London, and was written by Michael Dyne. Charles D. Gray, Coral Browne, and Sarah Badel are in the competent cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—A large, colorful, and highly satisfactory account by Peter Shaffer of Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Christopher Plummer is practically faultless as the Pizarro of the affair, and David Carradine is impressive as the Inca sovereign whom Pizarro dethrones. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

You Can't Take It with You—The thirty-year-old farce by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman has been given a lively revival by the APA Repertory Company, and the players, directed by Ellis Rabb, are one and all amusing. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik and Louis Gossett are engaging, respectively, as a Jewish grandfather in South Africa who refuses to abide by the rules of apartheid, and a Zulu servant who has been assigned to keep an eye on him. But the play, by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon, is rather fragile. Harold Rome has provided incidental music and lyrics. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook is the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and George Gaynes. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **barefoot in the park:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. The cast is headed by Jack Klugman and Eddie Bracken. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Moves on Tuesday, Dec. 21, to the Henry Miller, 43rd St., E., BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

Half a Sixpence—Tommy Steele disporting himself happily in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps" that is full of pleasant airs and diverting dances. David Heneker wrote the music and lyrics, Onna White did the choreography, and Gene Saks is responsible for the over-all direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Extrasensory perception and reincarnation are mixed in this rather lumpy confection by Alan Jay Lerner, which has a smooth score by Burton Lane. Barbara Harris is stimulating as an ESP and metempsychic type, and the sets, by Oliver Smith, and the costumes, by Freddy Wittop, are attractive. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A musical version of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" that is very large but not very interesting. Julie Harris plays the daydreaming heroine attractively, but the music and lyrics are hardly memorable, and the book is actively annoying. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 19.)... **golden boy:** All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Winnie Lightner. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

La Grosse Valise—Robert Dhéry's Paris musical, starring Ronald Fraser and Victor Spinetti. Gérard Calvi wrote the music and Harold Rome the lyrics. Staged by M. Dhéry. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**city center light opera company:** A three-week holiday revival of **oklahoma!**, with John Davidson, Susan Watson, Karen Morrow, Richard France, Ruth Kobart, Sammy Smith, and Jules Munshin. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays

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A great year — for Arpège
Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 2:30 and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—The company's second offering is William Wycherley's Restoration comedy THE COUNTRY WIFE. (Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of CARMEN. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:15, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 and 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 8:40, and Saturday, Dec. 18, at 4 and 8:40: THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 19, at 4 and 8: IOLANTHE. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 21-22, at 8:40: RUDDIGORE. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24, at 8:40: H.M.S. PINAFORE. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 4 and 8:40: THE MIKADO. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

Bugs and **Veronica**—Two one-act plays by John White, directed by Anna Sokolow. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

An Evening's Frost—This selection, by Donald Hall, from Robert Frost's poems, letters, and conversations makes a pleasant, if rather tame, recital. Will Geer, one of four performers involved, is delightful and touching as the poet. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 22, and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friends and **Enemies**—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—Robert Hooks in a pair of plays by Douglas Turner Ward. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays and Friday, Dec. 24, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 23.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Medea—A revival of the Robinson Jeffers version, starring Gloria Foster. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Parasite—A play by Robert N. Summers. Opens Thursday, Dec. 16. (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Bernard Shaw Story—A one-man show arranged and acted by Bramwell Fletcher. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—Eric Berry, Robert Burr, and Carrie Nye in John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama. Directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Danish Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "The Private Lesson," "Moon Reindeer," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "The Whims of Cupid," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," "Moon Reindeer," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "The Private Lesson," "Moon Reindeer," and "Fanfare.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 19: "Konservatoriet," "Miss Julie," and Act III of "Napoli.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 19: "Moon Reindeer," "Carmen," and Act III of "Napoli." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center, TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

New York City Ballet—The opening performances of a twenty-four-day engagement of "The Nutcracker" that will run through Sunday, Jan. 16. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Friday, Dec. 24, at 4:45 and 8:45, and Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2:15 and 8:15. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—In a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Club—A benefit performance of a musical, "High Sobriety," this year's undergraduate production. (Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. CO 5-1855. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Life, say the songs of Felicia Sanders, who occupies the Royal Box at dinner and supper, is a phoenix that arises from the ashes of an unending series of violent love affairs. Her full-throated lamentations, and the one-of-a-kind anecdotes of the admirable Myron Cohen, come to an end on Saturday, Dec. 18. The enterprise will resume soon after Christmas. The dance music issues mostly from the orchestra of Lee Evans, which always knows what it is doing.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Marquis of Queensberry rules govern the dancing that takes place between nine and twelve (or one o'clock Fridays and Saturdays) in the restaurant. George Anaya's troupe, which does walking-around serenading from eight to nine, provides the athletes' instrumentation after that. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A new and profusely illustrated edition of "Vanity Fair," though not exactly a limited one. In the grand salon, a deuce of dance bands never pauses for breath; in the Champagne Room, the trio (Ernest Schoen's dream of Vienna) is solely for listeners, if such there are in this establishment. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Jazz of many traditions keeps coming up the river on a night boat as Victorian as the Queen herself. Count Basie's most recent band is now the propulsive power. The action runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's briskest little posses is doing Yale-prom music night after night in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ducking and weaving, the form of floor-walking that is now standard practice for swashbuckling troubadours, is handled by the novitiate George Maharis with the skill of an Old Master. He accompanies himself at dinner and supper in the Persian Room with an above-par tenor and a very good band. On Wednesday, Dec. 22, he will be succeeded by Barbara McNair, an above-par soprano and firebird. She appears only at ten that evening; thereafter, she, too, will be twice-a-

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night. The orchestras of Mark Monte (piquant) and Burt Farber (sonorous) will stay on. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is transformed into the leading café in Erewhon, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastrymaker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No celebration Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Tall enough to play Gulliver to the millions of Lilliputians—i.e. the sixty-fifth floor and two rooms (cocktail and dining) with a view. The red glare of the trumpet handled by Jonah Jones makes dancing to his quartet imperative. He operates in the second of these cubicles from eight to one-thirty every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, whose new *mise en scène* turns it into the nation's most opulent bookstall, is still the stamping (and stomping) ground of worldlings who are too busy to read as they run to and from the dance floor. Quintero's superb Latinos and Charles Turecamo's cheery orchestra are their guides. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

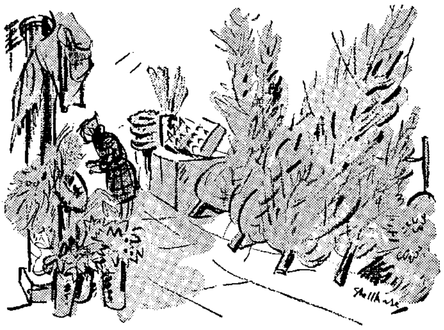
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Ray Hartley's concise yet convivial piano gets a workout in Peacock Alley from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week, from five to eleven on Sundays, and not at all on Mondays. A dance quartet is on the stand from nine until one every night but Sunday. Exception to the rule: On Christmas, a listening-music foursome from three to eight; nothing else.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by serious, non-Twist dancers. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Youth springs eternal, and so do the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre. Older fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry are also allowed in. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): When in Florence, do as the Florentines do, which means bits and pieces of Italianate opera. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Cy Walter, playing piano that is brisk and buoyant and never, never fancy-Dan. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **HUGH SHANNON'S**, on the second floor of L'Intrigue, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): True-Blue Lou, the Baltimore Oriole, and all the other night-flying characters who populate the songs of Hugh Shannon have their innings from ten until early morning, though not on Sundays. The stalwart Shannon piano is their boon companion. No dining.... **FREY'S**, 160 E. 64th St. (TE 8-1524): The population of the small bar-and-grill is scions of our times, whose sibling rivalry is concerned solely with who can bring along the neatest young lady. Ralph Strain, for years the court musician for this crew, plays piano in one corner. The hours run late; Sundays are his holidays.... **MIKE MALKAN'S**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Another youth convocation—girls who are to the manor born (Briarcliff Manor and such) and boys with equal accreditation, all chattering even when Mr. Malkan sits down to a very hearty piano, which he does every night from seven until milk-route time.... **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): A panoply of panelling (hearts of oak) makes the Café Ambassador over into a stately home of England. The pianist—a new one, Steve Iles, who wraps his musings in all sorts of scenic effects—is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... ¶ Seven-to-ten dinner would be the children's hour in Vienna, from which this hotel's Le Palais derives, but the restaurant is an excellent replica in other respects. Hans Hansberg's zither goes with it. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): It is impossible to cast out the moat that is in the eye of the beholder, for it is an integral part of the toy castle that serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of the King's retreats, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past ten years, is the definitely permanent party in the rumbustious corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to the consideration of the worthiest tunes and lyrics of our day and yesterday.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Mourners for the lost Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair should find solace in this array of Iberian décor. A guitar dwells from eight until one upon the delights and the deliriums of Latin passion. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our best antique shops, is a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar (José Luis Franco) that holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays and Christmas.... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which an island wandering minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, from seven until eleven Sundays, and from nine to one, Mondays through Wednesdays. Closed Christmas.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the neighboring arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced six days a week by a tireless jazz trio and on Sundays by a solitary pianist. Closed Christmas.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin, whose piano does not believe in clichés. Supper but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—in the bar. No music Saturdays and Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The small empire of Mabel Mercer, whose voice may have grown old in the service of the lovelorn but whose spirit still moves. Her *chansons d'amour* never occur before half-past ten. Sam Hamilton is her permanent pianist. Closed Sundays.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): What is left of the Russian Empire. Marina Fedorovskaya, the keeper of this memory book, sees to it that the citizenry is provided with food, drink, music, and her own soul-searching soprano. Eight until two, except Mondays, is the extent of her reign.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer is doing his Tinker Toy Piano from eight-thirty until around two in this opulent countinghouse parlor. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The operator of this tiny niche, Rita Dimitri, who is Naughty Marietta to the life, does her great-gusto nights-in-Paris arias at dinner weeknights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Stately dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the ample Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner, global traveller, is at the piano, which gives off a mixture of worldly wisdom and pastoral bliss. His hours are six-thirty to midnight every evening but Sunday.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Oh, those lovely lost years in Mittel-europa! Among the worshippers are tenors (especially the noble old-school Tibor Rakossy), sopranos, violins, zimbalon, and whatever. Worshippers who wish to dance have Béla Babai's band at their toes. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Where everyone but the cashier auditions as he works, on the assumption that Rudolf Bing is in the house. Closed Mondays and Christmas.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The busiest bees are the prowling musicians. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The old uptown watering and dining place. Beside the bar, Conrad Monjoy sits at a very gentle piano from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays.... **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Those who would not venture into a Second Avenue piano bar without a bodyguard need no armor at this one. Charles De Forest, a nimble lyricist and an upbeat pianist, sings his late-night songs from around ten until a late bedtime, choosing them with great care, chanting them with great zest. He stays home Sundays.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): This comforting old refectory affords George Rudolph, who intermingles the arias of the day with plenty of fugues—and not all of them for horseplayers, either. Six until midnight, except Sundays, is the house rule.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Gustavo Lopez, carrying a guitar that delights in its native Andalusia, is in this correct little bar-and-sitting-room from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. No dining on any night.... **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a bird's-eye view of Rome, serves—along with its seven-to-nine dinner—the strange and wonderful bandonion of Mario Peralta, an instrument facile enough to make all ordinary accordions jealous. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.



Note—The discothèque, a phoenix much too frequent, can best be studied by viewers-with-alarm if they frequent these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): If only the Sphinxes who decorate this Cairo caravansary could talk, what would they say of our Park Avenue folk dances? The music is issued by I.B.M., which runs from seven-thirty to three or four during the week and from seven-thirty until one on Sundays. Dinner and sup-

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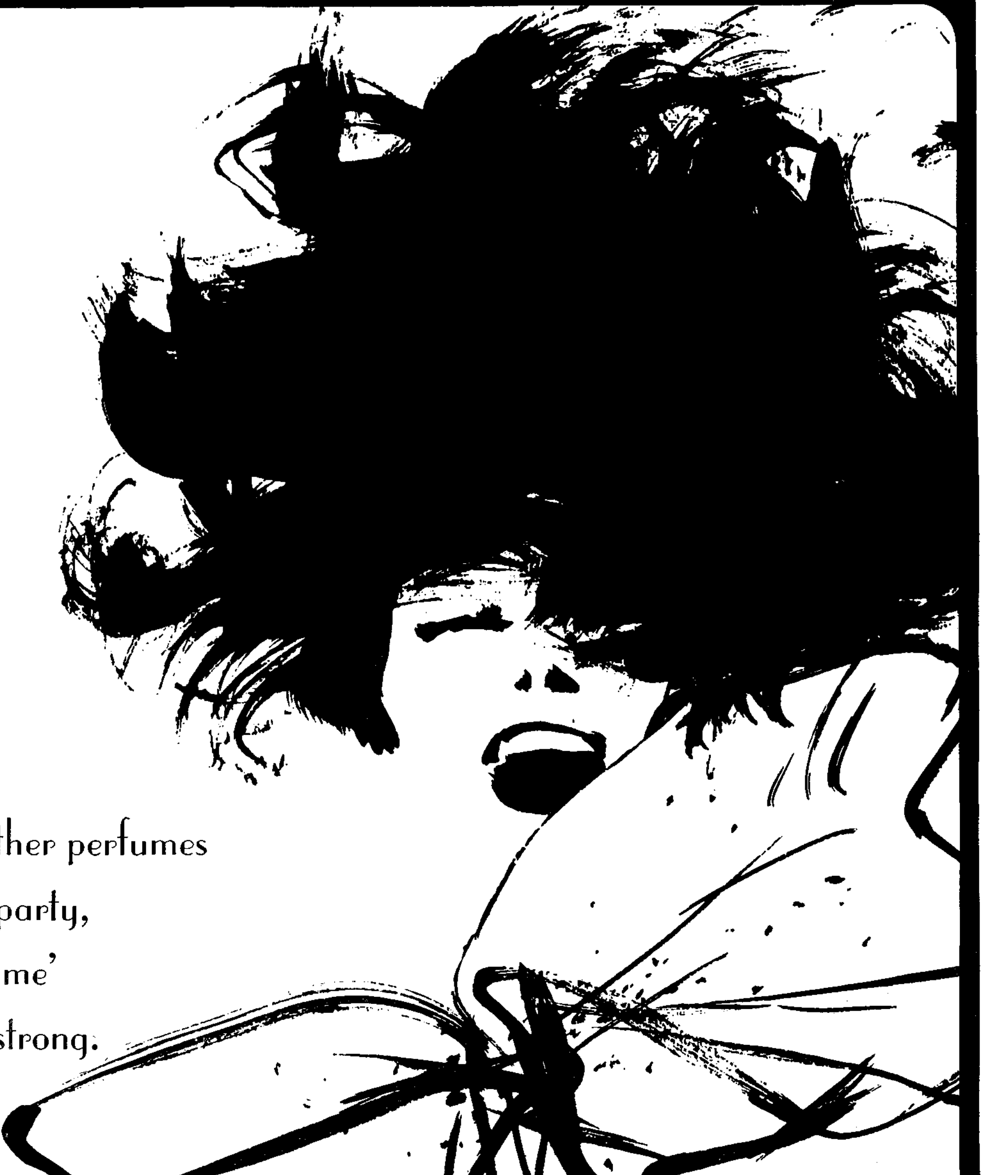

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per.... **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The art of the ad-lib solo dance (by, naturally, people who don't need people) is brought to fever heat and left there. (*You* will probably be left outside if you haven't a reservation.) The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is from a speaking tube, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies.... **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): A den of propinquity, not very ornate but extremely cheerful, where the evolutions of the neatly but amusingly dressed house dancers (especially when Linda Benter is one of them) are little masterpieces of wile and wit. A vestigial kitchen exists. Nine-thirty to three or four is par for this course; there are one-to-six Saturday and Sunday matinées. Closed Mondays.... **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): An erstwhile private enclosure that is now in the public domain. The décor is clubhouse-den, the music (all of it direct from a pipeline) is mercifully less assertive than it is in most such establishments. The sound begins at nine and lasts until four; nothing doing Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. Supper is entirely possible; dinner is not.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A new world, inhabited largely by young ladies (and clearly a very warm one, considering their garb). The charade in which they are involved takes nearly two hours to pass a given point, without making any particular point. Among the bystanders are the all-out apaches who call themselves the Bal Caron, and Roberta Sherwood, a shrewd but warm caroller from our frontier days, and a more-than-life-size panther named Betty Jo Alvies. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Some top brass appears in Sam Donahue's orchestra, the real star of an old-school vaudeville evening—song, rather peppery, by the Pied Pipers and Diane Wisdom, and rather sleepwalking, by Frank Sinatra, Jr., plus stunt trumpeting by Charlie Shavers, plus a lot of conversation—that moves slowly on its appointed round. It disappears on Saturday, Dec. 18, to be replaced, on Monday, Dec. 20, by the band of Fred Waring, Jr., by Al Martino (a particular pet of disc jockeys), and by Godfrey Cambridge, whose night-life purpose is humor. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The considered opinions of Julius Monk are presented, as always, in revue form ("Pick a Number XV") and, also as always, in parable, paraphrase, parody, and paradox. The cast, exceptional even by Monkish standards, involves Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, Liz Sheridan, Bill Hinnant, Rex Robbins, and John Keatts; the orchestra is the pianos of Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and Frederick Silver. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A new assemblage of Latins, chanting and stamping, has just arrived. The players give their all at dinner and supper through the week, thrice on Saturdays, at dinner on Sundays. The orchestra of Freddy Alonso offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order (to Tito Puente's band) occurs on Sunday afternoons.... ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays.... **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The second chapter of the revue derived from the lifework of Cole Porter is now being spoken and sung aloud, even though its official opening does not happen until Tuesday, Dec. 21. Dody Goodman, Bobby Short, and Danny Meehan are the leading lights. The schedule: official opening night, at seven-thirty only; other nights at eight-thirty, and also at eleven Fridays and Saturdays; no show at all Mondays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," a new portmanteau revue, proves again the rule that nothing's perfect, but a number of good ideas, good words, and good tunes are present. R. G. Brown is the antic principal boy, and he is lent useful support by Richard Blair, Fannie Flagg, and Betty Aberlin. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sunday, is the curriculum.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The trio of Mose Allison, a ray of hope among the crop of dour progressive pianists, has the floor, along with Jaki Byard's foursome. Long nights prevail through the week; Sundays, the music runs from five-thirty until twelve; Mondays, Alan Grant, a humane disc jockey, gathers another flock of musicians around him. The Byards finish up on Sunday, Dec. 19; Charles Lloyd's quartet arrives on Tuesday, Dec. 21.... **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Herbie Mann, his pipes of Pan-America, and his drum corps are on the beat every night but Monday: on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 17-18, they will be joined by Gloria Lynne, a quite impetuous soprano. The big Christmas present arrives on Wednesday, Dec. 22, when the priceless Swingle Singers begin another brief visit. Monday nights are given over to a couple of Latin bands and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz; Sunday afternoons are given over to another way of life, such as, on Dec. 19, the madrigalist Canby Singers, astray from Carnegie Recital Hall. Dancing, too, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. One floor above the belowstairs showroom, dinner and such are served in a restaurant from five to two every night but Monday.... **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of the Village coffee plantations, assigned largely to folk music, which is currently represented (and nobly) by Mike Settle. The folkster Rod McKuen and the humorist Marshall Brickman are there, too, but they give way, on Wednesday, Dec. 22, to the Womenfolk, who are choristers, and the Uncalled-For 3, who are jokers. Tuesdays, the regulars rest up.... **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dill Jones. Closed Sundays and Christmas.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Roger Kellaway's threesome, now in residence, will retire on Sunday, Dec. 19; Cannonball Adderley's rackety quintet, which arrives on Friday, Dec. 17, will remain on duty. Closed Mondays.... **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The sound is Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, whose missive is delivered all in capital letters and exclamation points. They leave on Sunday, Dec. 19; on Tuesday, Dec. 21, the at-war-with-the-world Charlie Mingus brings in his mighty bass and his Jazz Workshop, and Jaki Byard becomes the solo pianist. Mondays, visiting groups do the blowing.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, Herman Autrey, and Marshall Brown dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself.... **GORDIAN KNOT,** 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): This youth haven and dance floor is rock when it isn't roll, and on a long-term basis—nine-thirty to four weekdays, eight to one-thirty Sundays.... **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682). Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—the new youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night, and there are Sunday matinées, at four-thirty, by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band.... **FOLK CITY,** 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): Anita Sheer, one of the few girls who should be allowed near a flamenco guitar, moves out on Sunday, Dec. 19, and so does Brother John Sellers, an excelling exponent of folk music.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas.)

GALLERIES

Jack Beal—Paintings, mainly still-lifes and interiors; through Dec. 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank di Gioia—Drawings and watercolors; through Dec. 30. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Feeley—Painted wood sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Childe Hassam—Paintings (1904-22); through Saturday, Dec. 18. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

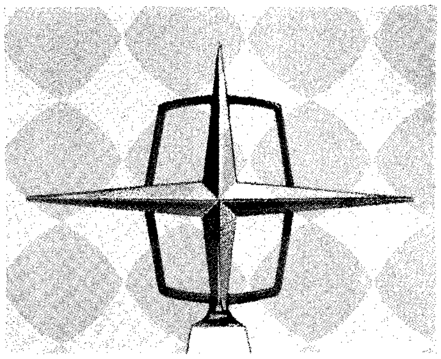
William P. Katz—Bronze and stone sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 24. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—A retrospective of figure sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tasuhide Kobashi—Sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Harry Kramer—Kinetic sculptures by a German-born Paris artist; through Dec. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Leonid—New paintings, including landscapes



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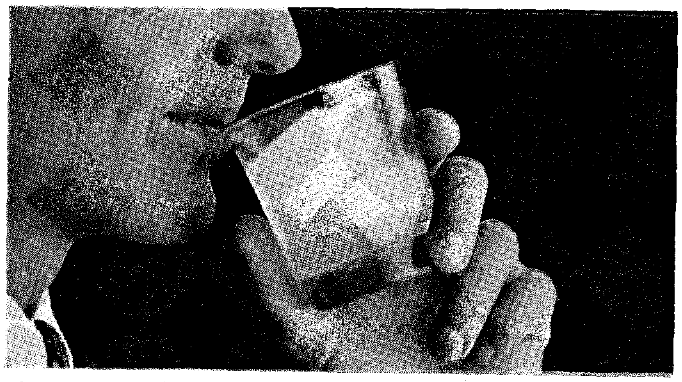

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and signs of the zodiac, and drawings; through Dec. 31. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

ERLE LORAN—Abstractions; through Dec. 31. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Bronze reliefs for the Door of Saint Peter's, together with sculptures, paintings, and drawings; through Jan. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Forty previously unexhibited paintings; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Paintings of upper New York State; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANK ROTH—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LUDWIG SANDER—Abstractions; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD SCHULTZE—Objects called "Migofs," by a contemporary German artist; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

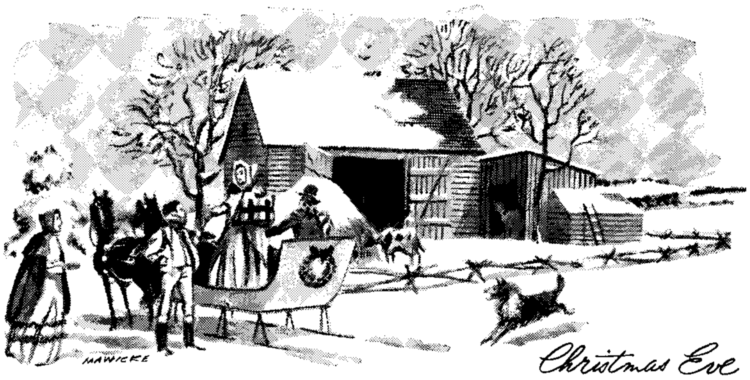
WILLIAM TUCKER—Sculptures by a young British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 31. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

KEES VAN DONGEN—A survey of paintings (1900-25) of Paris life by the Dutch-born artist, who is now eighty-eight; through Saturday, Dec. 18. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

AFRICAN ART—"Style Regions in African Art," an exhibit of statues, masks, and utensils in wood, brass, and ivory, from Sierra Leone, the Ivory Coast, Nigeria, and so on; through Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: A Christmas exhibition of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur G. Dove, Ben Shahn, and William Zorach; through Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Pop and Op," a show of paintings and sculptures by the leading exponents of the two movements, including Marisol, Warhol, and Albers; through Dec. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Watercolors and drawings by such artists as Kenneth Evett, Leon Goldin, and Karl Schrag; through Jan. 8. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: A Christmas show of canvases by Albert Bierstadt, Edward Henry Potthast, Theodore Robinson, and others; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-second annual of the New York Society of Women Artists, comprising works in a variety of mediums by fifty professional artists, most of whom are residents of New York State; through Sunday, Dec. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.). . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A Christmas exhibition of paintings and graphics by Robert Ludwig, Alice Forman, Gerald Willen, and others; through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.). . . **REHN**, 36 E. 61st St.: Oils and watercolors by Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Reginald Marsh; through Dec. 30. . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Three California painters—Elmer Bischoff, Joan Brown, and David Park; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **TERRAIN**, 39 Grove St.: Prints by (for instance) Anuszkiewicz, Oldenburg, and Dine; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6; Friday and Saturday evenings, 9 to 11.). . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: An exhibition of decoys and other American folk arts from the Stony Point Folk Art Gallery, in Stony Point, New York; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Selections for Museum Acquisition," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by Sam Francis, Paul Jenkins, Frederick Kiesler, and others; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.). . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A Christmas show of drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Archipenko, Raoul Dufy, and Miró; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SHUSTER**, 536 Third Ave., at 36th St.: A holi-



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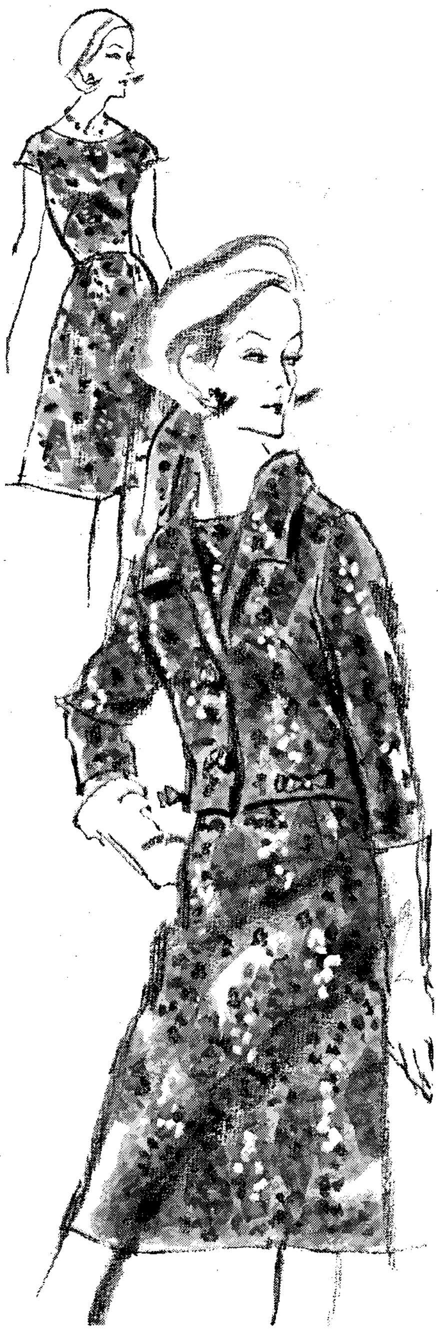

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day show of paintings, sculptures, and other works (both religious and festive) by Livingston Welch, Waldemar Otto, and Helen Shotwell, to mention three; through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Robert Goodnough, Lee Gatch, and Emile Gilioli are three of the participants in a painting and sculpture show called "Cubism in Contemporary Art;" through Dec. 31.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Pissarro, Bonnard, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON**, 41 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, and Barbara Hepworth are three of the artists represented in "The English Eye," a survey of English paintings and sculptures; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: Small sculptures and drawings by (to name a few) Manzù, Max Ernst, and Pietro Consagra; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Graphic works by Picasso, Dubuffet, Laurens, Matisse, and Miró; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by Afro, Max Beckmann, and Jan Cox; through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling loan exhibition of paintings, miniatures, drawings, and engravings by the Colonial portraitist John Singleton Copley (1738-1815); through Jan. 2. (Except on Mondays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from public and private New York collections, illustrating the development of Italian draughtsmanship from the early fifteenth through the sixteenth century, with works by, among others, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of oils by the Belgian Surrealist René Magritte; through Dec. 27.... ¶ Forty-four School of Paris paintings from the Florene May Schoenborn and Samuel A. Marx collection ranging from two 1906 Picassos to a 1954 Braque; through Jan. 2.... ¶ A small showing of objects designed by Arp, Ernst, and Picasso, and made in glass in the factories at Murano, Italy; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints, by Edvard Munch; through Feb. 20.... ¶ "Word and Image," an exhibition of paintings by contemporary Americans (including Willem de Kooning, Helen Frankenthaler, and Robert Motherwell) in which the written word or symbol is a significant element; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1965 Annual of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, consisting of a painting apiece by a hundred and thirty-eight artists, among them Hans Hofmann, I. Rice Pereira, and Edward Hopper; through Jan. 30. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Domenico Puligo's "La Sacra Famiglia" (circa 1520) on loan for the Christmas season from the Borghese Gallery, in Rome; through Jan. 3.... ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by Rico Lebrun (1900-64); through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Corot, Degas, Signac, and other seventeenth- to twentieth-century French landscape painters; through Jan. 9.... ¶ Graphics, drawings, and paintings (by, among others, David Siqueiros and Marcel Duchamp) from the Josephine and Phillip A. Bruno collection; through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Salvador Dali: The Years 1910-65," a retrospective of paintings, drawings, prints, collages, sculptures, and jewels; starting Saturday, Dec. 18. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6. Closed Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, and Christmas.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Motion" sculptures, drawings, and architectural projects by Nicolas Schöffer and Jean Tinguely; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, and books by Rudyard Kipling; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"A Victorian Christmas," a family Christmas scene of the eighteen-seventies, complete with Victorian furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments and toys, and manikins dressed in costumes of the period; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Cookies and Breads: The Baker's Art," a showing of the uses made of dough, both edible and nonedible, in various European and American countries; through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, except Christmas, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of the Decoy," a display of bird carvings made as wildfowl decoys, and "The Art of the Carousel," a display of early American carousel figure carvings; both through Jan. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Clark and Frances Stillman Collection of Congolese Sculptures;" through Feb. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

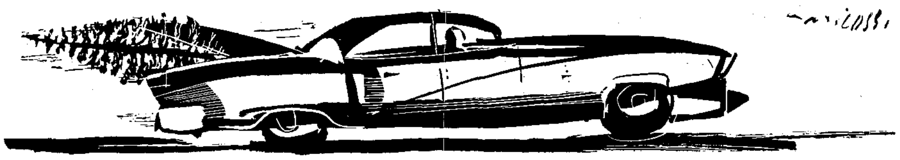
RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings and sculptures by fifty American Indian artists, sixteen to twenty-three years old, representing tribes from Alaska to Florida; through Jan. 16. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

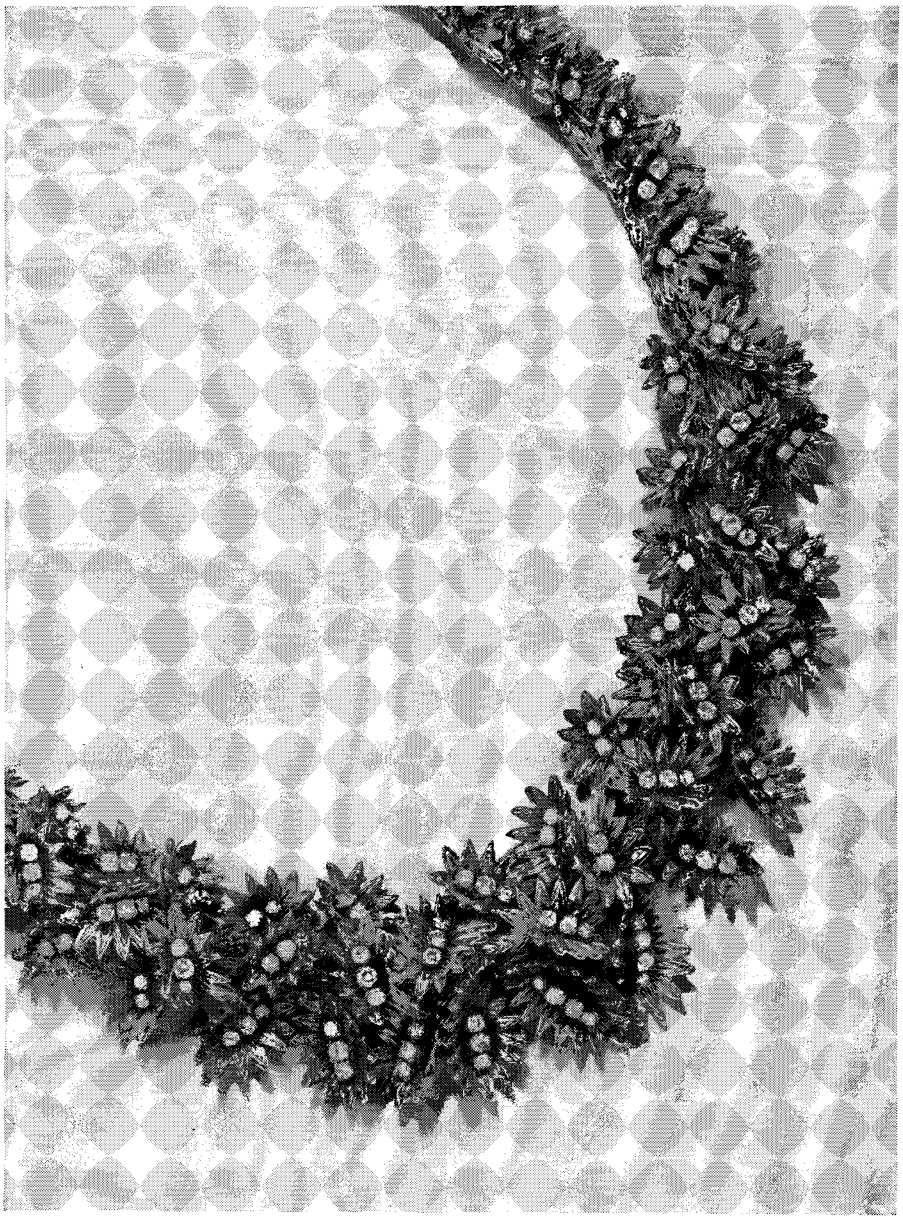
MUSIC

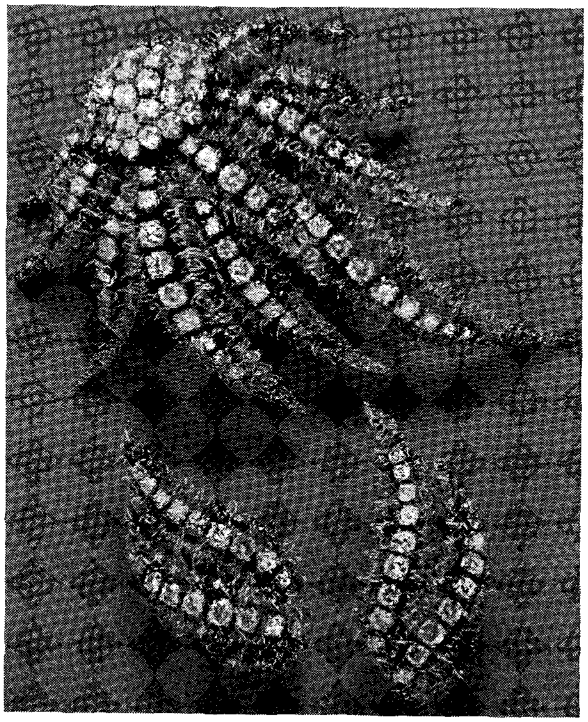
(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Dec. 16: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 17: "La Fanciulla del West," with *Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani*.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 18: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, Donald Gramm, and William Dooley.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 18: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. (A benefit perform-







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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ance.)...¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 19: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, and Anselmo Colzani. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Monday evening, Dec. 20: "Samson et Dalila," with Biserka Cvejic, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, Justino Díaz, and Bonaldo Giaiotti....¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 21: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, Gabriel Bacquier, Fernando Corena, and Clifford Harvuot....¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 22: "Faust," with Montserrat Caballé, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Sherrill Milnes, and Justino Díaz....¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 23: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani....¶ Friday evening, Dec. 24: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Renata Scotto, Joy Clements, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena....¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 25: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm....¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 25: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, and Robert Merrill. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a two-week vacation, the orchestra will resume its regular series of concerts here on Wednesday, Dec. 29.

American Opera Society—Carlo Felice Cillario directing a second performance of Donizetti's "Roberto Devereux" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Lili Chookasian, mezzo-soprano; Juan Oncina, tenor; and Walter Alberti, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with E. Power Biggs, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 20, at 8:40.)

Handel Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in the first in a series of three programs presenting the twelve concerti grossi of Handel's Opus No. 6. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Edgard Varèse Memorial Concert—Frederic Waldman directing the Musica Aeterna Orchestra and Chorus, with Chester Watson, bass, and Leonard Raver, organ. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in a Haydn-Mozart program, with Patricia Brooks, soprano, and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing a Schütz-Distler program. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

Mount Holyoke College Glee Club—Ruth Douglass directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call PL 5-4986.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the second of two performances of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a Britten-Bach program, with Janet Hayes, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Hamilton College and Wells College Choirs—A joint concert, directed by Crawford Thoburn and Alastair Cassels-Brown and with the Hamilton College Brass Choir. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Hermann Scherchen—Directing three performances of Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Crane Collegiate Singers, with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 20-22, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus." (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

Korean Orphan Choir—Chai Hoon Park directing. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Manitas de Plata—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 18, at midnight.)

Galina Vishnevskaya—Soprano, with Mstislav Rostropovich, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 3.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley and Elliott Carter, performed by the Schola Moderna of New Haven; Stanley Hoffman, violin; Zita Carno, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—The second in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss, this one devoted to the music of Schoenberg, Amy, Feldman, and Von Biel. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 21, at 8:30.)

David and Igor Oistrakh—Violin, with Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, and a chamber orchestra conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 8:30.)

Judy Collins—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Getz's quartet, Joe Mooney, and Dionne Warwick. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 18, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati....¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8:30: Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1:05.)...¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night, except Christmas. (Squadron A Armory,

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Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 19. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at noon. No tickets necessary.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 18, at noon and 2:30.) . . . **american savoyards:** "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Sunday, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, Dec. 25. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.)

Stage Shows—By **explore, inc.:** "Buffalo Bill." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **gingerbread players & jack:** "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 2:30.) . . . **musical theatre for children:** "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **paper bag players:** "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **prince street players:** "Aladdin." (Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle. Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 21-24, at 11:15. Tickets at the Gallery on the day of the performance.) . . . **taubenslag productions:** "Aladdin." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Maidman Theatre, 416 W. 42nd St. 524-2465. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19, at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **rod young's puppet theatre:** "The Pied Piper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Christmas and the Star." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 16-17, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 18, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 19, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 20, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 21-23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2, and 3:30; and Christmas at 1, 2:30, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Movies—"Cinderella," a full-length Walt Disney film. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 18, at 2:30.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Friday, Dec. 24, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Tuesday, Dec. 21), as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Friday, Dec. 24. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Thursday, Dec. 16, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations, belonging to several collectors.

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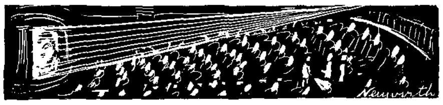
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—An Italian comedy in which little else matters except that Marcello Mastroianni plays the title role and that all his victims are beautiful. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; through Dec. 21.)

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; through Dec. 22.)

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, stunningly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333; *through Dec. 19.*)

The Great Race—Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk in a preposterous automobile race around the world. Funny and then not so funny. Blake Edwards directed. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Dec. 22, tentative.)

Help!—John, Paul, George, and Ringo, in glorious eruption. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Dec. 22.)

The Ipcress File—One good spy deserves another and gets him in this splendid English thriller. Michael Caine is the much put upon but triumphant hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through Dec. 22.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A touching tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Enchantingly photographed and filled with the characteristic lyrical insight of its director, Federico Fellini. Giulietta Masina plays the title role. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Dec. 22.)

The Leather Boys—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a brilliant study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Merrier than it sounds, thanks to the direction of Sidney J. Furie. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Dec. 22.)

Life at the Top—A sequel to the famous "Room at the Top," and equally meritorious. Laurence Harvey, Jean Simmons, Honor Blackman, and Donald Wolfit are among the chief figures in the lowering Yorkshire landscape. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

The Loved One—A saturation bomb that turns out to be just a bomb. Among its victims are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Robert Morse, and Rod Steiger. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a work of art. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 16.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 22.)

The Eleanor Roosevelt Story—A full and affecting account of a heroic life. Narration written by Archibald MacLeish. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Symphony for a Massacre—A French movie showing how all five of a gang of shrewd criminals are killed because one turns out to be greedier than the rest. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 21, except the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 18-19.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A loosely historical, very funny account of an air race across the English Channel in 1910. Among the contestants are James Fox, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, and Gert Frobe. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; Dec. 17-22. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday, Sunday, and Wednesday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Thousand Clowns—An adaptation of a Broadway comedy that, for a wonder, is better than the original. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

To Die in Madrid—A blunt, heartbreaking, and sometimes beautiful documentary about the Spanish Civil War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Variety Lights—Federico Fellini codirected this (with Alberto Lattuada) back in 1950, and it charmingly adumbrates many of Fellini's later films. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 16.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 17-20.)

Atget (1963)—An eleven-minute short, made up of still photographs of Paris and environs taken by Eugène Atget a long time ago. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 21.)

Banana Peel (1965)—A French thriller, with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 17-20.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 17-20.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 17.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Dec. 21, except the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 18.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 21.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Dec. 20.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Four Days of Naples (1963)—A re-creation of a gallant episode of the Second World War. The director is Nanni Loy. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 21.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Four members of the Order of the British Empire. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; starting Dec. 22.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Dec. 16.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 17.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; through Dec. 21, except the afternoon of Saturday, Dec. 18.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 22.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1963)—An Italian comedy about a young man getting a job and hoping to get a girl. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 21-22.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 21-22.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Dec. 21.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 21.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana-pickers. Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 21-22.)

The Troublemaker (1964)—High jinks concerning the tribulations of a chicken farmer trying to set up a coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 21-22.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 16.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Dec. 19-20.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Two programs in a series called "The Films of Josef von Sternberg." Through Dec. 18: "The Scarlet Empress" (1934), with Marlene Dietrich and John Lodge. . . . ¶ Dec. 19-22: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich. (Showings Sundays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 and 5:30; Thursdays at 2 *and 8; and Saturdays at 11:30 and 5:30.)* . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Busby Berkeley." Dec. 18-19: "Gold Diggers of 1935" (1935), with Alice Brady and Hugh Herbert. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 21: "In Caliente" (1935), with Dolores Del Rio and Pat O'Brien. (Showings Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday at 2:30 and 5:30, and Sunday at 2:30.). . . **NOTE**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Dec. 17: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Dec. 18, at 8:30: "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Dec. 21: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 22, at 8:30: "Doctor Zhivago," Omar Sharif. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call MO 1-2320.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Dec. 16: Theatre closed.
Dec. 17-22: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.**

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Dec. 22: "Ecco," a documentary film.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"That Darn Cat," Hayley Mills, Dean Jones.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (563-4350)
From Dec. 21: "Thunderball," Sean Connery.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through Dec. 22: **CAT BALLOU**; and "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Dec. 16: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 17, at 8: "Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
DARLING.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
Through Dec. 21: **CASANOVA '70** (in Italian); and "Male Hunt" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Dec. 22: **HELP!**; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 21: "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar; and "A Rage to Live," Suzanne Pleshette, Bradford Dillman.
From Dec. 22: **THE KNACK.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 21: **SABRINA**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Dec. 22 (tentative): **THE GREAT RACE.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 22: "Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20's."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Dec. 22: "Carry On Cleo," Sidney James; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. (After 8:30 on Thursday, Dec. 16, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance of another picture.)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 20: "The Hill," Sean Connery.
From Dec. 21: "Thunderball," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
A THOUSAND CLOWNS.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Kwaidan" (in Japanese).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 18: **THE KNACK.**
From Dec. 19: "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Dec. 22: "Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through Dec. 22: **THE IPCRESS FILE.**

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE LOVED ONE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Dec. 20: **SABRINA**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Dec. 21: "Thunderball," Sean Connery.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Dec. 20: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Dec. 21: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Dec. 21: "The Americanization of Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews.
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Dec. 19: "The Cincinnati Kid," Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson.
From Dec. 20: "The Tenth Victim" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Ursula Andress.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian); and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Dec. 21: **TOM JONES**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.
From Dec. 22: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 21: **SABRINA**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival. (On Saturday afternoon, Dec. 18, "Robinson Crusoe on Mars," a revival, with Paul Mantee, will be shown instead.)
From Dec. 22: **THE GREAT RACE.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Harum Scarum," Elvis Presley; and "Ghidrah, the Three-Headed Monster."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Dec. 16: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); **M** (in German), revival; and "Il Grido" (in Italian), revival, Steve Cochran, Alida Valli.
Dec. 17-20: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and **BANANA PEEL** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 21: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival; and **ATGET**, revival.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Dec. 16: "The Fighting 69th," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien; and "Each Dawn I Die," revival, James Cagney, George Raft.
Dec. 17-18: "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," revival, James Cagney, Dick Powell.
Dec. 19-20: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**, revival; and "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
Dec. 21-22: **STRAWBERRY BLONDE**, revival; and **TORRID ZONE**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 21: "The Americanization of Emily," revival, James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "Sunday in New York," revival, Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
From Dec. 22: **THE GREAT RACE.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 21: **SABRINA**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Dec. 22: **THE KNACK.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
DR. STRANGELOVE, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar; and "The Glory Guys," Tom Tryon, Harve Presnell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 21: **THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES** (in Italian), revival; and "Family Diary" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Dec. 22: **THE LEATHER BOYS.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Dec. 22: "Johnny Nobody," Nigel Patrick, Aldo Ray.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Dec. 21: "The Grand Substitution" (with Mandarin dialogue).
From Dec. 22: "Bride-Napping" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Dec. 22: **THE LEATHER BOYS.**

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE ELEANOR ROOSEVELT STORY.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Dec. 19: **DARLING.**
From Dec. 20: "The Tenth Victim" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni, Ursula Andress.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
LIFE AT THE TOP.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 16: **NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE**; and **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival.
Dec. 17: **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
Dec. 18-20: "Great Expectations," revival, Valerie Hobson, John Mills; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
Dec. 21-22: **THE TROUBLEMAKER**, revival; and **THE SOUND OF TRUMPETS** (in Italian), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 21: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French); and "Return from the Ashes," Maximilian Schell, Samantha Eggar. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Dec. 18-19, "Jack the Giant Killer," a revival, with Kerwin Mathews, will be shown instead.)
From Dec. 22: **THE PAWNBROKER**; and **THE SERVANT**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 16: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French), revival.
Dec. 17-20: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and "The Italian Straw Hat" (silent).
Dec. 21: **TORMENT** and "Port of Call" (both in Swedish and both revivals).
Dec. 22: "Three Strange Loves" (in Swedish), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 21: "Pussycat Alley," Sylvia Syms; and "Eighteen in the Sun," Catherine Spaak.
From Dec. 22: **THE KNACK.**

What are the Swiss hiding under all that Snow?

136 winter resorts for one thing. You might say the country was one big one.

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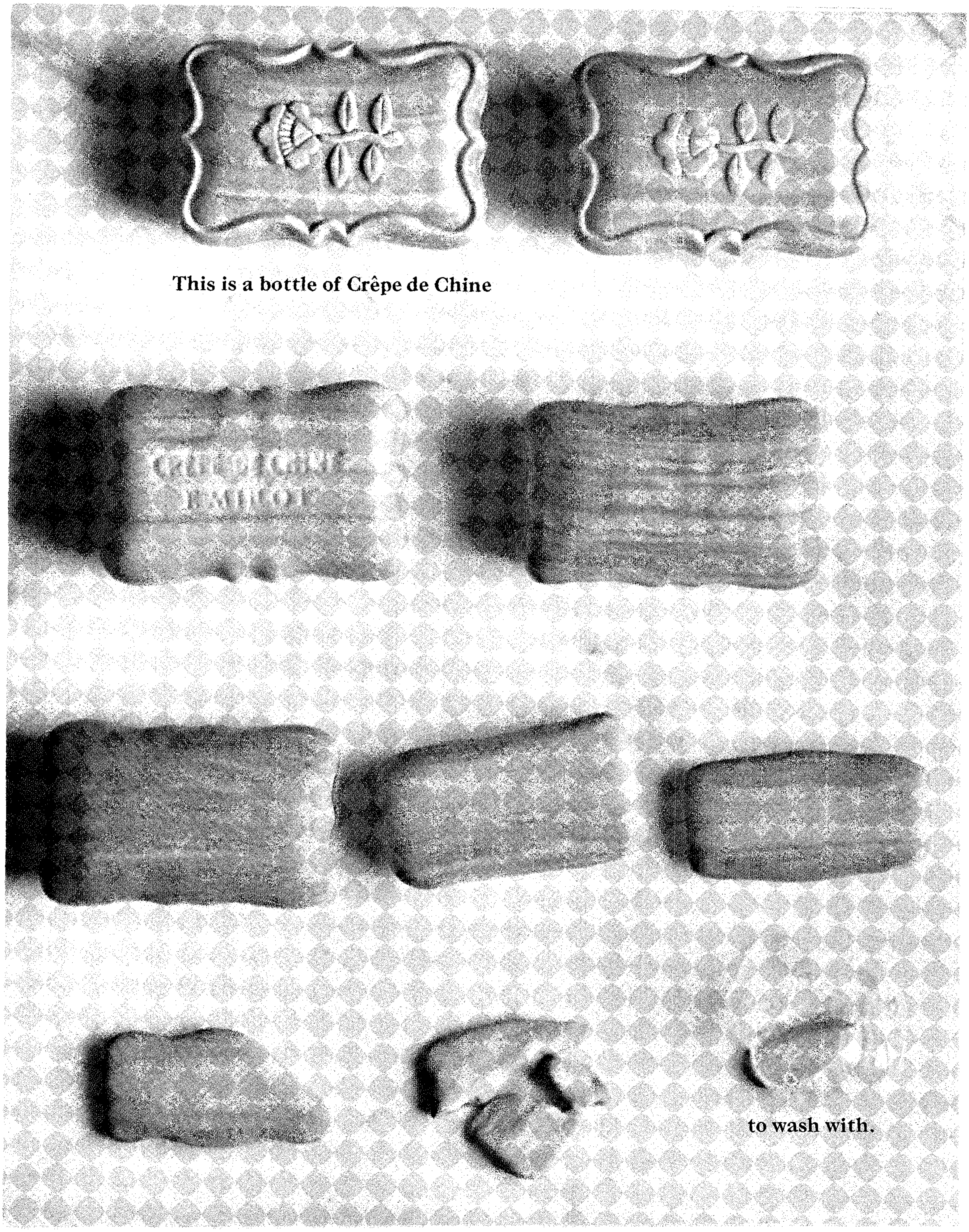

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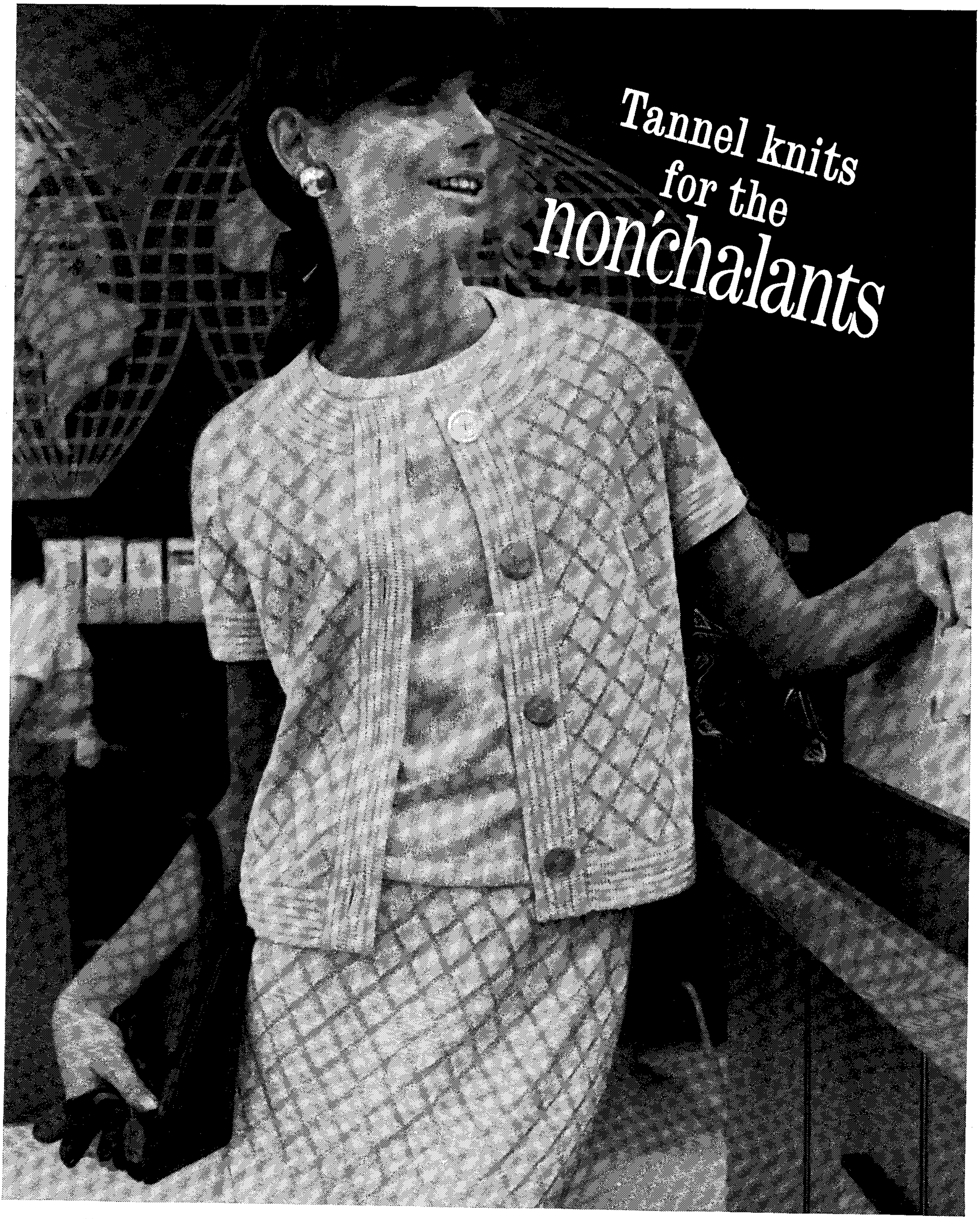

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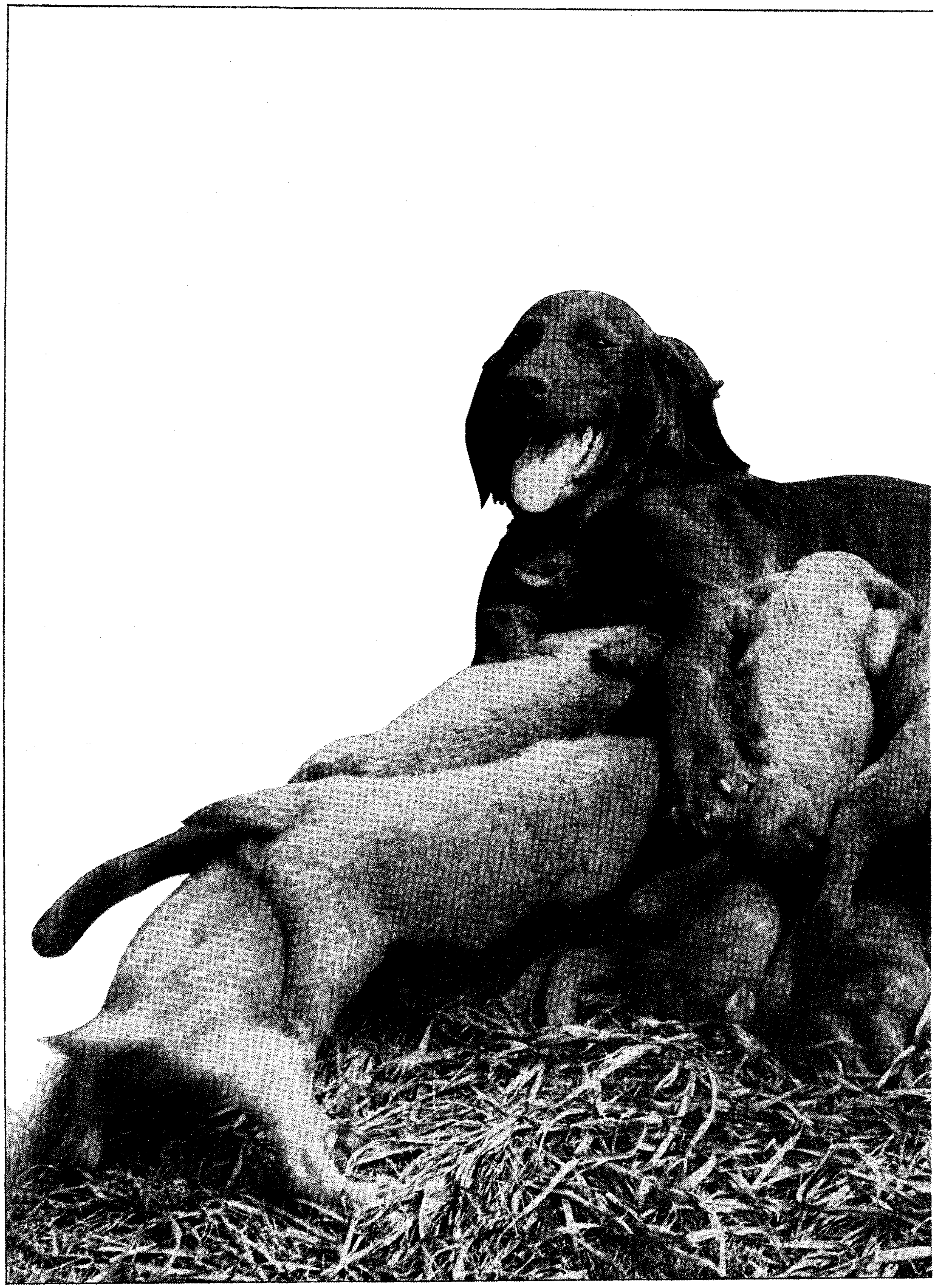

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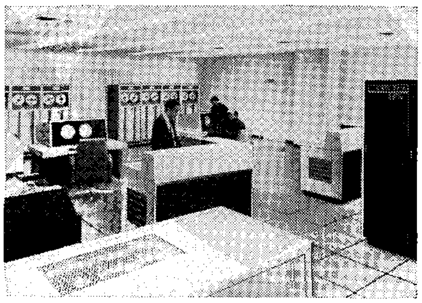

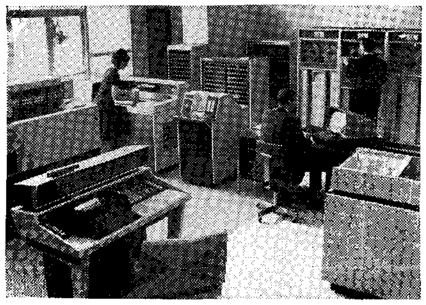

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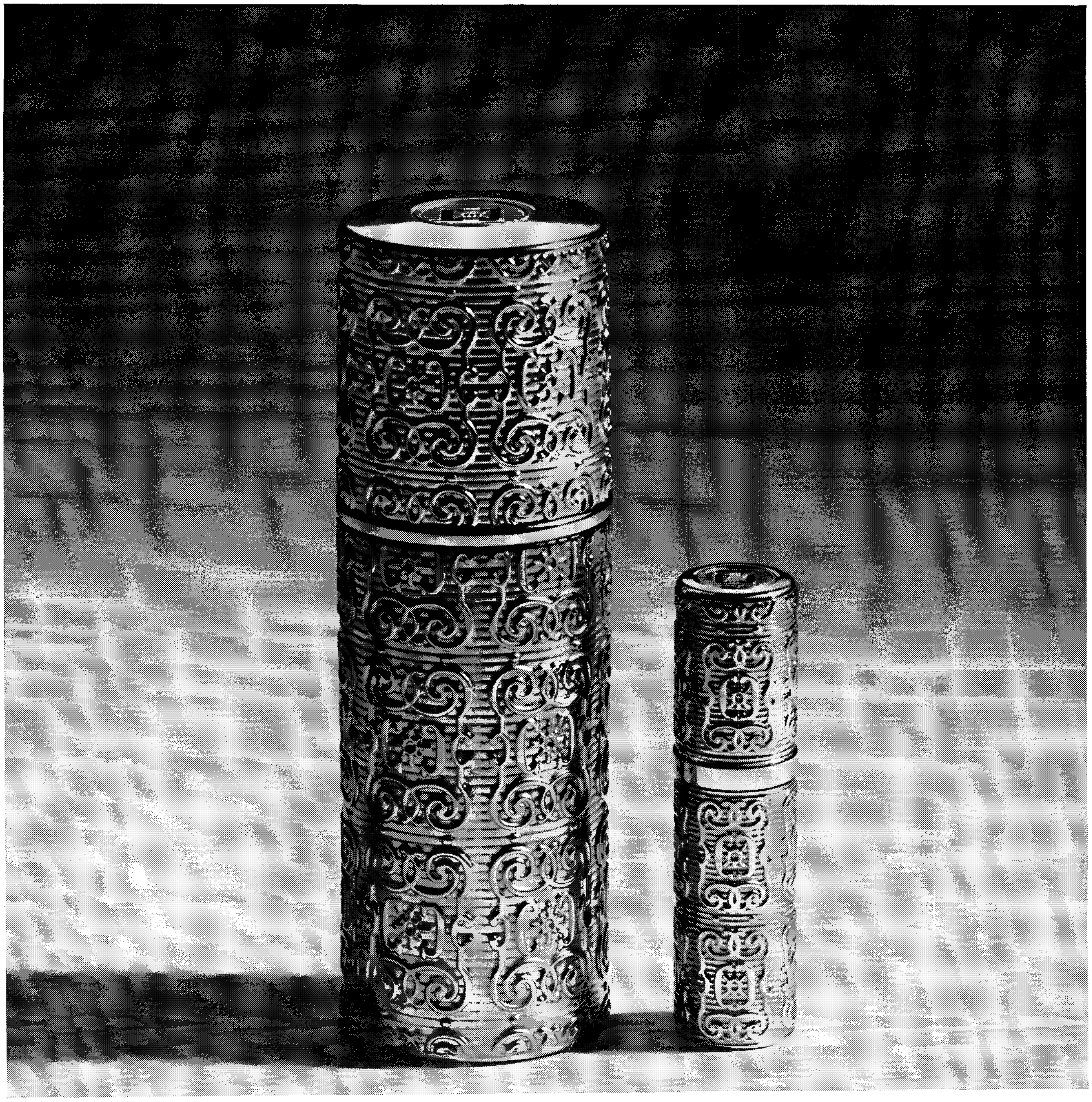

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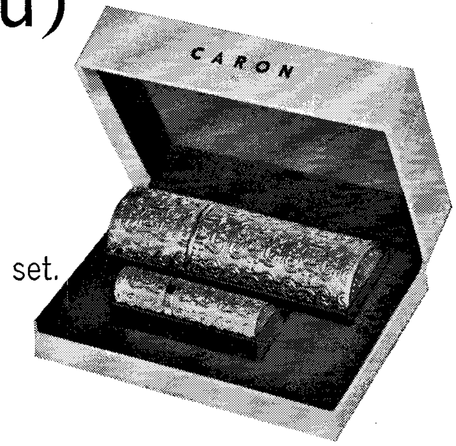

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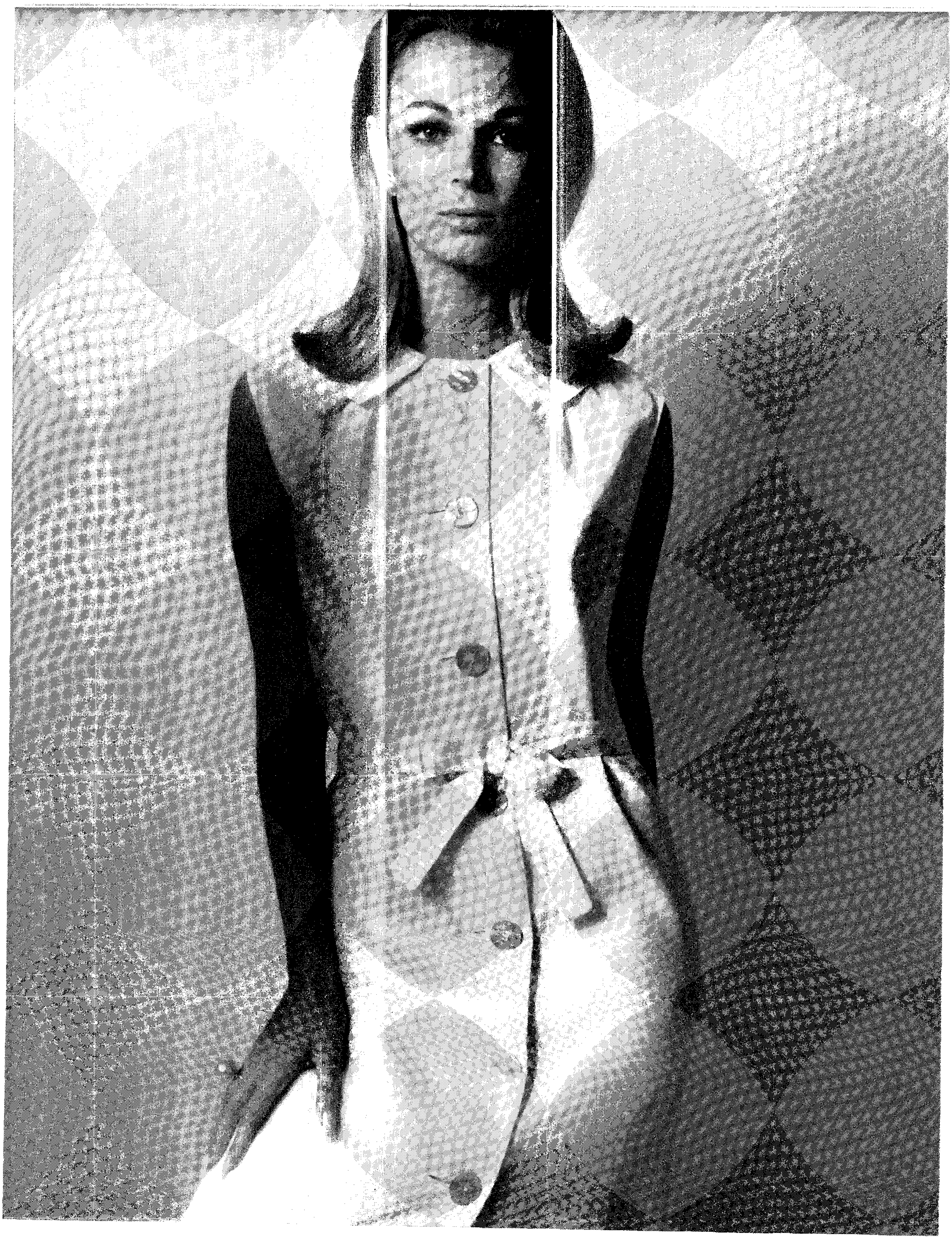

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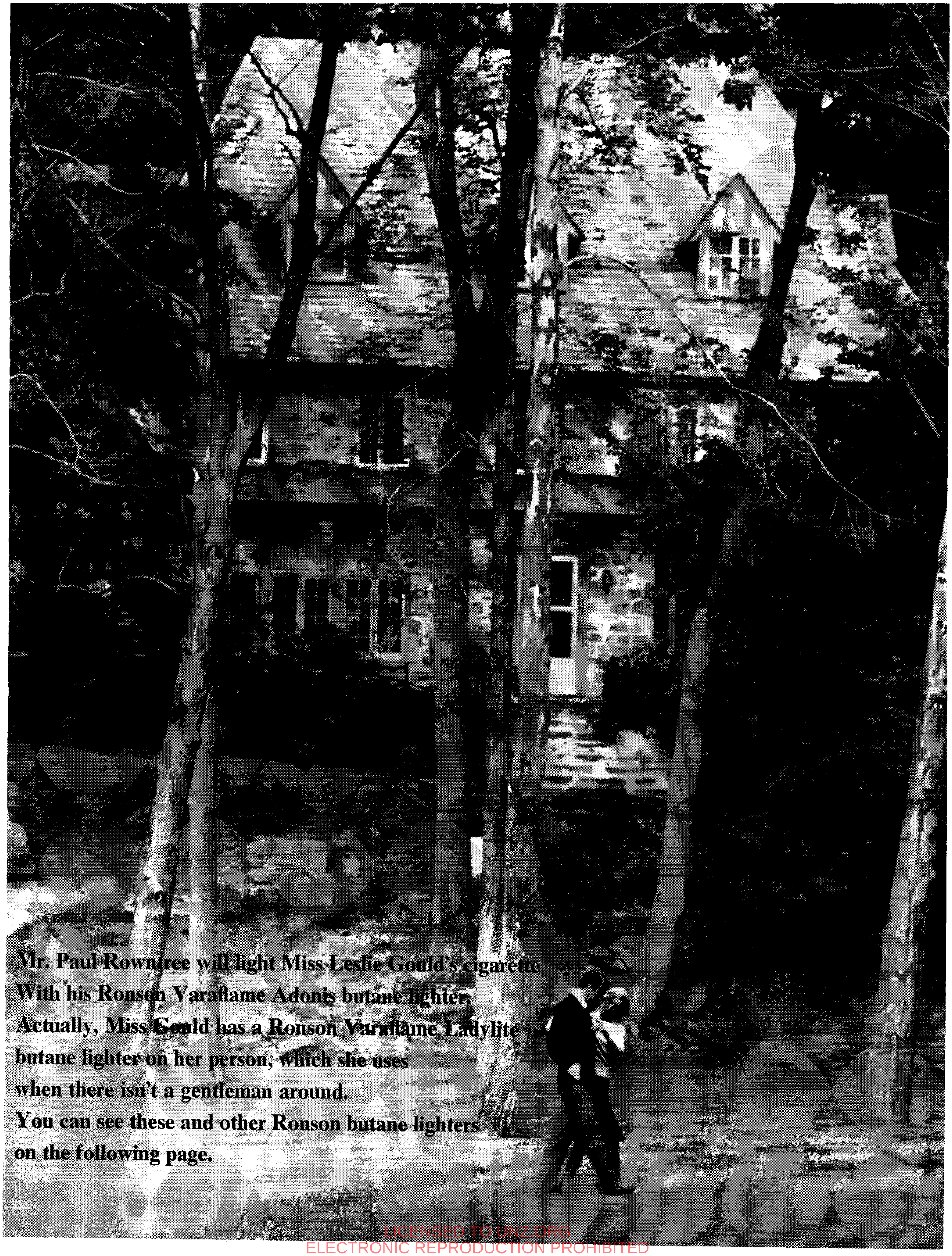
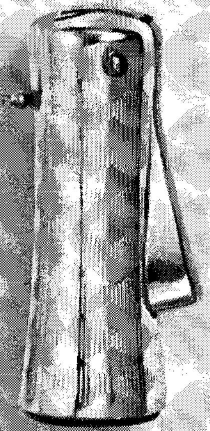


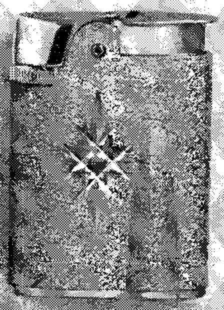
Mr. Paul Rowntree will light Miss Leslie Gould's cigarette
With his Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter.
Actually, Miss Gould has a Ronson Varaflame Ladylite
butane lighter on her person, which she uses
when there isn't a gentleman around.
You can see these and other Ronson butane lighters
on the following page.

Mr. Paul Rowntree has the Ronson Varaflame Adonis butane lighter. Engraved design. Gold-tone emblem. $16.50.

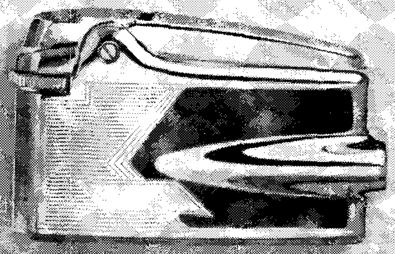


Miss Leslie Gould has the Ronson Varaflame Ladylite butane lighter. Gold-tone. Engraved design. $16.50.

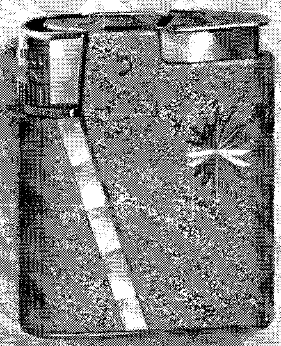
The Starfire, silver-tone, suede finish, engraved design. $11.95.



The Princess, gold-tone, textured suede finish, deep engraved design. $17.50.



The Premier, *tortoise enamel*, engraved design. $16.50.



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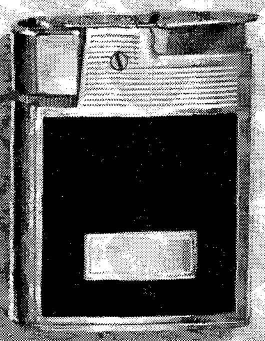

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ith enthusiasm.
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Stir a teaspoon of rum into a steaming glass or demi-tasse cup of Medaglia d'Oro Espresso. Add twist of lemon peel, sweeten to taste. In cold or damp weather, Poncino gives you a glorious inner glow! You'll find it perfect for entertaining or intimate family gatherings. Medaglia d'Oro also adds dash to other liqueurs. Splash it with Calvados, Anisette, Cointreau, Curaçao, Kümmel, Ouzo. And now, think the Appian Way.

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Cappuccino

Néapolitan style: Serve piping hot Medaglia d'Oro Espresso Coffee in demi-tasse cups with a topping of warm (not boiled) milk. A continental favorite. Cappuccino Capri: Top steaming hot Espresso with whipped cream, sprinkle with grated orange peel, cinnamon. And for the Cappuccino Bravo, add Anisette. Think La Dolce Vita.

Café Soirée

Prepare Medaglia d'Oro for 6 demi-tasse cups. Place in saucepan 6 tsps. sugar, 1-inch stick cinnamon, 4 cloves, 1 curl orange peel. Add Medaglia d'Oro, heat (don't boil). Add 4 ounces rum, strain, serve. Top with unsweetened whipped cream. Think finale.

P.S. You can make all of these recipes with Instant or Regular Medaglia d'Oro. / S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc. Palisades Park, N. J. Established 1899

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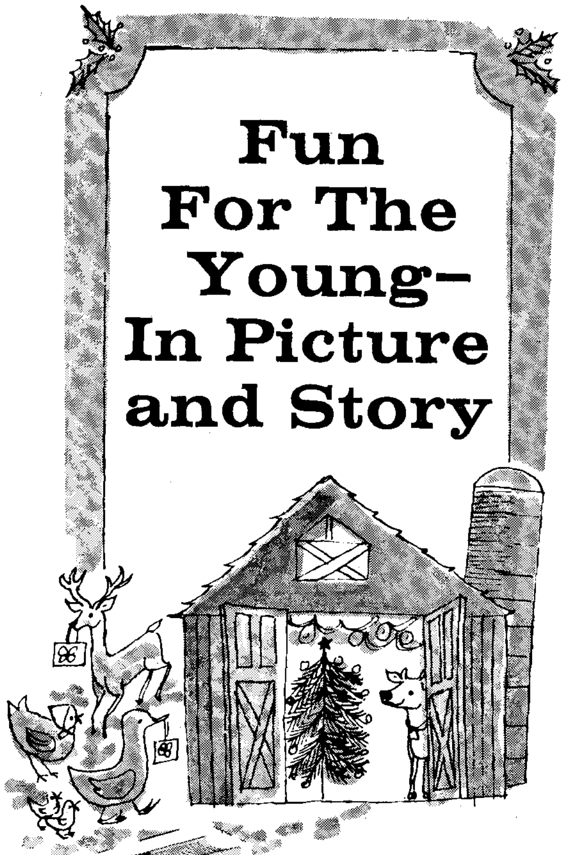

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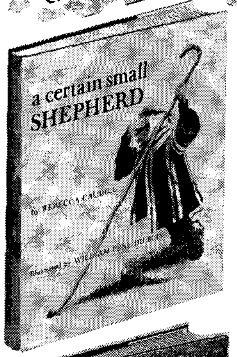
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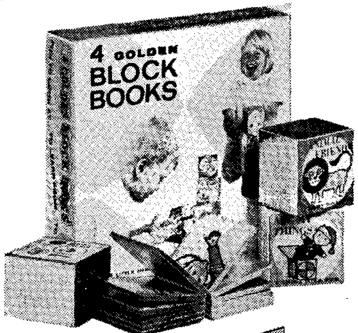
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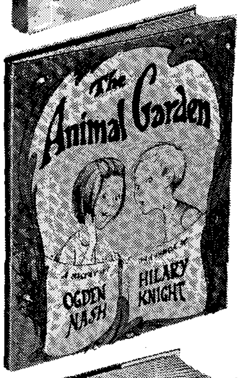
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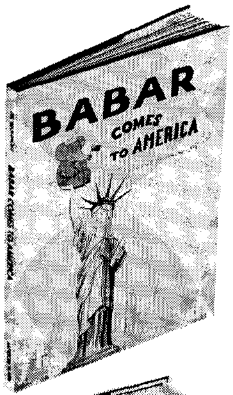
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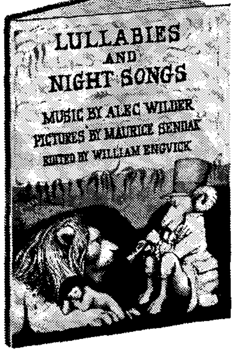
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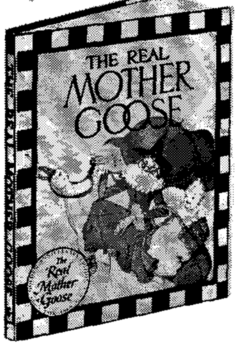
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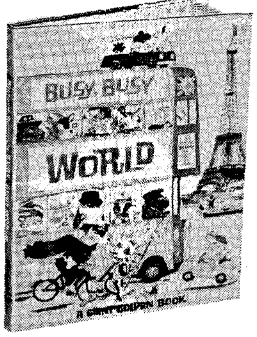
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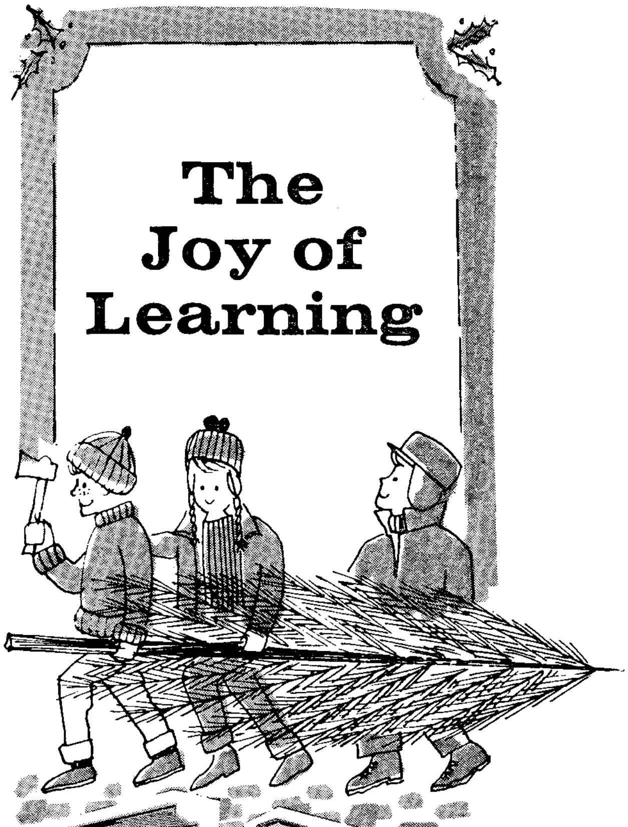

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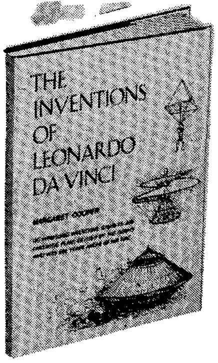
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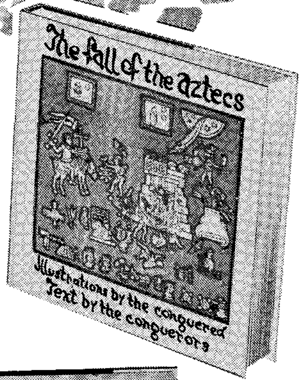
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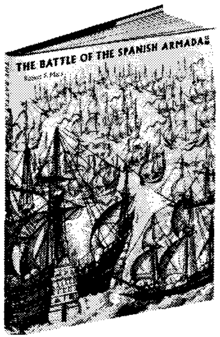
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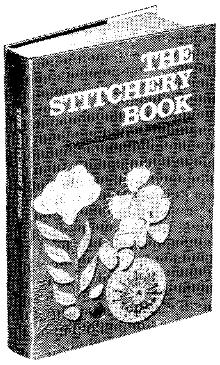
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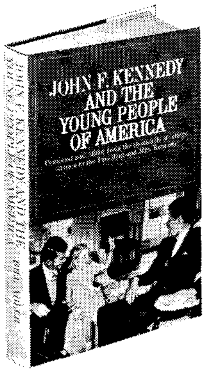
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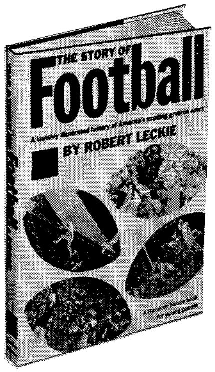
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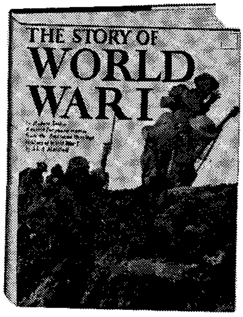
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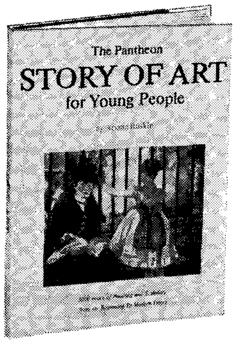
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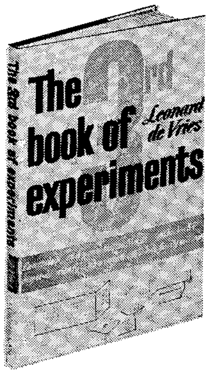
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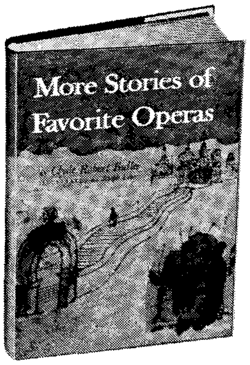
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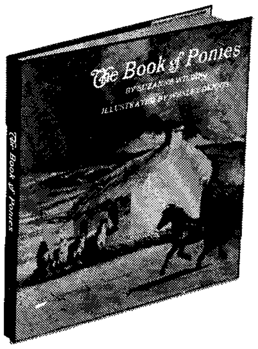
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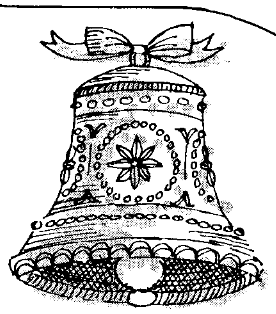

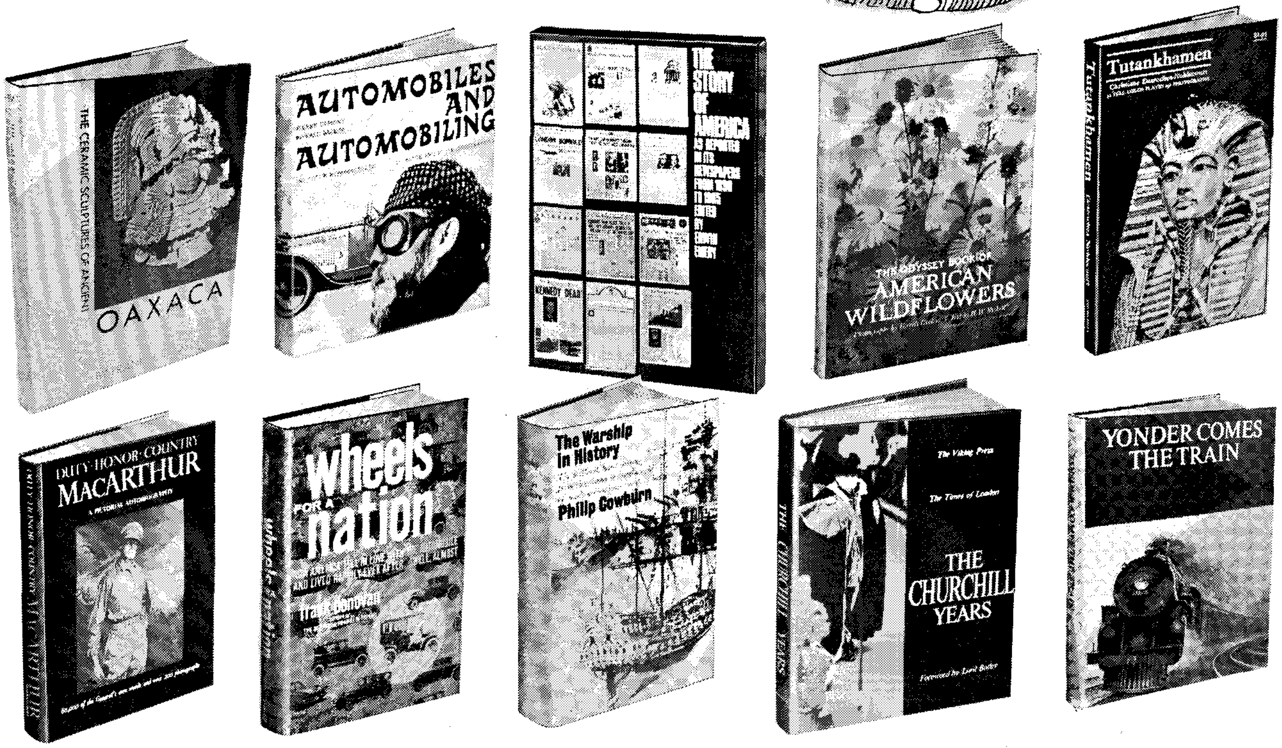
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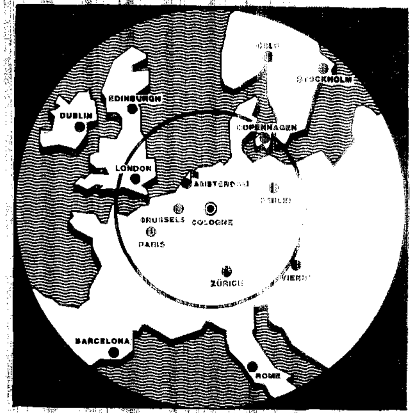
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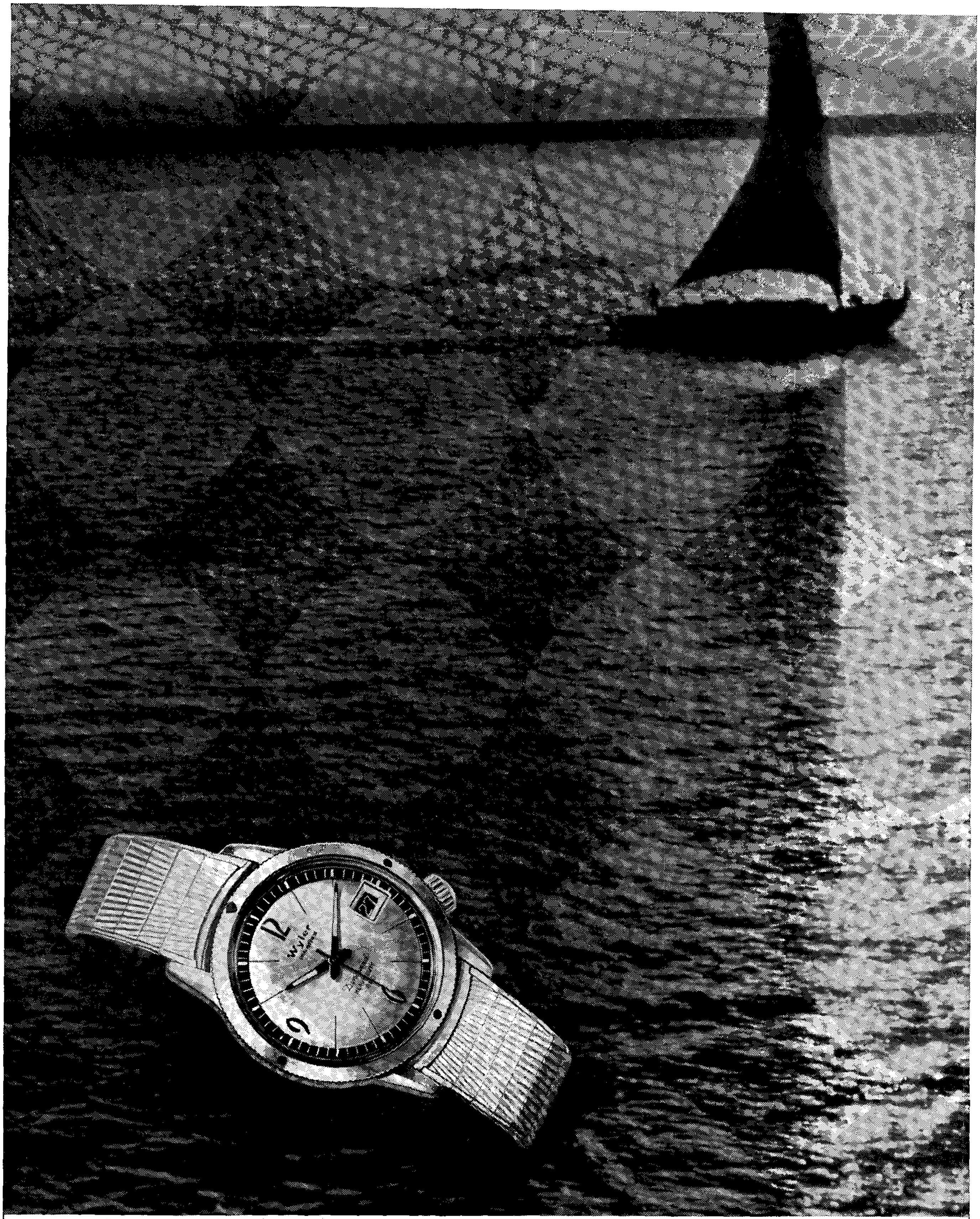

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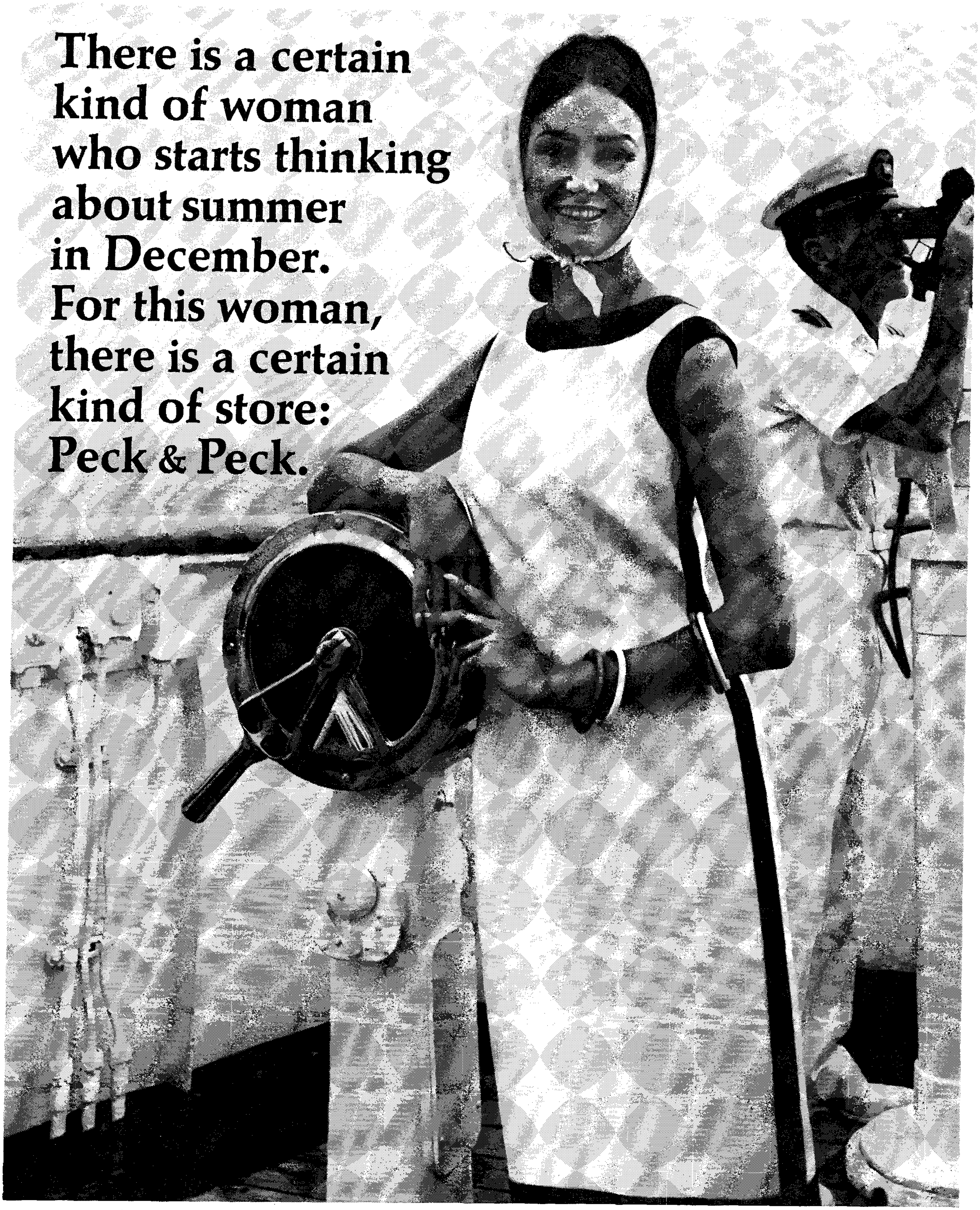
There is a certain kind of woman who starts thinking about summer in December.
For this woman, there is a certain kind of store:
Peck & Peck.

If you happen to be aboard an American President Liner headed for the Orient, it's very easy to ignore Winter. Out there, sleeves have disappeared. Example: this shaped linen skimmer with contrast banding all around and up and down. Crème/navy, yellow/green, turquoise/lime. 8 to 18, 30.00

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

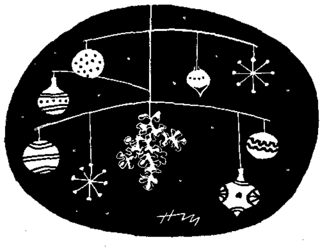
WE remember reading not long ago that the great majority of Americans have never been up in an airplane of any sort. In the consciousness of this deprived multitude, we gather, the entire grand march of progress in aviation enjoys no more than a derivative and hearsay existence. From the first vague flapping at Kitty Hawk to the latest in-flight movie, the thunderous course of aeronautical empire has rocked and rumbled on its way without awakening a single echo among these unthinking groundlings. It comes as a distinct satisfaction, therefore, to report that the Federal Aviation Agency, by a recent decision, has contrived to bring the latest advance in aviation literally home to virtually every householder in the land. The agency has approved the construction of a supersonic airliner that will whisk the impatient airborne minority from New York to Los Angeles in two hours and a half, and will treat the earthbound majority to the phenomenon called "sonic boom."

When an airplane is flying faster than sound, it continuously produces a shock wave in the atmosphere, and this shock wave makes itself felt on the ground in a variety of ways, some of them downright brusque. For pointed example, there was the fate of a "test village" that had been built by the Federal Aviation Agency in the New Mexican desert with an eye to discovering the effects of sonic boom upon architecture. A jet fighter plane that was darting about to provide a note of technological color while the press inspected the village accidentally exceeded the speed of sound on a low-level pass, thereby smashing a greenhouse, shattering a storefront, and heavily damaging the plaster in seventeen test buildings. A layman, thinking of the probable gruesome consequences of such an aerial contretemps in the vicinity of, say, the United Nations Secretariat Building, might suppose that this test was definitive, but the F.A.A., it appears, chose to discount it, possibly because none of its hundred and ten recording instruments were turned on at the time of the occurrence. Besides, the agency had discovered a strongly countervailing, beneficent effect of the sonic boom. It increases the birth rate of chickens. Eggs that are exposed to the boom turn out to have a higher hatching rate than those incubated in relative tranquillity.

Homeowners who find themselves living along one of the major airline routes will doubtless be interested in the advice of Mr. Jack Huntress, an F.A.A. engineer for structures. "Plate glass and plaster are most vulnerable, so I would go to smaller windowpanes, and sheetrock or plasterboard for the inside walls and ceilings," he said. "Modern shells, especially thin shells, and dome-shaped roofs and cantilever designs are highly susceptible. If I were building a home, I would put more money into the foundation, go a few feet deeper to prevent moisture from getting under the house, especially in areas subject to alternate dry-wet spells and great temperature changes. If water gets under the foundation, then dries up, it sets up a rocking stress that can strain joints and even crack them. Then the home is vulnerable to the boom. Joining dissimilar materials is also bad. In frame houses, I would use extra stiffening members, such as collar beams in the rafters and a stiff back over the ceiling joists. In most cases, I would recommend using an electric drill and screws instead of nails that come loose with moisture changes." Mr. Huntress apparently sees the territory under the airline routes as the natural abode of the rich, who can afford the extra measures he suggests, such as having their houses constructed with screws, presumably by skilled cabinetmakers. With the best will in the world, however, we cannot bring ourself to accept this extraordinary vision of self-sacrificing millionaires neatly arranged in transcontinental rows and all cringing away from their small windows and listening to the sky go bump. As it happens, we can think of a house that is much better suited to the age of supersonic flight than Mr. Huntress's deep-dug and well-buttressed structure. We mean the tepee. This ingenious shelter is one that can be knocked flat and set up again a dozen times in a day, with no more serious consequence than, perhaps, a certain amount of ill temper on the part of the owner. As aviation continues to advance and existing houses are shaken into ruin, as chickens multiply and farmers depart, we may see the American Indian come into his own once more. At the expense of some slight deafness, he might occupy the abandoned land below the airline routes, and, with all his ancient craft, pursue chickens of unparalleled fecundity through a vast and reverberating forest.

Applied Chemistry

THE other week, we found a good place to go to look at agitators, blenders, crushers, dryers, ejectors, feeders, filters, fillers, kettles, kilns, and zeta meters—the Exposition of Chemical Industries at the Coliseum. We report on some of the high points of the intelligence it supplied. (1) Franklin P. Miller & Son, Inc., has a new delumping machine. (2) The London Company's radiometer titrigraph gives titration curves automatically. (3) A good explosion-proof refrigerator is the Kelmore, which is manufactured by the Explosion-Proof Refrigeration people and comes in three sizes—13.6 cubic feet, 5 cubic feet, and 10 cubic feet. (4) The Leeds & Northrup Co.'s Speedomax-W has Flexelect (for manual selection of sensor combinations). (5) Centrico, Inc., makes a fine-looking desludger. (6) In addition to individual loop control, the Fischer & Porter DDC possesses the following special features: scar-line-deviation indicator and nondestructive memory. (7) Some useful things to keep in mind about Liquid Dynamics' Multi-Purpose Investigational Model No. 1801 are that it weighs 500 pounds, has interchangeable, removable, orificed disc columns, gives rapid positive answers, and costs $7,500 if you will go and pick it up at the company's factory, just outside Chicago, Illinois. The price of $7,500 does not include packing and crating. (8) Fike Metal Products Corporation makes Pop-Gard, which is a type of safety equipment, as is Davis Instruments' Series 11-3800 solid-state diffusion head-type combustible gas alarm. (9) According to the Hewlett-Packard Company, if you push the right button on the new Mechrolab 5901A Auto-Viscometer, it automatically measures efflux time in glass capillary viscometers, which will be digitally displayed on the counter readout until intentionally erased by the operator, if there is an operator. (10) The Explosion-Proof Refrigeration people also make a good explosion-proof refrigerator-freezer that comes in white and in one size—9.66 cubic feet.



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SIGN in the window of a restaurant on Seventy-first Street, west of Columbus Avenue:

NUEVO PEKIN RESTAURANT
COMIDA CRIOLLA Y CHINA

Whereabouts

WE walked up the front steps of Carnegie Hall the other evening beside a young lady with hair totally covering her eyes, whose arm was linked to the arm of a young man with hair totally covering *his* eyes.

"I feel Out, dreadfully Out," the young lady was saying. "Do you feel Out?"

"No," said the male sheep dog. "I feel In, but I'd give anything to feel Out."

One Saturday in Brooklyn

CAST: William Alfred, a forty-three-year-old professor of English at Harvard and the author of the play "Hogan's Goat," now being seen Off Broadway, at the American Place Theatre, at 423 West Forty-sixth Street. Since the play opened, on November 3rd, it has received extraordinary critical praise and has been sold out every night (capacity audience 166), and on January 7th it is to move to the East Seventy-fourth Street Theatre (capacity audience 299). "Hogan's Goat" takes place in the City of Brooklyn in the spring of 1890. It has a number of realistic, dramatic, and interesting characters, for a change, including Edward Quinn, Mayor of Brooklyn; Father Stanislaus Coyne, pastor of St. Mary's Star of the Sea; Father Maloney, pastor of an all-night church; Bessie Legg, a back-room bar girl; Maria Haggerty, an assistant ward leader's wife who works as a janitor for an ambitious young ward leader named Matthew Stanton; and Matthew Stanton, who wants to be Mayor of Brooklyn. The author of "Hogan's Goat" is a handsome man, thin, slightly round-shouldered, and sharply observant, with a darkish, ascetic face and large brown eyes, and he gives a strong impression of innocence and good will.

Alfred's father, a rugged, hoarse-voiced, humorous man with a ruddy, outdoor complexion, great vitality, and a jaunty manner.

A girl student who is interested in writing and literature.

Philip Perlman, a former student of Alfred's who is now a teacher at a prep school in Weston, Massachusetts.

SCENE 1. Brooklyn Heights. A Saturday morning a couple of weeks before Christmas, 1965. The parlor of the Alfreds' apartment, on the first floor of a seven-story gray limestone apartment house, built some fifty years ago, on Columbia Heights. At the entrance to the parlor there is a picture of Reims Cathedral, and under it is a carved wooden crucifix. The parlor is cozy, with several fat, overstuffed armchairs. It is raining outside. The rain can be heard beating against a large bay window facing the street.

ALFRED'S FATHER (*he wears a colorfully checked flannel shirt, unbuttoned at the throat, and horn-rimmed eyeglasses, and he is smoking a cigar*): It's raining like the devil, Billy, and you mean to walk this girl all the way over to where your great-grandmother lived? That's way over in the Sixth Ward!

ALFRED (*he wears a black suit with a narrow white pin stripe, a blue shirt with a button-down collar, a blue-green-and-black striped necktie, brown loafers with composition soles, and a gray fedora that looks a little small for his head. He carries a black umbrella with a crook handle. The rhythm of his speech has very faint echoes of a brogue*): I love to walk. I get so little chance to walk. I want to walk all the time when I'm home. I love this place so much that when students come to see me, I walk their feet off. (*He starts urging the student toward the door.*)

STUDENT (*she wears a heavy coat and gloves, and she has one of those transparent-plastic rain bonnets tied around her head and pulled sensibly over her forehead*): I love to walk, too. Mr. Alfred wants to show me all the streets and all the buildings in south Brooklyn that he's known since he was a little kid.

ALFRED'S FATHER (*with affection*): I think you're both bats.

ALFRED: We'll walk to The Point. It's above the Red Hook section. It's only about six blocks south of here.

ALFRED'S FATHER: And no raincoat? (*To the student*) He has three raincoats. Do you think he'd wear one?

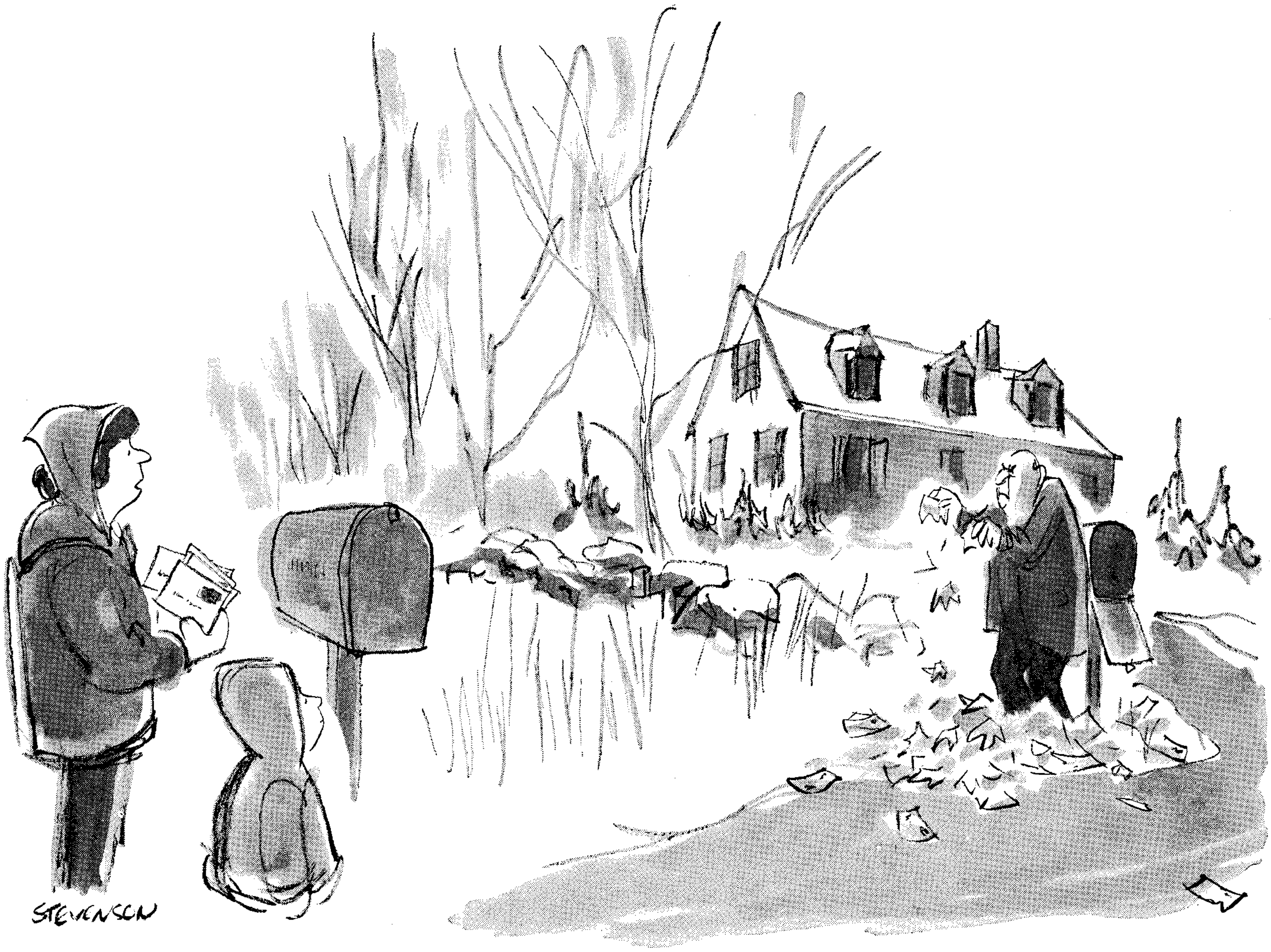
STUDENT: Got anything against raincoats, Mr. Alfred?

ALFRED: They're just hot. (*He grins at his father.*) We'll meet you for lunch at Sam's. (*He grins at the student.*) It's an old Italian restaurant I used to go to when I was in high school.

ALFRED'S FATHER: A great place. We've been going there for over thirty years.

ALFRED (*getting ready to open his umbrella*): Let's go. I want to show you . . . (*He and the student are out the door, and the father closes it, smiling.*)

SCENE 2. Columbia Heights. A street lined with trees and shrubbery and small patches of lawn in front of old brownstone houses and a few old, neat red brick apartment houses. Alfred holds the umbrella high, walking quickly and close to the student. Alfred



"The fact is, Bobby, some people get more of a kick out of Christmas cards than other people."

• •

seems unaware of the rain. He looks around eagerly at everything as they walk to Remsen Street and turn in the direction of Court Street. Alfred points out a basement apartment.

Alfred (*enthusiastically*): Some friends of my father's live there—Norwegians, I think. No matter what time of the day you go by, their table is always set. See? There it is. The table is all set, with a white tablecloth, and all the dishes and the silver laid out. Isn't that wonderful?

Student (*sounding surprised*): It really *is* set!

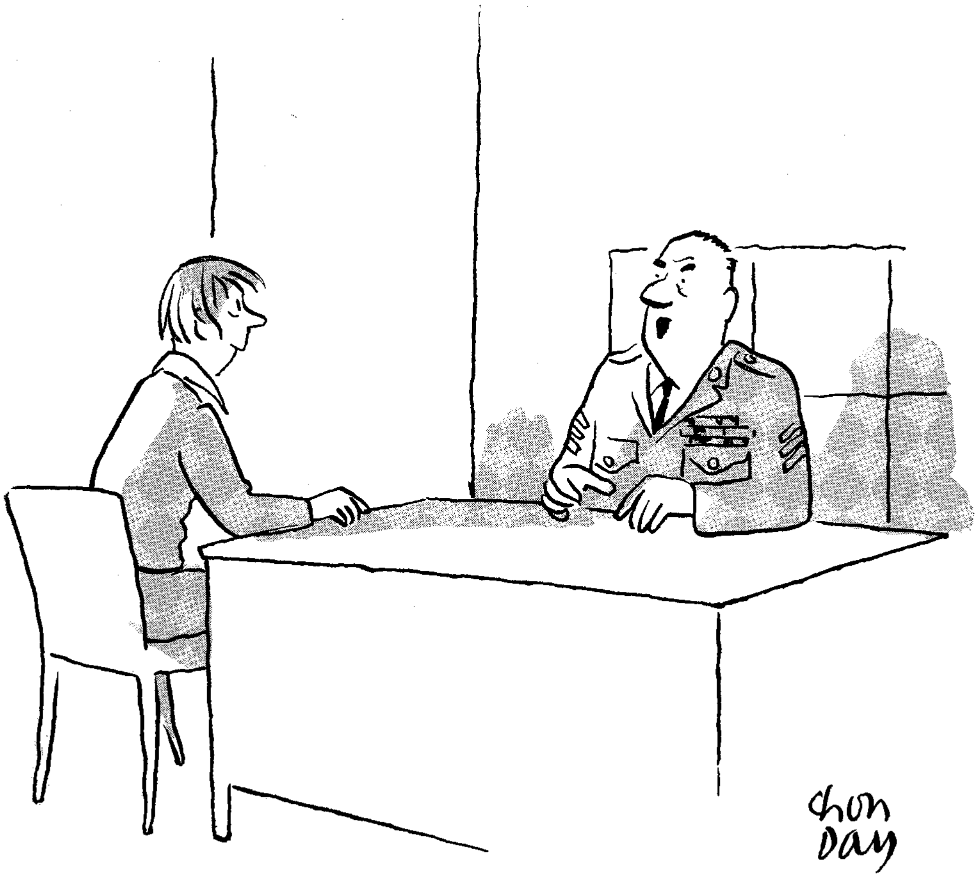
Alfred (*looking pleased*): I didn't live around here as a kid. This was a very posh neighborhood. We didn't have much money. We lived in a two-room apartment over a barbershop on East Seventy-sixth Street, in Manhattan, until I was nine, and then we moved to Flatbush. Both my father and my mother worked. My first school was St. Anne's Academy, at Seventy-sixth and Lexington. From the time I was four and a half until I was six, I was a boarder there. It was a prison of a school in those days. Later on, from fourteen to eighteen, I went to St. Francis Prep, on Baltic Street, here in Brooklyn. I want to show you what's left of it. I loved that school. It was run by Franciscan Brothers, and we had such good times. I fell in love with that school from the start. It was next to St. Francis College and St. Francis Monastery, which had a garden and a beautiful fountain, and you'd see the old brothers sitting around the fountain on sunny days. It was so tranquil. I'll show you the site. And I want to show you Boss Tweed's house, at 124 Remsen Street. That is, I *think* it was Boss Tweed's house. My mother told me it was, but the Irish people are great mythmakers. Except, the *Brooklyn Heights Press* ran little historical items, and my mother could have read it there. My mother died in 1962. I was worried about my father's living in this neighborhood alone, but, thank God, he's a gregarious man. There's this little newsstand, Dolan's, at the corner of Montague and Henry. It was one of those old-fashioned tin ones until six months ago. Then they modernized it. Dolan is a great man, a very large man in a very small newsstand, and all the older people in the neighborhood gather there at night. If they don't see each other, they call up. My father is a bricklayer, and he refuses to stop working. He's seventy-three.

Student (*though the rain splashes down over the plastic bonnet and into her eyes, she looks up at the teacher, blinking*): Seventy-*three*?

Alfred: You'd never know. And he does absolutely mad things. Like going to Rhode Island for lunch with a pal and coming back the same day.

Student: Has your father seen the play?

Alfred: A good dozen times—to be conservative. He says he wants to play Mayor Quinn. (*Laughs.*) In 1954, when I became an instructor at Harvard, my father and mother thought they might want to live in Cambridge. They tried it for a couple of years, but they didn't like it. They moved back to New York—to a cold-water flat on Twenty-eighth Street, near Bellevue. They came to Brooklyn Heights in 1960, and they loved it from the min-



"And, before you know it, you'll be an officer and giving guys like me orders."

• •

ute they came. My mother learned everything she could about Brooklyn Heights. (*He halts in front of a town house with a high stoop leading to a large oak door. Over the door is a stained-glass window.*) Here it is—124 Remsen Street. Isn't it beautiful?

Student (*halting, too*): It *is* beautiful.

Alfred: When they caught Boss Tweed, he was on a boat heading for Spain. The federal officers took him off. I know *that* is true, because I read it. Boss Tweed had fled in the night to Coney Island—it was really an island then, separated from the mainland by a creek—and had taken the boat from there. I don't remember the date, but the rest of it sticks in my mind. (*They resume walking, and pass an official-looking building bearing the name "St. Francis College" in raised gilt letters.*) What the college did was to buy the old Brooklyn Union Gas Company, which used to be here, and move into it in 1963. My great-grandmother loved the Brooklyn Union Gas Company. She didn't like the Brooklyn Edison. Until 1938, she refused to have electricity in her house. Anna Maria—that's what I always called her; she never let me call her Grandmother—thought the Edison Company charged too much. Anna Maria Egan. She made all of us call her Anna Maria. I'm going to show you where she lived. When I was seven, my mother, who worked as a telephone operator, would put me on the streetcar on the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, and I'd ride by myself, feeling very proud, to the other end of the bridge, all the way to what I call Fifth Place in "Hogan's Goat," where my great-grandmother would meet me. I used to love to visit her. Anna Maria really knew how to tell stories. She looked a little bit like Mrs. Haggerty in the play—like an old lion. She used to have a hooked nose, like mine, but it got kind of flattened with age, and she had milky-blue eyes. She must have had cataracts, but she was afraid of doctors and wouldn't go near them. She always wore long black skirts, and they usually had stains on them, because she couldn't see very well. And the things she'd say! It was enough to make your hair stand on end! One day, my cousin Warren Reiser and I threw pillows at her from behind a couch, and she said to us, "Go now and break the church windows! Your arms will stick up in your graves!" She could be tough. But she was a wonderful old lady. Sometimes I'd go and stay with her for two or three days. She used to sing a little minstrel-show song. It went like this: "Anna Maria, Anna Maria, Anna Maria Jones, she can play the banjo, the piccolo, and the bones." And she'd do a little shuffle with the song. When I had the blues, she'd do the song for me. (*Alfred and the student are now heading for The Point, and they pass Brooklyn's Borough Hall, an imposing edifice that looks governmental. Alfred gives a small sigh.*) Here's where Matt Stanton would have gone if he had realized his desire to become mayor. (*He points to another governmental-looking building, in the distance.*) That's Sand Street over there. It used to be the toughest street in Brooklyn. That building with the top that looks like a French château is the Post Office. Isn't that a beautiful building?

Student (*looking up from her shoes, which are soaked*): It *is* beautiful!

Alfred: There used to be a wonderful restaurant around here called Joe's. It was famous. We used to go there when we were in the dough—from the time I was nine until I was grown. It was tiled, like an enormous men's room, and it took up a quarter of a block. It had a great staircase, leading up to where they probably had banquets—I can't be sure, because I never went up there. Joe's was very reasonable. During the depression, we used to get five courses for seventy-five cents. I used to love to go there—you know the way kids love to go to restaurants. We would start with herrings and other appetizers, and the soup came in these little silver cups. (*He looks happy at the memory.*) We'd get roast fresh ham at Joe's, and there were relishes. And it was famous for its desserts. (*They walk past a modernized store with a large window display of Olivetti typewriters. He looks at the typewriters.*) Aren't they beautiful?

Student (*obviously seeing typewriters with a new kind of appreciation*): They're really beautiful.

(*The rain starts coming down harder, but now neither Alfred nor the student seems to care. Saturday-morning marketers, worn-looking women carrying large bundles of groceries, hurry by. A small Negro boy wearing a yellow slicker and a matching hat comes out of a bakery carrying a cakebox.*)

Alfred (*courteously stopping to let the boy go by in front of him and then pointing across Court Street to an old shop, between Dean and Pacific Streets, with an old-fashioned sign reading*

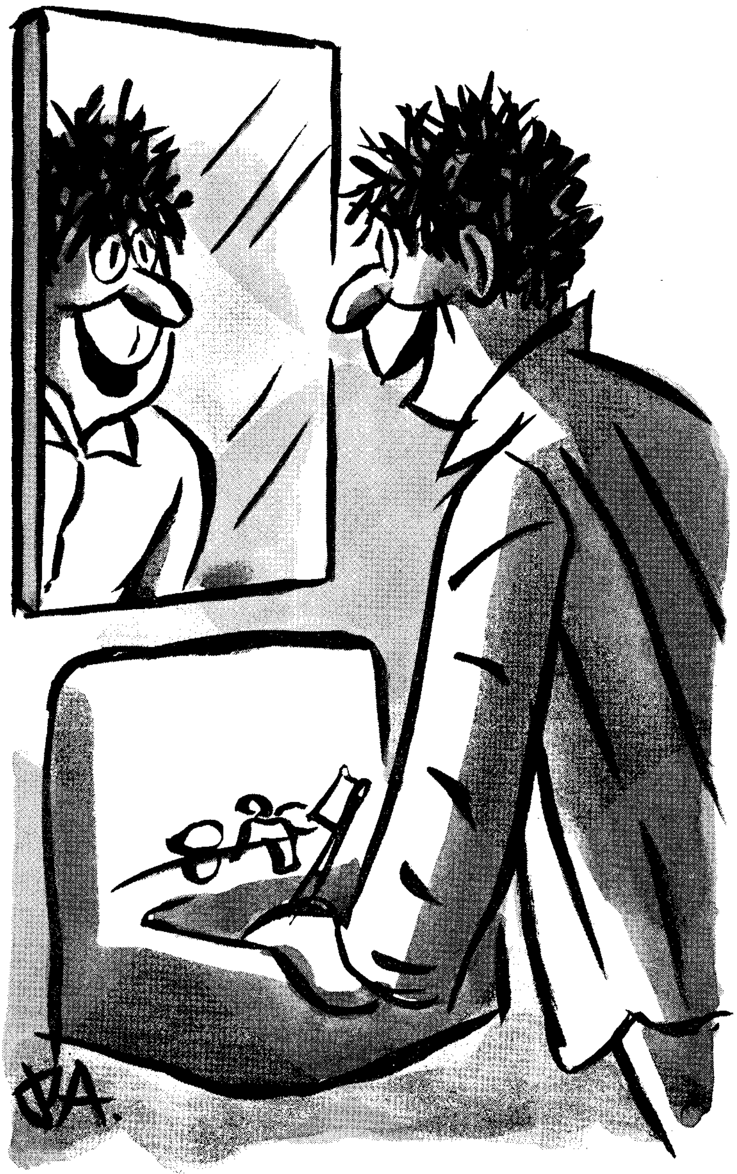
“Fitzsimons & Rooney, Inc. Est. 1869. Florists,” between new-fashioned shops called Dom’s Barber Shop and Jane’s Beauty Salon): They haven’t seen the Fitzsimons & Rooney wreath in the play yet. I must remember to send them an open-date order for tickets. Maybe they’ll think the wreath isn’t grand enough to be a Fitzsimons & Rooney wreath, but I hope not. Now, look at this one. You can get a notion of what the stores were like. (*They stand and look at a two-story building. The second floor is of red brick. The ground floor is of wood, painted green, and the paint is peeling drastically. It has a glass front, with the address—“172 Court Street”—on it in gold letters, and the name “H. E. Müller & Son, Licensed Plumber.”*)

STUDENT (*admiring the shop*): Isn’t it wonderful?

ALFRED: It is. (*He smiles. They walk over to a house at the corner of Congress and Court Streets. It is a large house, with a roof of green copper shingles, two red brick chimneys, and windows with white-painted frames.*) That’s the kind of house Mayor Quinn would have lived in. This one has always seemed to me to be so glamorous. I’ve been looking at it ever since 1927, when I was five. Doesn’t it look as if it were opening its hands to the street?

STUDENT: Yes.

ALFRED: I can imagine that house as the kind of house Matt Stanton was longing to have. (*They walk along the block to a store called, in red neon lights, “Staubitz—Prime Market Meats. Main 4-0014.” Three butchers are behind the counter, all wearing white butcher hats.*) This was my mother’s favorite butcher shop. It’s still the same. You can see the cashier’s cage, where a lady cashier used to sit. My mother had heart trouble, and she’d often send me here in her place. Not that she’d admit to having heart trouble. The doctor told her not to carry big bundles of groceries, but she wouldn’t stop, and if she’d be carrying a bundle and would see him coming along the street, she’d duck into a doorway and hide. She didn’t want to live on any terms but her own. It gave me a sense of those people. This is a wonderful butcher shop. They tie roasts for you. They grind the tail of the porterhouse. All the things that are hard to get done in the big markets. I tell my kids—the students who want to write—that they could live around here very cheaply. The rents are low, and it’s important to be near a good butcher shop. You can get a four-room apartment around here for sixty dollars. And there are other wonderful stores nearby. Stores that sell only cheese. And one of the other good things about this neighborhood is that the bakeries have three bakings of bread a day. It’s knowing the lay of the land that enables you to live cheaply. (*They walk on to the corner of Baltic and Court Streets.*) Here’s where Bessie Legg would have lived—in this red brick building, on the top floor, in the rear. I say in the play that she lives “at Baltic and Court.” I stole that trick from O’Neill—the way, in “The Iceman Cometh,” he has the prostitute say, “Den I toined him ’round and give him a push to start him. . . . He must be swimmin’ in de North River yet!” Putting those specific place names in. It’s a kind of instant poetry. (*He laughs.*) I’m a great believer in theatrical conventions. I used melodrama deliberately in the play. I was trying to make a theatre where people *felt* again, and yet not have it be sentimental. The other kind of plays that people are doing now—the more abstract, intellectual kind—leave you with something to reflect on. That’s fine. I like them, too. But I feel the other kind mustn’t die, where you look at the way people feel about each other, and you see what’s right and what’s wrong. One of the things that trouble me about some plays is that the audience knows more about the man on the stage than he knows about himself. I wanted to make a man who learns about himself on the stage, and the audience goes along with him and finds out about him at the same time. (*They have reached Baltic Street. Alfred halts in front of several deserted buildings, the insides of which are being ripped out. All the windows are broken. He points to a three-story brownstone.*) My mother’s mother was born in this house. I’m glad I’m seeing it again before it’s all down. Next door to it there was a store that used to be a sandwich shop when I went to high school. St. Francis was right down the block here. We used to buy sandwiches at the store. For fifteen cents, you’d get ham and American cheese and tomatoes and lettuce and lots of mayonnaise on Italian bread. Those sandwiches were wonderful. And that’s what is left of St. Francis Monastery, and the high school is all gone, and most of the building that used to be the col-



“Not bad. How’s yourself?”

lege. (*He remains at a distance from the site.*) I guess progress has to come. (*They walk on to a block that is mostly residential, with two-story houses, trees, and patches of lawn, much like those of Columbia Heights. A new, cube-shaped story-and-a-half building of concrete stands across the street. Alfred points to it.*) That's where my great-grandmother Anna Maria lived—where the Department of Health building is. No. 85, right here, is where my mother was born, probably on the second floor. (*He indicates a two-story building of orange brick.*) And Matt Stanton's saloon would have been on the corner, where the Hamilton Federal Savings Bank—that new brick building—is. (*It has stopped raining, but neither Alfred nor the student takes notice. Alfred still holds the umbrella open overhead.*) See that truncated clock tower way over there in the next block? That's St. Mary's Star of the Sea. That's where Father Coyne would have been. He's patterned after a great many Irish parish priests I've known, including one who once said something relevant about people who receive the Eucharist on nine consecutive first Fridays—the devotion to the Sacred Heart based on the belief that you will be blessed and receive the grace of a happy death. This priest said, "There are many of you who never miss a first Friday, but there are many of you, when you go home, before your mouth is wet with the water that breaks your fast your teeth are red with the blood of your neighbors!" That's the kind of enraged charity Father Coyne feels. And down at that corner is where a wonderful, foul-mouthed, generous old woman lived. She was a priest's maid and a bootlegger. She had eight children, and on Sunday, when you went in her kitchen, she had three kinds of roasts ready. For her bootlegging, she used the baby carriage with the baby in it, and the whiskey hidden under the baby. She used to take care of my great-grandmother. Mrs. Haggerty was patterned after her.

Student: What about that other priest in the play—the fat one who is so intolerant?

Alfred: Father Maloney? I've known a lot of priests like him, too. (*He laughs.*) He's based on the Jansenist tendency in the Catholic Church to have a kind of hysterical fixation on sex as the root of all evil. I asked a nun who was in the audience one day, "Did it offend you?" She laughed and said, "It's the history of my life!" (*From his watch pocket Alfred takes a silver watch with a silver cover, flips it open, and looks at it.*) We'd better get along to Sam's. (*He peers out from under the umbrella. The sky has turned bright blue. He laughs and closes the umbrella.*)

Scene 3. Outside a small restaurant with a sign reading "Sam's Restaurant-Pizzeria," at 238 Court Street.

Student (*she is still wearing the plastic rain bonnet, which is still wet with raindrops. A few of them occasionally trickle down her face*): How in the world can you write plays and teach at the same time? I don't know of anybody else who does that.

Alfred: There was Archie. Archie MacLeish. But he did take a lot of time off. He got me a grant to take time off in London to write—the Amy Lowell Travelling Poetry Fellowship. You had to go abroad on this grant. It was a wonderful and exciting time. It was 1956 to 1957, a wonderful year for plays in London. Both "Look Back in Anger" and "The Entertainer" were playing then. I like John Osborne's plays. I admire him. His plays are so full of life. It was funny writing a play—it was my first draft—in London about my people in Brooklyn. I'd get up at seven-thirty every morning, take a long walk, and come back and write.

Student: But now, when you're teaching, how can you concentrate on one if you're doing the other, too?

Alfred: I'm so used to working as a teacher. I like doing both. If I have too much time for writing, I get very self-indulgent. I get too interested in the minor characters and write scene after scene for *them*—extra scenes that are not needed. I have a heavy teaching schedule, but it's my own fault. I wanted it. Eleven hours of tutorial, and the first half of the English-survey course from Beowulf to Dryden, and the introductory course in Anglo-Saxon poetry. The most rewarding part is being with the students, because you can *talk* to somebody, and at lunch you can eat with them. They're so merry. I just love teaching. Each student is different. Each generation is different. That's why I hate it when I hear "the cool generation." It seems to me the students of today are happier than we ever were. They're more self-assured. And that's a good thing. I'm very fond of all of them. (*He looks down and picks up something from the sidewalk and hands it to the student.*)

Student: A nickel.

Alfred: I found it! That's lucky. Isn't that wonderful?

Scene 4. Inside Sam's Restaurant. A booth. Alfred, his father, the student, and Philip Perlman are seated. All have small glasses of red wine with a lot of ice in them.

Alfred's Father (*raising his glass of wine*): *Slāinte* and God bless!

Alfred: *Slāinte* and God bless!

Philip Perlman (*he also wears horn-rimmed glasses, and has sand-colored hair, with a considerable portion combed down over his forehead*): *Slāinte* and God bless!

Student: *Slāinte* and God bless!

(*They all sip the wine. Alfred's father lays his cigar on the top of the booth, right behind the student.*)

Alfred's Father (*to the girl*): Touch that cigar and I'll break your arm.

Student (*looking pleased*): I'm coveting it.

Alfred's Father: Have something to eat, Phil. You look starved.

Philip Perlman (*looking delighted*): I think I'll have some minestrone.

Alfred's Father: I'll have some minestrone *and* some spaghetti. I haven't had a bite to eat since the scrambled eggs I made for myself after I hit Mass, at five-thirty. Usually, I heave out by five in the morning.

Philip Perlman: Great!

Alfred's Father: Did you hear the good news, Phil? We got a good review in the *Irish Echo!*

Philip Perlman: Great!

Alfred: We were worried about that, because some of the Boston Irish had started saying they didn't like the play, even though they hadn't seen it.

Alfred's Father (*scornfully*): The Boston Irish! They're such ignorant, stuffy people! How did Cardinal Cushing ever get in there? He's the salt of the earth.

Student: Mr. Alfred, did you hear anything about the play from any of your colleagues?

Alfred: I had a wonderful letter from Douglas Bush. He's one of the most distinguished scholars of seventeenth-century literature. A Milton scholar. Only, he's so good he's also a nineteenth-century scholar.

Alfred's Father (*grinning*): What did he say?

Alfred: Well, he wrote me, "Let them call us dry as dust *now!*" (*Everybody laughs.*) It was such an honor to get a letter from him!

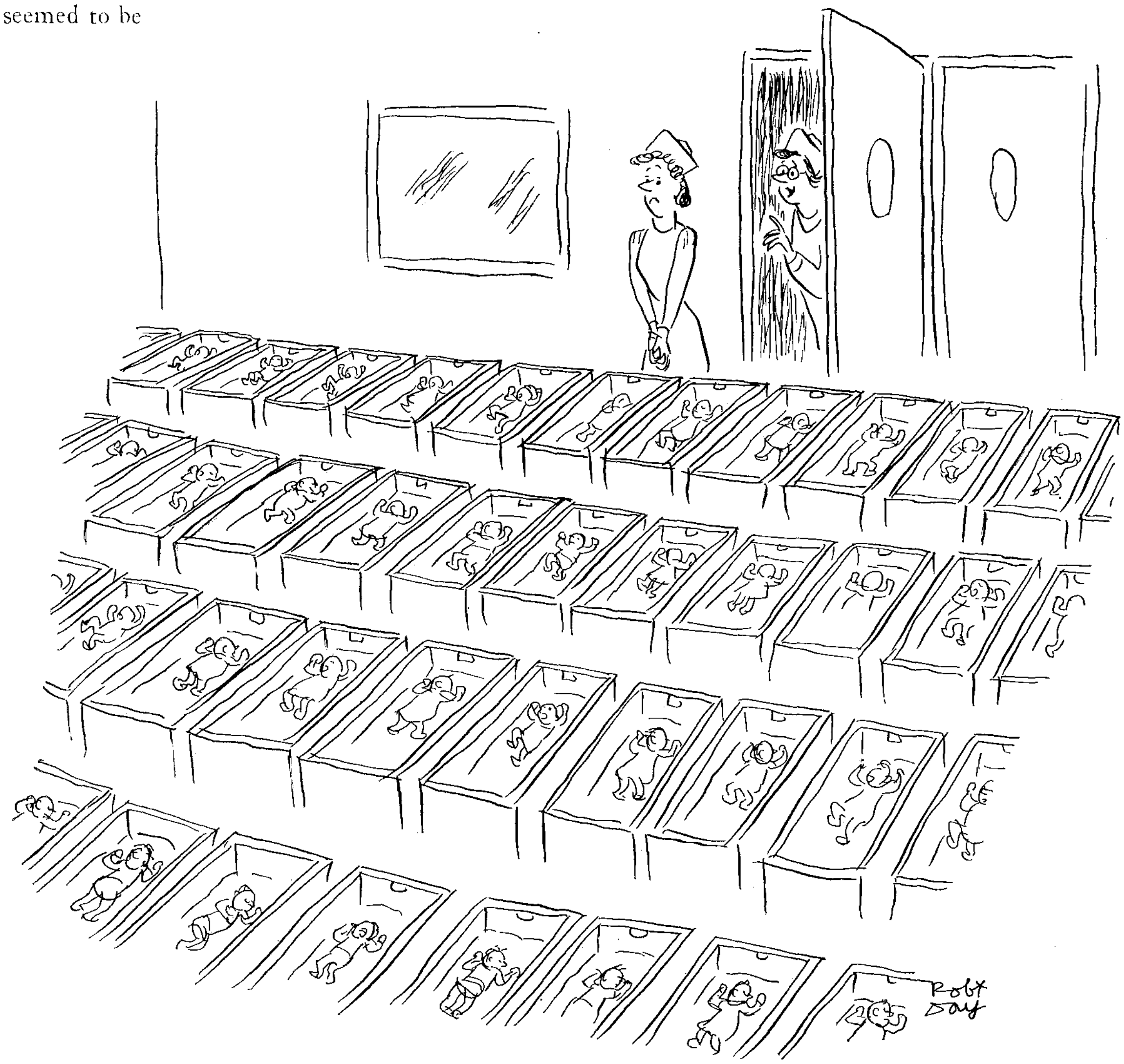
CURTAIN

BARNETT FRUMMER ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE

WHEN Barnett Frummer examined his failure to capture the heart of Rosalie Mondle—an examination he carried on approximately six hours each day—it often occurred to him that the only place he could count on seeing Rosalie was at one of Elliot Nardling's parties. In his more realistic moments, Frummer realized that he could not even count on that, because he was not always invited to Elliot Nardling's parties. Elliot had what was widely considered an admirable loyalty to Barnett, an old college friend, but Elliot's wife, Myrna Nardling, was one of the best-known hostesses in Manhattan, and it was often said that she never had more than two people at a party to whom any reasonably well-informed person would dare address the question "What do you do?" Elliot's obligation to his relatives, who were undistinguished but rich, meant that both slots were often occupied. No one would need to ask Rosalie what she did. She always seemed to be in the columns—taking part in a discothèque opening or a civil-rights demonstration, or being escorted someplace by some performer who was a smash hit somewhere (*smashed* hit, Barnett always muttered to himself when he saw one of those)—and she was a steady visitor at the Nardlings'. Often when Frummer read in the columns about who was enjoying Rosalie's company at a dinner party Elliot and Myrna Nardling had given the night before—a night he had likely spent calculating how he might nonchalantly alight from a Fifth Avenue bus in front of Rosalie's apartment house at exactly the time she was emerging to walk her dog—he began to feel as if he would never be invited anywhere, not even to every fifteenth or twentieth party at the Nardlings'. He realized, as he looked over the columns one day, that he would never be in a position not to be asked what he did, and he was certainly not in a good position when he *was* asked what he did. Who was interested in a family awning business? The night before, Rosalie had been mixing with, among others, René Plenet, the fashion photographer and blank-verse poet; the Contessa di Puglia; four out of five members of the Cretins, the most popular British singing group appearing in the city; and Rolly Rawlings, the most vibrant political force in the Nardlings' set, a lady whose name had hardly missed a day in the papers since August, 1963, when she offered to send three dozen picnic lunches from the Brasserie to members of the Moss Point, Mississippi, N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council attending the march on Washington. What could he ever do to compete with people like that?

"Never compete," Frummer was told one afternoon by Roland Magruder, his friend and mentor. "The only way to beat these party people is to refuse to go to parties." Magruder had chosen that device himself, and it always seemed to Frummer that his friend accomplished as much by refusing to attend a party as most people did by spending an entire evening at one. "They wanted me to come to one of those phony, boring all-night pot smokers at Bergwort's," he would say, mentioning the most sought-after novelist-playwright in the city. "I told them there was a surfing movie I wanted to see that evening before it left the nabes for good." Magruder had refused invitations to some of the most important homes in the city, and he often spent his afternoon going through the columns and sneering at the people he had refused to mingle with the night before. He was more than occasionally mentioned in the columns as someone who was not present at some otherwise celebrity-laden event.

Refusing to go to parties was hardly the answer for Barnett Frummer. In the first place, he pointed out to



"Suppose we stop worrying about whether they'll all get into the colleges of their choice, and push on with their formulas."

Roland, a person had to be invited before he could refuse. And if this happened by any chance—that is, if any of his old college friends besides Elliot Nardling became a host—he could hardly give up a possible opportunity to see Rosalie just to make a gesture. The other obvious solution—becoming a host himself—was also out of the question. Even if he possessed the other qualifications, he would be disqualified by the fact that financially the awning trade had been only moderately good to him. Elliot Nardling was fortunate enough to have a father who was a well-known hairnet manufacturer with deep show-business connections, and the old man was perfectly happy to have his son devote full time to what Elliot called "the profession of catalyzing the celebrated" as long as he promised to stay away from the profession of manufacturing hairnets.

"Which is why I suggest that you become an adviser," Magruder told Frummer.

"You mean read tea leaves and that sort of thing?" asked Frummer. "There already is one in the Nardlings' set."

"Of course that's not what I mean," said Magruder. "How do you think these hostesses know which people to ask? Do you realize the administrative problems of keeping up with who the hot people are—just in newspaper reading alone? It's a job for a specialist. As it happens, I know a girl—Wendy Olswang by name—who is very interested in becoming a hostess. She has a duplex apartment, a few connections, an independent alimony, and a thick skin. I've taken the liberty of suggesting you as an adviser."

Frummer gratefully accepted Magruder's offer. He had a vacation coming up, and then it would be winter, always a slow season in the awning business. In that time, he might be able to lure Rosalie to one or two parties, or even—how could such developments be predicted?—organize an entire season of parties that Rosalie would find positively magnetic. He had, of course, no knowledge of party-giving techniques, except the Nardlings' two-unknowns formula, but he was aware that the guiding principle of choosing people to invite to parties was similar to the one governing the purchase of fruit and vegetables: get them just when they're ripe. He met Wendy Olswang for lunch that Monday, and, applying the guiding principle directly, advised his client to give a dinner party the following Saturday night in honor of the young novelist whose book had received the front-page review in the *Times Book Review* the day before.

To Frummer's amazement, the process of organizing the party seemed relatively simple. With a daring he had not previously noticed in himself, he phoned the novelist and, by hinting strongly of Wendy's connections with producers interested in buying thin novels for big movies, persuaded him to be the guest of honor. Then, straining Wendy's contacts to the limit, he put together a nicely balanced guest list that included the most prominent film actor in the peace movement, one of the leading Mafia lawyers in New York, a lower-East Side minister with upper-East Side connections, a brace of English hairdressers, the heavyweight wrestling champion of the world, and Rosalie Mondle, girl-about-town. All of them refused.

"I can't understand it," said Frummer, lamenting to Roland Magruder the following morning. "His book had the *front-page review* in the *Times* book-review section on Sunday."

"When was that?" asked Magruder casually.

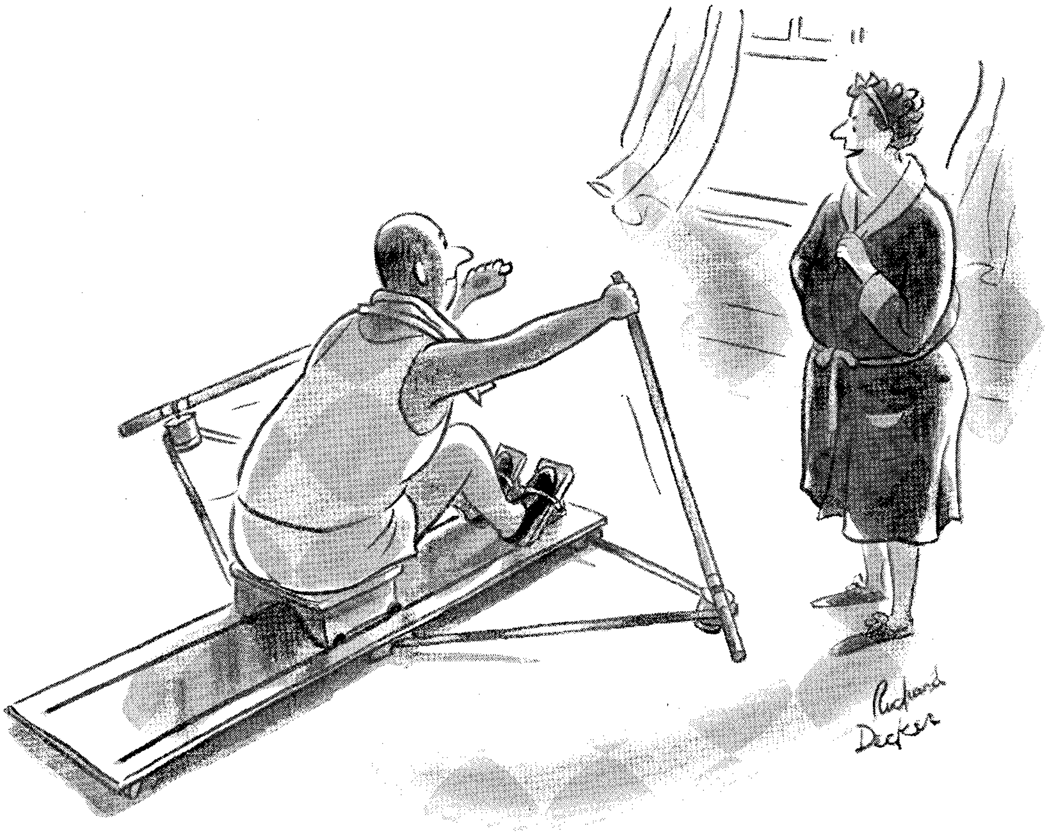
"This last Sunday," said Frummer, puzzled at the question.

"Never invite from the Sunday *Times* book section on Sunday," said Magruder. "Myrna Nardling sends Elliot to a special newsstand on Lexington Avenue on Wednesdays, because they get the back sections of the Sunday *Times* three days early. She had a party last night in honor of the philosopher whose book had the front-page review in the *Times* book-review section today. You were entertaining last week's author."

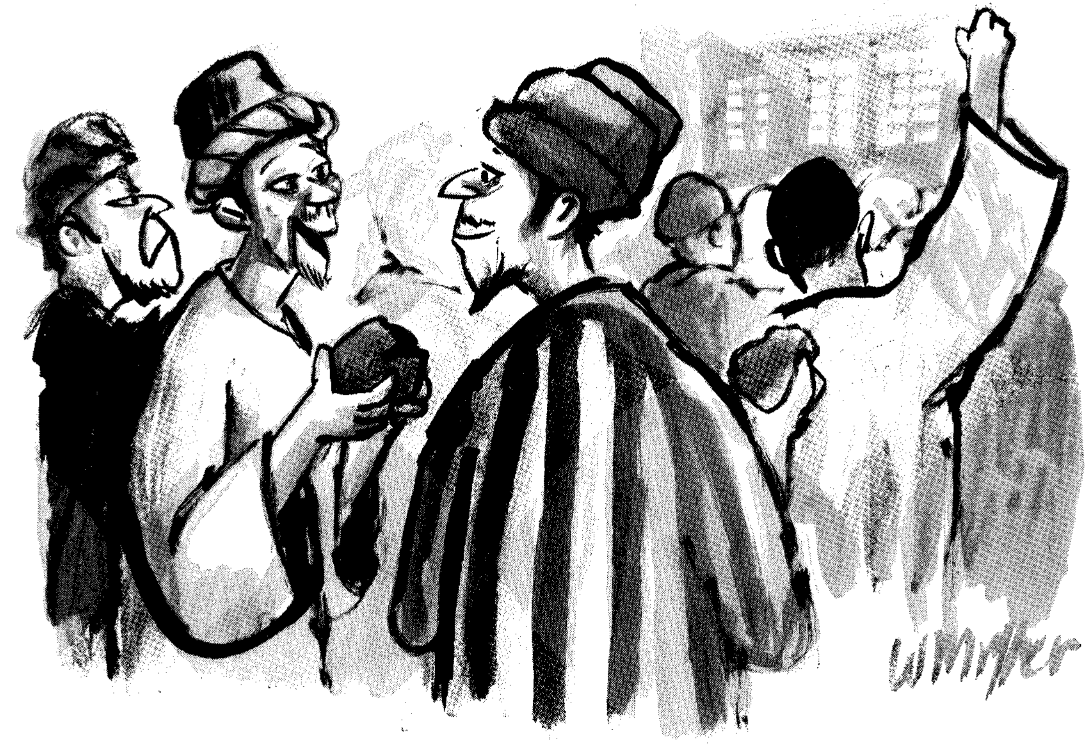
"I should have known," said Frummer. "He seemed all used up."

"Don't feel let down, Barnett," Magruder said, in a kindly tone. "The Nardling party was obviously a bore. Myrna wanted me to come, and I told her I thought I'd stay home and watch Jackie Gleason on television. I get a kick out of it occasionally."

Frummer felt let down nonetheless. He had planned to spend the early evening strolling past a Broadway movie theatre—there was a première scheduled, and, according to his calculations, Rosalie might show up from eight to eleven minutes early, depending on the traffic—but he was too depressed to leave his apartment. To his surprise, Wendy Olswang phoned to say that she was willing to continue her effort to become a hostess. Frummer didn't think he could face it, although visions



"When you reach shore, your breakfast is waiting."



“Excuse me, but I’ve never hurled anything at an embassy before. Is there a special technique?”

* *

of greeting Rosalie as the acknowledged organizer of a gay, witty dinner party still flashed through his head as Wendy talked. “It’s been so long,” he would say casually, kissing Rosalie on the cheek as he took her wrap. “The Contessa has talked about nothing but you all night. What can I get you to drink? Have you seen good old Elliot and Myrna lately? What *is* Elliot doing now?”

“What a marvellous party,” she would say. “Aren’t the Cretins just too much, pouring their drinks on the Contessa that way? Doesn’t Rolly Rawlings look absolutely marvellous in her S.N.C.C. overalls? René Plenet is such a blank-verse bore. It’s been so long, Barnett. You’ve been off doing something exciting, I suppose. You’re so—”

“How about a picnic?” Wendy was saying on the phone.

“I wouldn’t advise that,” said Frummer, emerging slowly from his fantasy.

“I’m so glad you’re my adviser again,” Wendy said.

“We advisers can’t work miracles, but I’ll see what I can do,” said Frummer. What did he have to lose?

IN the weeks that followed, Frummer worked night after night trying to advise a party that Rosalie Mondle would attend. By Christmas, through almost superhuman effort, he had managed to plan six parties for Wendy Olswang. They drew a total of eleven guests, three of whom had not been invited but spotted the coat rack in the hall from the elevator. During the same period, Myrna Nardling’s house seemed to be constantly filled with celebrities as she gave parties for a new ambassador whose appointment she had learned of through a highly placed person whom she maintained as an agent in the State Department at some expense; a pornographer whose lawyer, a friend of Myrna’s, had made him famous by having him sue the Legion of Decency for slander; and a Broadway playwright with a new hit comedy. (Myrna had stayed up late to read the reviews and had extended her invitation during a supposedly accidental meeting with the playwright near the door of his apartment house as he returned from the opening-night party at six the following morning.)

Barnett Frummer gazed at the picture of Rosalie Mondle he kept on his dresser—it was a newspaper photo of Rosalie leaving a night club with a United States senator, a fourteen-year-old rock-’n’-roll singer, and a pretender to the Serbian throne—and he thought about giving up. At that moment, the phone rang. It was a newspaper reporter. Barnett thought the man had the wrong Frummer, but the reporter assured him that he, Barnett Frummer, was getting so well known around town for his “amusing and burlesque adventures as a party adviser” that he would make a perfect subject for an interview. The interview appeared the next morning, but even before that—late the same night, in fact, just a few minutes after the early editions were put on the trucks—Frummer received a call from Myrna Nardling. She thought it would be nice if he were the guest of honor at a little dinner she was giving Saturday night. Nothing formal, just the usual crowd.

“So nice to see you,” Myrna said at the door, kissing Barnett on the cheek. “It’s been so long. Scott Kulchek, the racing driver, has been talking of nothing else but that marvellous piece on you.”

“What a marvellous party!” said Frummer. “Nice to see the Cretins again; they’re a kick. I remember the time Rosalie Mondle said to them— Is she here, by the way?”

“No, she’s not,” said Myrna, with some irritation. “I asked her, of course.”

“I suppose she’s got an opening or something,” Frummer said. His disappointment was somewhat blunted by the knowledge that, being on the circuit himself now, he would probably see her at the next party.

“No, as a matter of fact she said she’s staying home to help Roland Magruder sew some insignia on his Army Reserve uniforms,” said Myrna. “But come in the living room and hear the poem René Plenet has written about you.”

“Marvellous party,” mumbled Barnett. “It’s been so long.” He wondered how long he’d have to stay. Before Myrna phoned, he had been working out a mathematical equation on the percentages of ending up in the same elevator with Rosalie if he started going to a dentist in the building her office was in, and he was anxious to get back to his figures.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

MIDVALE HEIGHTS—4 bedroom ranch with 16 baths. Fireplace. Garage. Owner leaving city.—*Adv. in the Madison (Wis.) Wisconsin State Journal.*

Scrubbed to within an inch of his life.

THREE POEMS

THE PATH

I have walked on waves of stone
Not knowing that the world we tread
Is mirage in a watery glass,
A shimmering play of travelling light.
These dangerous seas we call a world:
The shadow of the pleasure dome
Midway floats, but deeper drown
All images on that surface cast.
Houses and cities seem and pass
On the meniscus of the flood.

There is a path over all waters
Leading to my feet alone,
I have seen radiant from the sun
Setting beyond Skye and the more distant isles
And rising over the rainbow seas of Greece.
It is the way to the sun's gate,
And I must walk that path of fire
That trembles, is scattered, reassembles
On all the sunlit moonlit waters of the world.

LACHESIS

Soul lonely comes and goes; for each our theme
We lonely must explore, lonely must dream
A story we each to ourselves must tell,
A book that as we read is written.

Our life a play of passion, says Raleigh's madrigal,
"Only we die, we die;" but older wisdom taught
That the dead change their garments and return,
Passing from sleep to sleep, from dream to dream.

In that life we dream, says Calderón, each soul
Is monster in the labyrinth of its own being.
Macbeth had his desire, an idiot's tale;
Yet the three fabulous spinners he had seen
Making from evil cause evil to come.

Oedipus' crime was greater, the murdered king
Where the three stories met being his father; yet,
Blind when he saw, he came, a beggar and blind,
Honoring their mystery to the gods
Whose life we die, living their death.

Dark lives are shades that make the picture bright,
Plotinus parabled; some born to sweet delight
And some to endless night, but all are safe
As through those sweet or deadly dreams we pass—
Lost travellers all, Blake said; and Plato taught

That we ourselves have chosen what will befall.
In the Book of the Dead, the people of dreams,
By will and by compulsion drawn to birth,
Live as punishment what each to live desires:
We are ourselves the evil dreams we suffer.

In what mind everlasting all is known,
Or in mind everlasting all forgotten
God knows, or maybe does not know, the Veda says;
Yet a few have seen the curtain drawn and tell
With Juliana that all is well.

But what of the little bloodstained hand
Not all the bitter waves can wash,
Or the betraying hand, dipped in the dish,
Predestined from the beginning of the world,
And yet not guiltless, not forgiven?

"Needs must these things be;" and you and I,
My love, must suffer patiently what we are,
These parts of guilt and grief we bear
Who must about our necks the millstone bear.

LAST THINGS

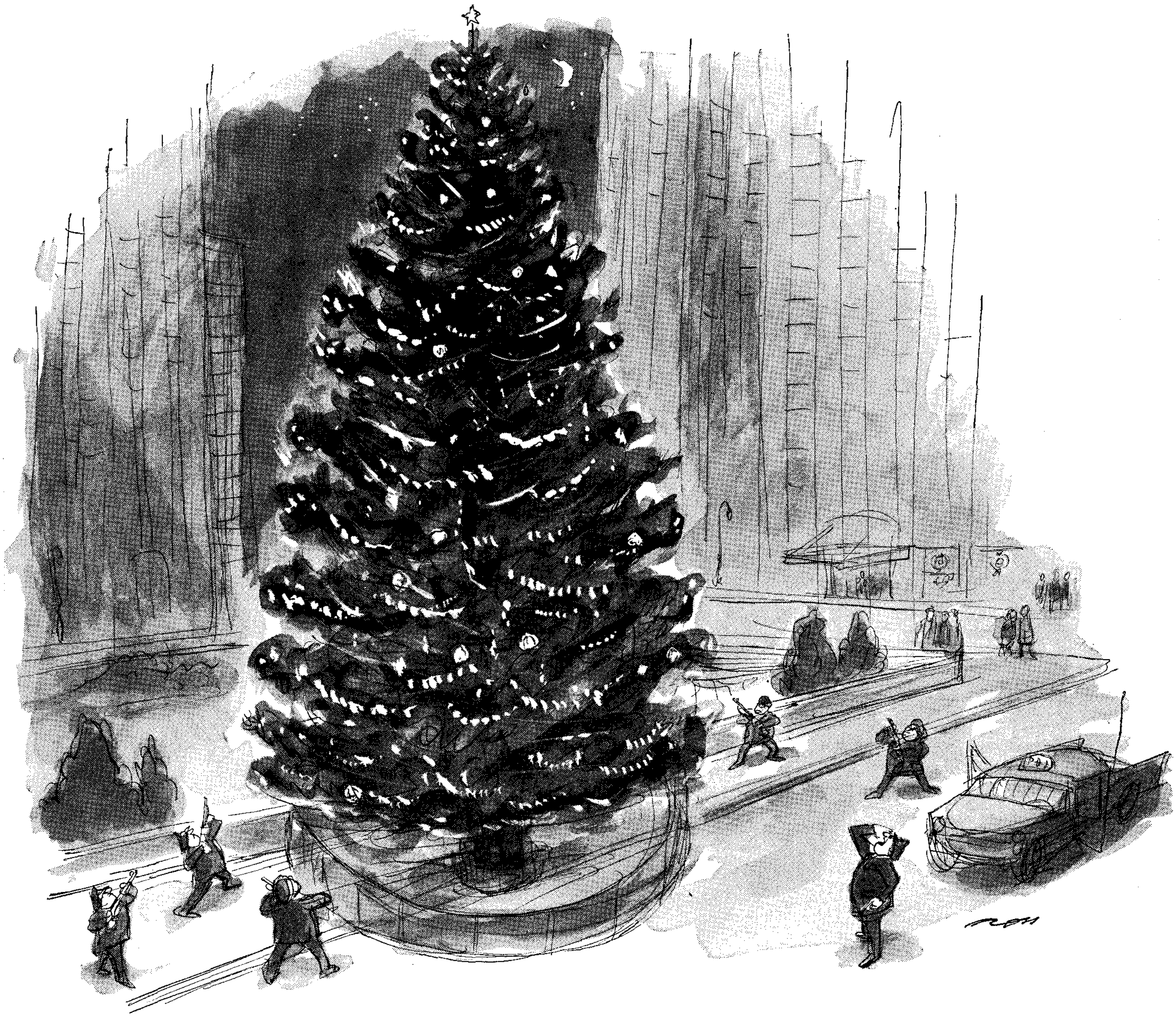
I

I paused in a garden alley of cypress and rose, resembling Paradise;
But I had come as a stranger to that place
And my thought was (and already it is so)
"This garden will be as other gardens gone
Where I have said, 'Here let me stay.' "
For now and now and now moves on
Though none perceives the present come or go
Carrying bird from sheltering tree more swiftly than wings.

The self in exile is the wandering mind
Travelling without rest through times and places.
We cannot lengthen the conscious moment by one heart-beat,
Sense-bound, travel the great sphere where all is present;
Paradise, lost to us, that very place we are,
Outcast beneath the tree whose fruits we gather.

There is a mind whose here is everywhere, whose now all time,
And sometimes we know with its knowledge, in dream or waking:
Is that mind ours, veiled by continual forgetting?
Are we its thoughts astray?
The old, whose souls like ripened seed after the fall of flower
Shake loose from body to be sown anew, or harvested,
Seem at times to be present in past presents
As a shell held to the ear carries the sound of waves
Breaking on distant sands still wet from an ebbing tide;
And I already in early morning sometimes wake
Upon the threshold of some long past day—
A tree stands on the brink of light
White with blossom as once beside a house long desolate.

It is said that body is soul's sepulchre
From whose sleep of oblivion the dead shall rise,
Consciousness from enshrouding flesh and blood stripped bare;
"For is not memory that dread Book of Judgment"—
The poet with the Sybil testifies—
"In whose pages indelible all is written?"
What sanctuary, what labyrinthine garden then shall hide
Self from self-knowledge, self-condemned?
We are ourselves those regions we must inherit,
The places of our sorrow await us in our past
Where like the opium-eater we must dream
Back down the long corridors of time
In vanished cities walking with the dead.



"Come on out, Blackie! We know you're in there!"

• •

Some have with Blake and with the visionary of Patmos cried
"Come," desiring only that day's glory,
When the last blade of grass and particle of dust shall rise
Out of the past to be forever what it is,
Each in its own time and place within the abiding sphere.
Remembrance to the just is Paradise regained,
And not one sparrow fallen,
Or leaf or star shaken from the abundant tree.

But who, knowing the end with the beginning
Of earth's dust and ashes, and love betrayed,
Shall not wake with a cry at all man must remember?

II

All is judged,
The shadow by the leaf,
Flower by star,
The great tree by its seed.
The perfect is not in time
Where all is marred;

But lucid forms
Cast their images
Upon our waters:
Their faces, veiled or radiant, are always beautiful,
For we imagine them;
They are the aspects of our wisdom.
They bring us messages, intellections,
Impart a mystery,
Could tell us more, if we could hold their gaze.

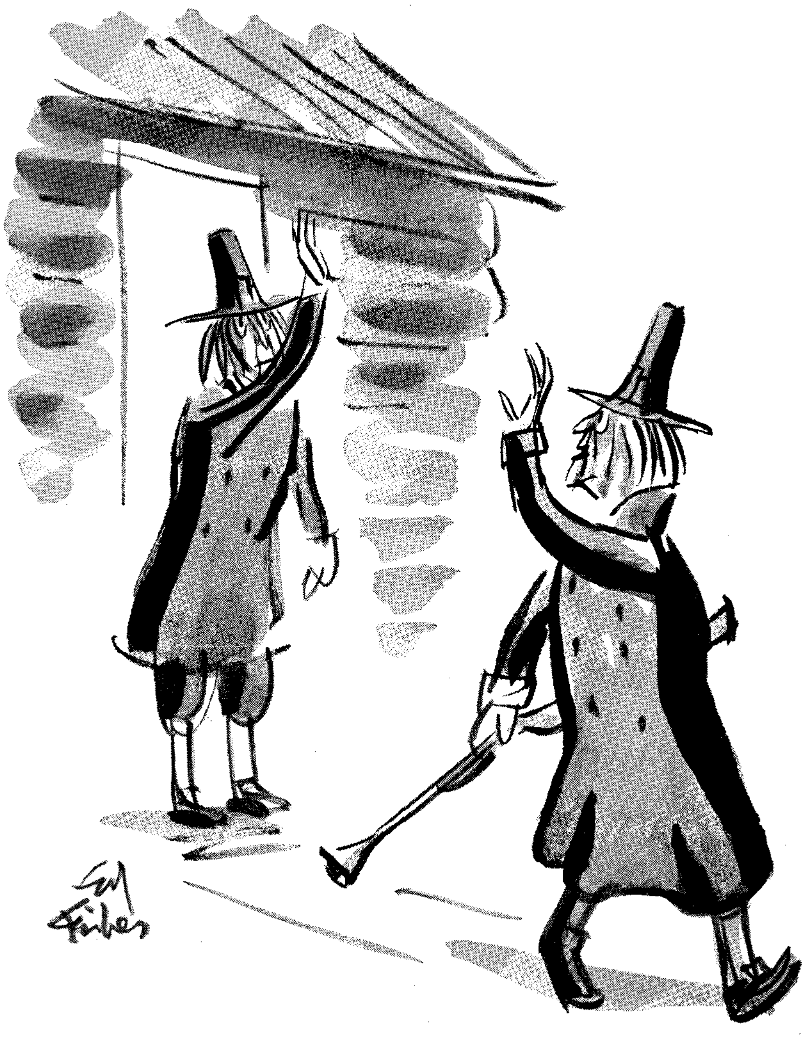
They play on delicate instruments of joy,
Or cry in harmony the chord of creation,
Tone and overtone,
And when their trumpets sound,
The doom of the world is a great music
Wrecking our images on its waves.

From regions of the mind forgotten,
The frontiers of our consciousness invading,
The Pantocrator raises no hand of power,
When all is judged,
The shadow by the real
Being in recollection what it is,
We what we are.

—Kathleen Raine

THE OLD PRIEST

Nora Barrett sat forward, almost on the edge of her chair, wondering how, short of standing up and waving, she could attract the attention of the deaf old priest sitting on the other side of the living room. He was gazing, rapt and meditative, at the hallway to the kitchen, out of which Nora was desperately hoping her mother or her father would at any moment emerge. Was the old priest waiting for that, too? Did he feel as stranded in her company as she felt in his? As though the silence between them were recording and relaying messages of distress, the old priest stirred. Nora called, "Father Stone!" and his eyes shifted onto her, but so suddenly that Nora was caught off guard, and she put her question, "How did you vote, Father?" in her natural voice, which was too quick, too soft, and too uneven for the old priest to catch. All he could do was smile, in a silly, apologetic way that made him seem almost feeble-minded. Though Nora knew he wasn't. His mind was perfect; it was just, her mother said, that he couldn't get used to the hearing aid he had to wear, and he kept it at low or else it picked up every single, solitary sound. Was there no alternative, Nora wondered, but low? And even if there wasn't, could too much sound have been any worse than this humiliating silence? She gathered herself together again and called over, "Today was the first time I ever voted!" The old priest gave a little shake of his head that suggested a selection of possible reactions plus their opposites—interest and disinterest, encouragement and discouragement, wonder and, in a way that Nora felt was an accusation and a pardon both, weariness. It was all according to whether or not she would let him off, she realized as she sat back in her chair, depressed by the power he'd put in her hands, recalling an altogether different Father Stone, the dignified priest with the dry, gently ironic manner who had come to dinner every year, as far back as she could remember, on Election Day. She'd always been a little afraid of him. His gray eyes, blown up by the thick lenses of his horn-rimmed glasses, had never seemed to take her in, and the way he always sat, with his head thrust back, his hands gripping the arms of the chair, made him look like something more than himself—a monument, a statue that was meant to represent some ideal: Integrity, or Vision, or Virtue. Now, though he was sitting in that same position, he seemed to cling to the arms of the chair for support, and his attention had returned to the spot over her head. Nora let her own glance move toward the window, where gray evening clouds were beginning to collect in the November sky that had, since early morning, been a cold, flawless blue, encouraging the candidates, the newspapers, and Francis Barrett, Nora's father, to predict that a record vote would be got out this year. Suddenly Nora sat forward again. "I almost forgot," she said. Election Day had fallen, as it sometimes did, on Father Stone's birthday. "Happy birthday, Father!" A kind of thickness began to gather in the old priest's eyes, an opacity that made them look like glass eyes that could neither be seen out of nor looked into. How unfair he was, Nora thought. As she watched the old priest give up, retiring into some privacy where he perhaps felt better able to deal with his deafness, Nora was ready to give up, too, but then she remembered the letter from the old priest that her mother had shown her: ". . . There are, I suppose, few enough birthdays left me. It will be a great happiness to spend this one with the Barretts." Nora got up and went over to Father Stone's chair. Leaning forward so that her face was quite close to his, she said, "How old are you today, Father?"



"Well, keep frowning."

He drew his heavy eyebrows together. His eyes opened wide. "How old?"

"How old?" Nora repeated, shouting. The question sounded impertinent, though in Father Stone's ears the merest whisper, she imagined, for the words appeared to recover their original innocence, and the old face broke into a new smile, this time of pure pleasure.

"Eighty-four," he said.

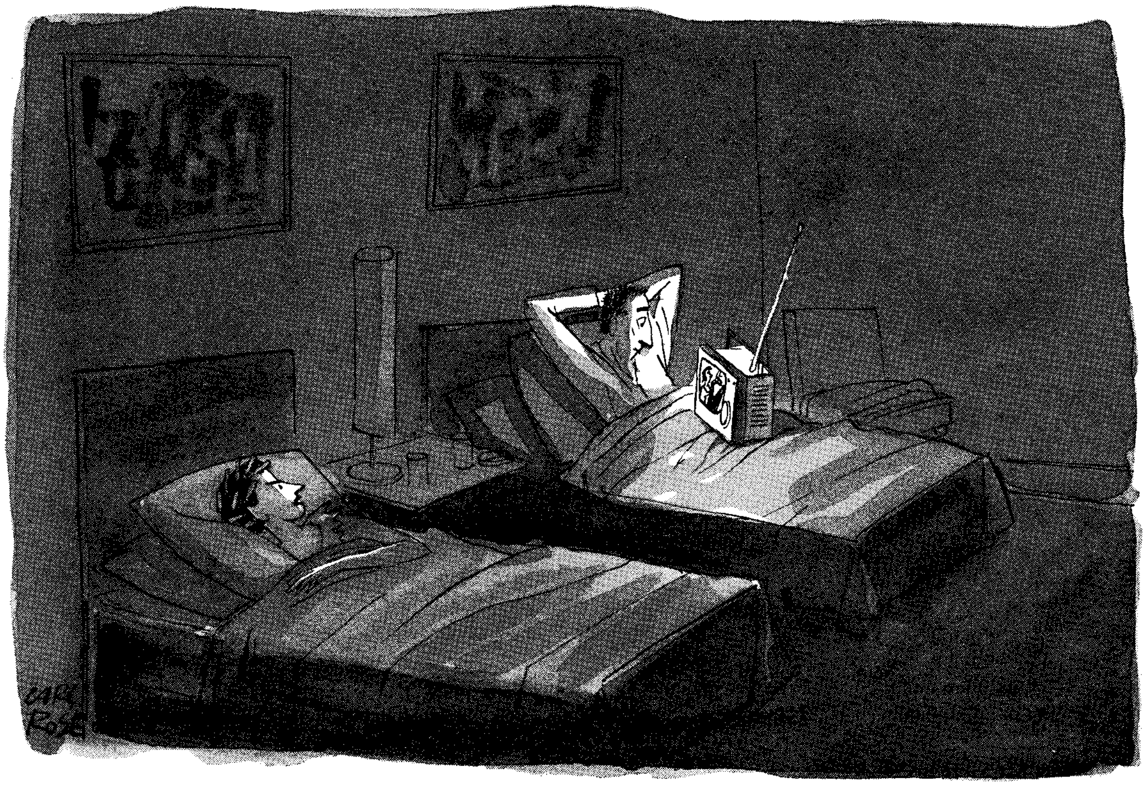
"Eighty-four!"

"Eighty-four!"

His voice, Nora noticed, was still the same. And the nasal New England accent hollowed out the words, gave those eighty-four years their full resonance, though as the sound died on the air the years took on an insubstantial quality, as though the voice through which they'd spoken was only a reproduction of the real voice, and not entirely accurate. Nora said, "Imagine!"

"I go to my office every day."

"Isn't that marvellous!" The office was in recognition of past service, for Father Stone was no longer active at the university where he'd once been the foremost member of the faculty. Nora saw him now, sitting at a desk,



"No, she didn't say she wanted a divorce. I said I want a divorce."

thinking or attending to his correspondence, transposing into words as generous as the letters of his huge handwriting those sentiments of high, old-fashioned courtesy that always seemed to her somewhat secular, and that brought to her mind now the curious and interesting fact that Father Stone was a convert. Looking into his face, she tried to draw from it some image of the successful lawyer and professor of law who, already well launched into life, had suddenly become a Catholic and then, as though that weren't enough, a Jesuit. Only a suggestion of that man remained, in his prominent forehead, in the arch of his thick eyebrows, in his aristocratic nose—in those of his features that weren't directly involved in the exacting and demoralizing business of listening, hearing, and making the appropriate response.

"The people on the corridor where I have my office were the ones who gave me the cake," Father Stone said. And as though Nora, too, were hard of hearing, he pointed to the piano, where he had left the big gray bakery box that he'd brought with him this year in place of the usual chocolates from Schrafft's.

"Wasn't that lovely," Nora said, backing away. The vaguely personal tone the old priest had taken suddenly made her uneasy again, for even less than the silent Father Stone did the Father Stone of these modest revelations resemble the real Father Stone, who had been, more than anything else, so *im*personal.

"I don't know how they knew it was my birthday."

So impersonal, Nora remembered, that when she was a child just the sound of his name had been enough to frighten her; which made it all the more extraordinary that at the age of four she'd once called him up on her toy telephone. "Hello," she had said, "is that you, Stoney?" Her mother, who'd overheard, told the story to Father Stone next Election Day, and every Election Day since, at some point, the incident would come back to Nora and make her blush, as she did now, for no apparent reason. "Maybe sometime," she said, reaching her chair and sitting down with a bump, "you let it slip." Nora watched the old priest's face to see the gibberish he'd make of what she said. Instead she saw him look past her again.

"Who let what slip?" shouted a voice from the hall—Mr. Barrett's voice, followed by Mr. Barrett himself. "Manhattans, Father," he said as he crossed the living room to the old priest's chair.

Nora was always recommending to her father that he have his ears examined, or at least talk lower, or, better still, not talk quite so much, but now the sound of his usual hoarse shout and the sight of him and his tray of drinks made her sink back with relief into the depths of her chair, not to be heard from again, she silently assured herself, for the rest of the evening.

The old priest, too, was glad to see Mr. Barrett. A natural celibate, Father Stone was never quite himself in the company of women, and it was clearly with relief that he smiled at Mr. Barrett and said, "Thanks, Francis," before selecting a Manhattan.

"Helen told me to offer you a glass of sherry," Mr. Barrett said, "but I told her you'd want your Manhattan."

The old priest smiled. "No point in breaking the custom," he agreed.

"It wouldn't be Election Day without a Manhattan," Mr. Barrett said. Father Stone was an ardent Republican, and in other years, when they were all sitting in front of the television set watching the returns come in, he started some good arguments, though sooner or later the monotony of the bulletins, the slow march of victory and defeat, always set him dozing in his chair. The old priest might fall asleep earlier than usual this year, Francis Barrett thought as he went back across the room to Nora. "I was deeply gratified," he said to her, "to see you and Father Stone getting so chummy."

By his standards, he'd spoken softly, but Mrs. Barrett, who was just entering the living room, whispered, "Sh-h-h, be careful!"

"Don't worry, he's deaf as a post," Mr. Barrett said.

"That's no reason to be disrespectful." Mrs. Barrett transferred the plate of hors d'oeuvres she was carrying from her right to her left hand, took a Manhattan from Mr. Barrett, and continued over to the old priest. "Excuse my left hand, Father," she said as she offered him the plate.

Father Stone had always been brusque, but his brusqueness was split-second, the keen edge of a razor-sharp mind. Now, in the service of his deafness, it had become a delayed reaction, a defense against the disadvantage at which he was continually finding himself. "What's this?" he asked Mrs. Barrett.

"Try one and see," she said.

The old priest put his Manhattan down on the table beside him, chose a yellow toothpick, speared one of the canapés and cupped his hand underneath it, raised it up to his lips, and slid it off. When he tasted what he had in his mouth, he cried, "Oysters!"

"When I spoke to you on the phone," Mrs. Barrett reminded him, "I asked if there was any dish in particular you liked. 'Oysters,' you said, and oysters it is!"

The old priest's delight turned, suddenly and completely, to guilt. "I didn't mean for you to go to that trouble," he said.

"Trouble!" Mrs. Barrett exclaimed. Tears came to her eyes—at the look of distress in the old priest's face, at the evidence, brought home to her by that look, of how he had failed since the last time she'd seen him, and at the further reflection, born of the other two, that Father Stone's Election Days were numbered. "How dare you talk about trouble," she scolded him. "It's your birthday!"

"Let's drink to that," said Mr. Barrett. He took his own Manhattan from the tray and held it up. "Here's to you, Father."

The old priest raised his glass and smiled.

WHEN the second round of Manhattans was served, Father Stone put his glass on the table beside him and left it there. Thinking he didn't intend to touch it, Mrs. Barrett began to hurry through her drink, and she said to Nora, "You'd better put out the soup." But when the old priest saw Nora moving between the kitchen and the dining room with steaming soup bowls, he suddenly took up his glass and began to drink it off, as though it were fruit juice. Mrs. Barrett watched him with dismay, and when he'd drained the glass and bit the cherry off its stem, she got up, without bothering to finish her own Manhattan, and went over to the old priest's chair. "Dinner's ready, Father," she said. "I hope you're hungry." She took hold of his arm, but there was no real need for her to help him up, nor any need for her to lead him, as she did, over to the dining-room table. Father Stone's legs were steady, and so was his voice as he gave out the blessing.

There were only three bowls of soup on the table, for Mr. Barrett didn't take soup. At his place, where the tablecloth was protected by a double layer of wax paper, a roast leg of lamb stood waiting to be carved. Mr. Barrett was an expert carver, but slow, and leg of lamb, as he pointed out at the start, was a difficult joint to get the better of. What he didn't point out was that he had not only to carve but to contribute his share—his, on account of his voice, being the lion's share—to the conversation, which ground to a halt far more often at the table than it had in the living room. Though they were all closer together, their attention was divided between talking and eating and, in Mr. Barrett's case, between talking and carving. By the time the soup dishes were empty, there were only three slices of meat on the serving platter, scraps off the shank end.

"More soup, Father?" Mrs. Barrett said. She reached out to take the old priest's soup plate, but Father Stone declined to give it up.

"No more, thanks," he said. "Though it was delicious."

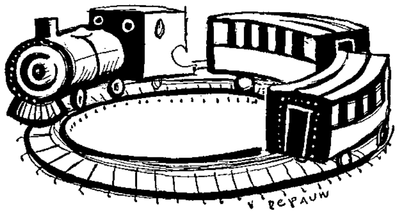
"Go on," Mrs. Barrett urged him. "It's good for you."

"I don't want to spoil the rest of my dinner," Father Stone said.

"Half a plate?"

Nora caught Mrs. Barrett's eye and gave her a warning look, but Mrs. Barrett was in the habit of ignoring Nora's warning looks, which were many, and always related, in her mother's opinion, to one or another of Nora's idiosyncrasies. "You love my vegetable soup, Father," she said. "You always have two bowls."

The frustration that had gathered in the old priest's eyes was threatening now to cut him off, and without any further warnings Nora got up from the table. She moved first into Father Stone's line of vision, so as not to surprise him, then she took his plate away and brought it out to the kitchen. Something about that blurred, cloudy look struck her as more terrible than any of the other looks that had gained access to the old priest's face. Terrible in a different way was the attention he paid now to things he once would simply have accepted. "Those oysters were very filling," Nora heard him say as she went into the dining room again for her own and her mother's soup plates. She brought them back out to the kitchen; then she began to bring in the plates that were warming in the oven, and the dishes of vegetables—mashed potatoes, turnips, creamed onions—the gravy in a silver boat, the mint jelly in a glass dish.



"Now, Father, I know you like roast lamb," Mrs. Barrett said as she started in to serve the old priest.

"I do," said Father Stone, but his mind was elsewhere. "It's a long time since I've had oysters," he said.

"Well, I'm glad!" Mrs. Barrett laughed. "I mean, I'm glad I thought to ask you." She spooned the air over the turnips. "Turnip, Father? Turnip?"

"Yes, thanks," Father Stone said; but again he returned to the oysters. "Yes," he said, "we often used to have oyster stew." Nostalgia was the mood his mind found most congenial. He seemed to have already dismissed the oysters he'd just eaten, or perhaps to have added them to those memorable stews, to the past, which had a richness and body that no single moment could transcend. "At least once a month," he said, "there'd be oyster stew for lunch."

Mr. Barrett said, "If there was an 'r' in the month."

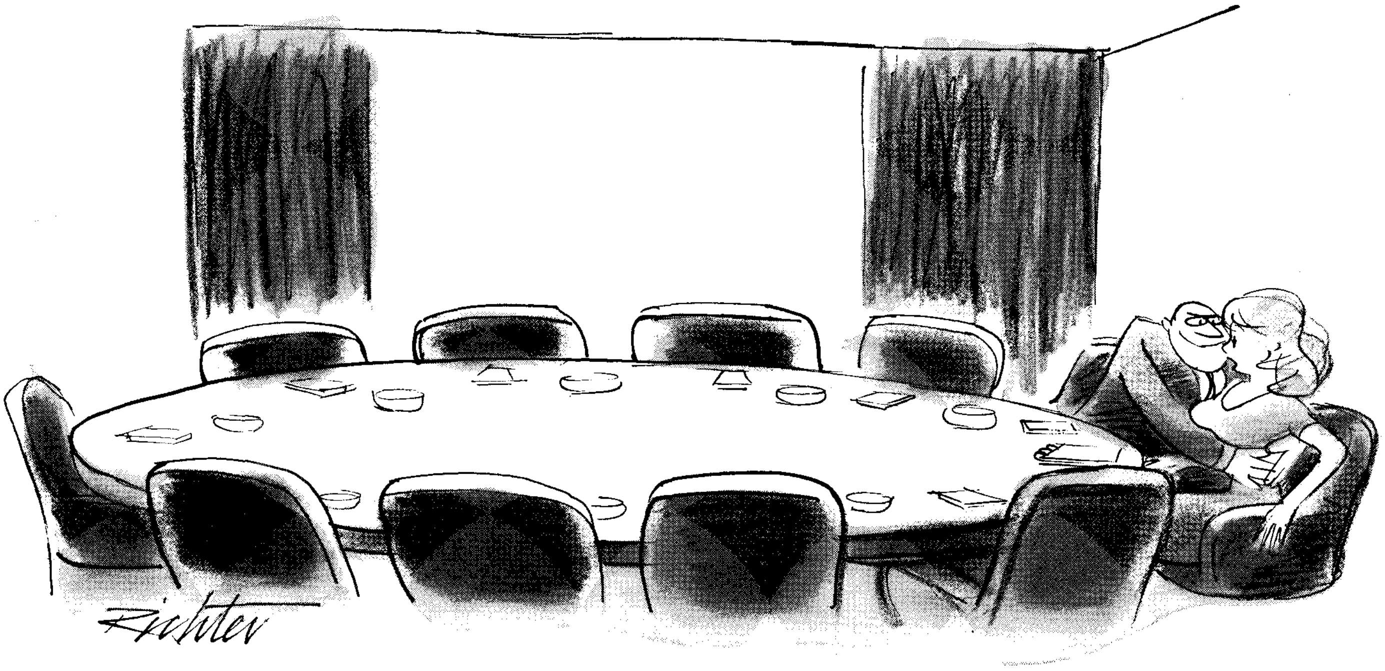
When a voice came from someone other than the person the old priest was looking at, he would turn, as he did now toward Mr. Barrett, with his face completely opened out, empty and ready, like a clean page. Mr. Barrett missed the look, for as soon as he'd spoken he returned to the business of cutting the meat. It was Mrs. Barrett who touched the old priest's sleeve, leaned toward him, and repeated, "If there was an 'r' in the month."

Father Stone said, "That's just superstition, isn't it?"

"No indeed," Mrs. Barrett assured him. "I wouldn't dream of buying an oyster in the summer—May, June, July, or August. There now, Father," she said, handing him a plate crowded to capacity, "start right in while it's hot. Nora, would you pass Father the gravy?"

Nora cleared a place directly in front of the old priest and set the gravy boat down there, where he couldn't miss it; though she felt he'd be better off without it, for the cream sauce belonging to the onions was too thin and had begun to run in all directions.

But Father Stone was equal to the problem. He made craters with his fork on top of the turnips and on top of the potatoes, and filled the craters with gravy. Looking up again, he found



"Shouldn't there be a quorum or something?"

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Mrs. Barrett's eyes on him and he started, as if he thought of his deafness as a kind of screen that he could hide behind from time to time, when in fact it was like a glass case where he was on display. "The next time you feel like oysters, Father," said Mrs. Barrett, "ask for Angels on Horseback. Angels on Horseback." She seemed to feel that the kindest course was to insist that the old priest had heard, or at least that there was no question that he could hear, even the most complicated things, so long as what was said was repeated often enough, each time with increased intensity. "*Angels on Horseback. Angels . . . on . . . Horseback.*"

The look in the old priest's eyes progressed in slow stages and with clear transitions from surprise, to confusion, and then to a question. "Angels on horseback?" he said, turning to Mr. Barrett for guidance.

"That's the latest thing in the Church, Father," Mr. Barrett called over. "Straight from the Ecumenical Council."

Father Stone drew in his chin, in a way that corresponded to the words "You're kidding."

"It's a fact, Father. They've got the angels on horseback now." The success of his joke had raised Mr. Barrett's voice to an uproar that made Nora shudder. The joke itself was what caused Mrs. Barrett to press her lips together, handing him his plate without so much as a look, and then to say, "Pay no attention to Francis." Mr. Barrett's sense of humor, and to a certain extent humor itself, had something that she couldn't quite put her finger on in common with sacrilege.

For his part, Francis Barrett was likely to run into the ground any joke with religious overtones that he happened to make, on the theory that since he would pay for it later, he might as well get the most out of it. "As sure as I'm sitting here, Father," he said, "the angels are on horseback."

"Angels on Horseback," Mrs. Barrett said severely, "is the name of the recipe for those oysters, Father."

Would it offend him, Nora wondered, if they wrote things out on a piece of paper? She was about to suggest that when it turned out to be, for the moment, unnecessary. "Angels on Horseback," Father Stone said. "That's a good one."

"You dip an oyster in bread crumbs," Mrs. Barrett said, "wrap it in a strip of bacon, and broil it ten minutes. Or until the bacon is crisp."

"Then it ought to be Angels on Piggyback," said Mr. Barrett, "if there's bacon in it. Right, Father? Angels on Piggyback."

"Angels on Piggyback," said the old priest amiably. "That's pretty good, too."

Everyone was served now. Mrs. Barrett could settle down to her own dinner and to guiding the conversation along more suitable lines. "Speaking of the Ecumenical Council," she said, "what do you think of all the changes in the Church, Father?"

Father Stone was cutting a piece of meat. Mrs. Barrett waited till he looked up, then she put the question again, in a simplified version. "The new liturgy—how do you like it?"

The old priest bowed his head to one side, in an attitude that belonged not only to his old self but to the old self of a different context, for with that gesture he had become, there at the dinner table, the confessor assuring the penitent of his understanding, his anonymity, and, above all, his objectivity.

"I myself," said Mrs. Barrett, "love the new participation of the laity."

"I'm not affected," the old priest said, "not to any great extent. I don't say Mass in public any more. In a private Mass everything is just the same as it always was."

"The way I feel is that God has come so much closer to us all."

When Mrs. Barrett spoke of God, Mr. Barrett's manner became suspicious, as though God were an old rival he had replaced but not defeated and against whom his own shortcomings were always to be measured. "There's a lot to be said against it," he said now. "Take, for instance, this business of having a layman up on the altar."

Father Stone had been looking down at his plate, and though his head bobbed up at the sound of Mr. Barrett's voice, he was too late to catch what had been said.

"The layman on the altar," Mrs. Barrett repeated for him.

"I don't go for it," Mr. Barrett said.

The old priest let his face relax, tak-

"Get off my property!"

ing advantage of that brief interval between having understood and having to speak. "I guess the laymen were ready to take more of a part," he said.

"The priests are the priests," said Mr. Barrett. "And the laity are the laity. Why confuse the issue?"

Mr. Barrett had confused Father Stone. The repetition of "priests" and of "laity," Nora suspected, was what had thrown him off, and as she watched the old priest's face she saw a flicker of panic in his eyes. But though he was floundering, Father Stone hadn't lost the drift of the conversation, and as Mr. and Mrs. Barrett pursued their private objectives he followed them with his eyes, as though he were at the foot of a moving staircase, watching the treads emerge, steadying himself, waiting to step on.

"I think it's wonderful," said Mrs. Barrett, "to be able to go along with the priest."

"You could do that before, with a missal," Mr. Barrett said, but, remembering that he himself had never used a missal, he had to add, "if you wanted to."

"Of course," Mrs. Barrett said. "Those who had missals always followed the priest, but so many didn't have them that something had to be done."

Father Stone said, "If I were to celebrate Mass publicly, then I'd have to learn the whole thing."

"You're lucky, Father," Mr. Barrett said.

"As far as I can see," said Mrs. Barrett (as far, she seemed to say, as there was to be seen), "it's a real joy to the clergy to be able to speak to the people in their native tongue. Am I right, Father?"

"I still say the Mass in Latin," Father Stone said. "In a private Mass you're allowed to."

"The traditional language of the Church," Mr. Barrett declared. "The same the world over, that was the beauty of it."

Father Stone said, "I overheard a couple of the younger men talking at dinner the other day. One of them was saying, 'The day will come when we won't have to teach Latin at all any more in the seminary.'" He had kept to a course that lay somewhere between the Barretts, without, however, offering an alternative to their two, clear-cut positions. "Latin will become useless, they were saying. Obsolete."

Mr. Barrett shook his head. "That'd be a real mistake."

"Just think what a blessing it must be in the missions," Mrs. Barrett said, "to be able to use the vernacular."

"But," Mr. Barrett argued, "why impose it on those who don't need it?"

The point was not well taken, as Mr. Barrett realized, for oneness was a mark of the Church. It was the same the world over, as he himself had said, and if the same now meant that each country was to use its own language, then it was in this difference that sameness would have to be found.

Father Stone wiped the corners of his mouth with his napkin. "There are one or two changes that affect me," he said. His way of pausing between sentences made it hard to tell, when he stopped, whether or not he intended to go on.

"What—" Mrs. Barrett tried to ask, when the old voice started up again, interrupting her.

"They took out a couple of blessings, one just before the Epistle, the other just before the Offertory."

Mrs. Barrett attempted another question. "Why, Father?"

"I don't know why they were taken out," the old priest said, less, it seemed, in answer to her question than to one he might have asked himself.

"Possibly," suggested Mrs. Barrett, "those two blessings had no significance to the people."

"I suppose that's it," Father Stone said.

"The people!" Mr. Barrett burst out. "Everything now is the people!"

The old priest said, "In those two places, you used to make the sign of the Cross over the altar. I find myself making it anyway." He laughed at himself and looked around, inviting them all to laugh. But no one did, and no one could think of anything to say. For the old priest had hit on the way they all felt, to some extent—exasperated. With the best will in the world, it was still a nuisance having to stand or sit where you'd always knelt; having to pray out loud, and in English; and having to stop and think, in the middle of all the old stories, before you could identify the characters—the centurion who had become a lieutenant, the soldiers who had been reduced (or was it raised) to policemen, the Holy Ghost who was never again to be an apparition but from now on the Holy Spirit, and the Father Himself, who was no longer the familiar "Thou" but the overfamiliar "You."

"I saw something in *Vogue*," Nora said. As soon as she'd spoken the word "*Vogue*," she knew it had been a mistake to open her mouth, and that it would be a greater mistake to go on. But the evening had begun to be a burden to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett. They were at the end of their resources, sitting back in their chairs, used up, and it was clear to Nora that she was supposed to take over for a moment. And, wonders never ceasing, Father Stone seemed to have heard her. He was listening and watching her face, and so she continued. "In *Vogue*, there's a column, 'People Are Talking About,' and it said people are talking about the Catholic Mass—how beautiful it is in English! And the new understanding!"

"In *Vogue* magazine?" said Father Stone.

Nora nodded. "In *Vogue*."

The old priest laughed. "That's a good one," he said.

It was partly elation that made Nora go on, and partly the memory of the awful silence that she and Father Stone had shared and that a single success now did not entirely redeem. "I don't know who didn't understand it," she said. "Not the Catholics." She could easily have stopped there, but she didn't. "The first thing you know, there'll be no real Catholics left," she said. "The Church will be turned over to the Protestants."

"That's what we want," Mrs. Barrett said quickly, sitting up again. "That's what Pope John said—'*ut unum sint*,' 'that they may be one.' "

"Pope John," Mr. Barrett said, "now there was a great man."

"A saintly man," Mrs. Barrett said. "I pray to him every day—every morning and every night."

In the sudden spurt of talk, more uneasy than any silence of the evening, Nora saw the other side of what she'd said: Father Stone was a convert. The color rushed to her cheeks.

"More turnips, Father?" Mrs. Barrett said.

"No, thanks," said Father Stone.

"More onion? More potato?"

"No," he said, "no more, thanks."

Nora's face was still red as she got up, glad of the excuse, and began to take away the empty plates.

"Well, Father," said Mr. Barrett, "getting around to the business of the day, I suppose it's safe to assume you went all the way with the elephant."

Under the best of circumstances, it would have been a difficult sentence for the old priest to make his way through. Now, at the end of a long and arduous conversation, there was no chance of his getting it.

"Did you stay with your party this year, Father?" Mr. Barrett tried again—without success. The old priest's eyes were dull, as though his mind, in eclipse, could receive no impression and emit no response.

Finally Mrs. Barrett touched his sleeve. When he turned to her, she said, "How did you vote, Father?"

"No, thanks," the old priest said, "nothing more. You gave me a full plate, and I finished it all."

WHEN Nora had cleared the table, Mrs. Barrett got Father Stone's cake off the piano and brought it into the dining room. The sight of the big gray bakery box he'd come with roused Father Stone's interest. The life returned to his eyes, giving his whole face a look of greater animation than it had had all evening, and he was paying strict attention to Mrs. Barrett when she said, "Now, Father, I'm going to ask you to take this home with you."

The old priest's jaw dropped. "Take it back?" he said.

"Take it back," Mrs. Barrett repeated.

"Why?" said the old priest.

"We have two cakes," Mrs. Barrett said, holding up two fingers. "I made one, too—not near as nice as yours, I'm sure—so I think it would be best to cut mine and leave this lovely one for you to bring home."

Father Stone said, "What would I do with it?"

"You could give it to the community."

"They have enough cake," the old priest said, his brusqueness becoming the old brusqueness, penetrating and to the point.

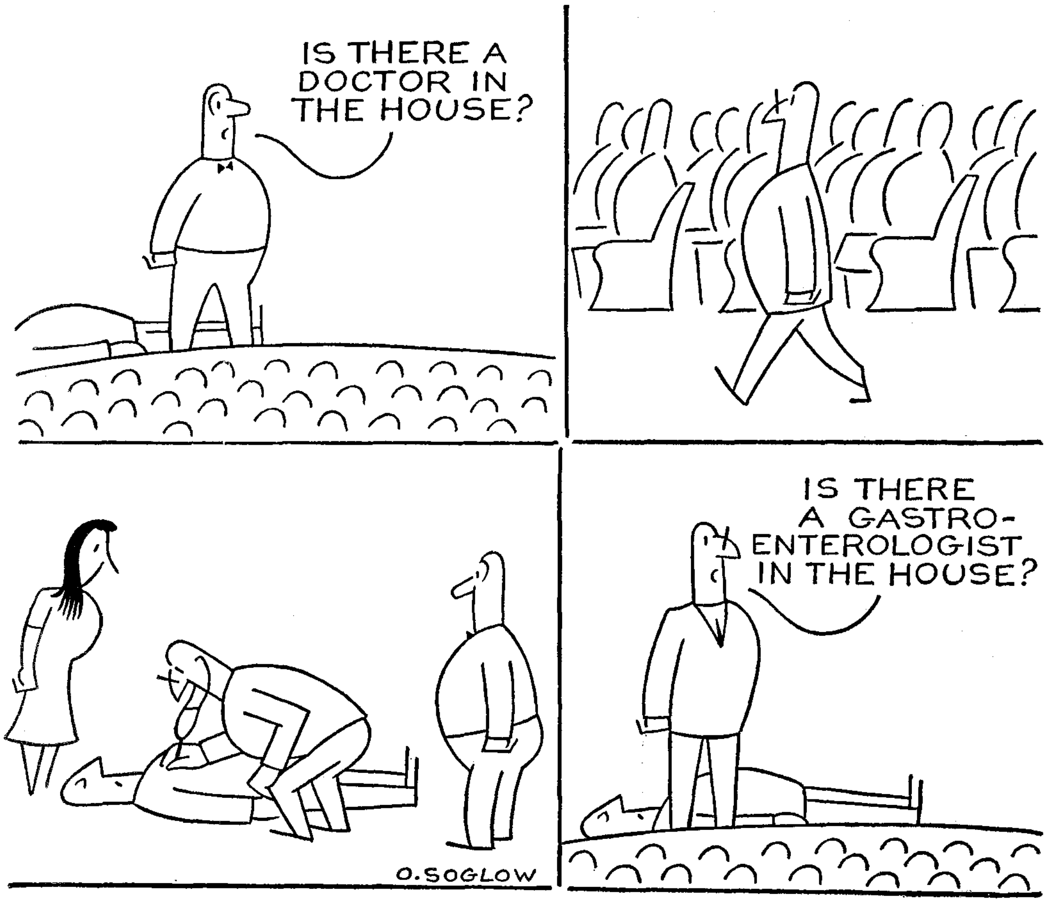
"Well, then," Mrs. Barrett said, "we'll have this cake, if you'll take back the one I made."

"No," Father Stone protested, "no, no. They have plenty of cake."

"Or we could cut both—a sliver of one and a sliver of the other."

"Why do that?" The old priest was bringing to the problem the clarity, adroitness, and determination that had once distinguished everything he did. "There's no sense in both of them going stale," he pointed out.

That was Mrs. Barrett's major ob-


IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
IS THERE A GASTRO-ENTEROLOGIST IN THE HOUSE?
O. SOGLOW

jection, too—the waste. Her minor objection lay in the fact that even in its box, and as yet unseen, the big cake managed to put the cake she'd made in the shade, though that occurred to her not outright but in the form of a nagging compulsion to do what she felt was the right thing. "It just doesn't seem fair," she said, "for us to take something that people went to such trouble having made."

"That's what it's for," Father Stone insisted.

"Let's have a look," Nora said. Since she couldn't say anything worse than what she'd said already, it had occurred to her that she might as well say what she felt like. "Make sure it's there, anyway."

"I always like bakery cake," said Mr. Barrett.

Mrs. Barrett was obliged to begin picking at the string that bound the box. It had been opened before, and she'd only plucked at the knot twice when the cord came loose. She lifted the lid of the box, lifted out the cake.

Nora said, "Isn't that something!"

"Isn't it," Mr. Barrett said.

The cake was brown and white—stiff white frosting bordered with brown rosettes, "Happy Birthday Father Stone" written in brown across the top, and underneath the message a brown candy prayer book with a gold paper cross in the center.

"I understand the inside is devil's food," said Father Stone, in a proud, modest way, almost as though he'd baked the cake himself.

"Oh, Father," Nora said, "how inappropriate."

"It's much too nice to eat," said Mrs. Barrett.

"I meant for you to cut it tonight," Father Stone said. "That's why I brought it with me!" His voice was impatient, as though he were afraid of having to go through the whole argument another time.

That was a real danger, and to prevent it from happening Nora took the cake away from her mother and set it down in the center of the table, next to a box of pink birthday candles that she'd brought in with her from the kitchen. "How about twelve of these?" she said as she began to stick the candles in the cake. "Eight and four—eighty-four." Mr. Barrett struck a match, and when the cake was rimmed with candles he started in lighting them. Mrs. Barrett found herself taking a lighted candle and working on the side nearest her.

"Dear diary . . ."

"I don't know how they knew it was my birthday," said Father Stone. "At the office."

"It looks to me, Father," said Mrs. Barrett, "like the work of your guardian angel." For his remark had given her unexpected comfort. After all, it was a great honor sharing Father Stone's cake with Father Stone himself, and hadn't he made a point of telling her about his birthday? "That's who it was, Father," she said, "your guardian angel."

The old priest smiled. "We still have them, anyway," he said.

It was Mr. Barrett who caught Father Stone's meaning and, seeing that he could squeeze one last drop from his joke, picked it up. "Even though they're on horseback."

Mrs. Barrett stood up and flicked off the light switch. "Make a wish, Father," she said as she took her seat again. "The candles are burning down."

The old priest leaned forward. As he moved his head, shadows crossed his forehead and his cheeks and gave his face a look of heightened intensity. He seemed to brood over the cake, studying the words written across the top as though now, in the light of the twelve candles, that simple greeting struck him as susceptible of some other meaning, a meaning more subtle and more serious than the one that met the eye.

"Quick, Father!" cried Mrs. Barrett. "Blow!"

The old priest closed his eyes and drew a breath; then he opened his eyes and blew. The twelve flames went out together.

"You get your wish, Father," Nora said.

Mrs. Barrett stood up and switched the light on again. "Yes, Father," she said, "you got your wish."

Squinting against the sudden glare of the light, the old priest's eyes once more sought out his cake. Streams of smoke were rising from the twelve black wicks, filling the air with a sad fragrance.

"Tell us what it was, Father," said Mr. Barrett. "What did you wish?"

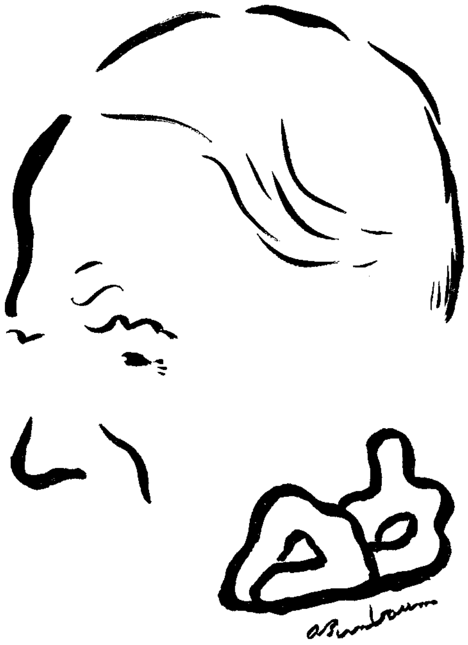
The old priest raised his eyes again. His face had an air of absent-minded abstraction, and his wish, when he revealed it, was no wish at all but the simple admission that he had gone past all wishing. "For the grace of a happy birthday," he said.

—Elizabeth Cullinan

PROFILES

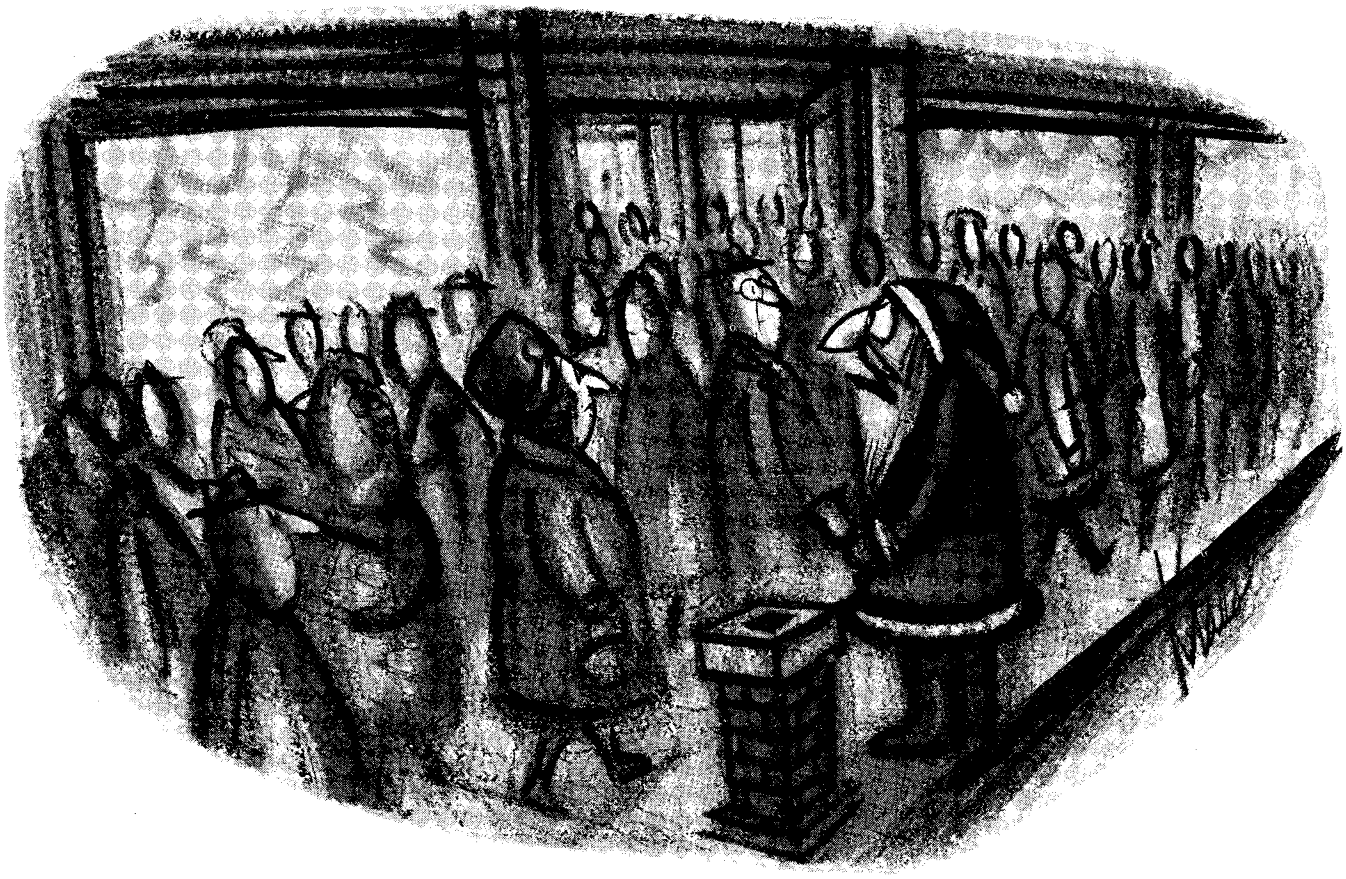
THE EXPERIENCE OF FORMS—II

IN 1934, Henry Moore, the English sculptor, and his wife, Irina, sold Jasmine Cottage, a tiny cottage in Kent, where they spent his vacations from teaching in London at the Chelsea School of Art, and moved a few miles away, to a cottage called Burcroft, in the village of Kingston. Burcroft was nearly as small as Jasmine, but land of a kind that Moore valued came with it. "I had five acres of shelving ground that ran down into a valley with hills on the other side," Moore says. "Any bit of stone stuck down in that field looked marvellous, like a bit of Stonehenge." During term time, when he lived in a studio among the artistic set in London's Hampstead, Moore's social life was a busy one. French artists kept paying calls—Braque, Léger, Hélion, and in 1936, at the time of the first big Surrealist exhibition in London, all the leading practitioners of the movement. Besides, much of the best of artistic England gradually gathered in Hampstead: Ivon Hitchens, Ben Nicholson, Paul Nash, Barbara Hepworth, Adrian Stokes, and, in 1933, Herbert Read. Moore had met Read in the late twenties, when Read was Assistant Keeper at the Victoria and Albert Museum; he had visited Moore's studio at the time and looked at the work assembled there but, characteristically, had gone away without saying anything about it. Moore was certain that Read had disliked it, and was surprised, a little later, to find in the *Listener* an article by Read that praised it. In 1933, Read left the post of Watson Gordon Professor of Fine Art at the University of Edinburgh, and borrowed Moore's studio in Hampstead while Moore and his wife went to Italy. Read lived among early Moores for several weeks, until he found a studio to rent nearby. A year later, he published a book on Moore—ten pages of text and thirty-six plates. As chief house critic, picking up ideas from various ateliers, he was an invaluable promoter of Hampstead reputations. Hampstead was a group—"A Nest of Gentle Artists," as Read called it, after Turgenev—but it was not a single movement. Its very importance, for insular England, was that it contained such opposites as Moore and Nicholson. Probably they did not feel themselves so opposed at the start, particularly since, from the start, they belonged to the same groups. First, there was the Seven and Five, an originally academic association that Nicholson, who liked organizations, joined and transformed. Then there was Unit One, a new group, which published a collection of essays as a book titled "Unit One." The tone of the book is embattled and tough and confident. These diverse artists—Moore, Ben Nicholson, Barbara Hepworth, Paul Nash—joined in fighting for "structural purpose" and against sentimental "Englishness," with its watercolors of Cornish fishing villages. The aesthetic of the book has little coherence, but its tone is so spirited that one feels nostalgia for the antagonisms of thirty years back, when the Establishment had not yet decided to admire modern art. An essay by Moore, "The Sculptor's Aims," set forth his ideas with headings and explanations: "*Full three-dimensional realization.* Complete sculptural expression is form in its full spatial reality. . . . *Vitality and power of expression.* . . . Between beauty of expression and power of expression there is a difference of function. The first aims at pleasing the senses, the second has a spiritual vitality which for me is more moving and goes deeper than the senses." The essay ends with an apologia for the mainstream of modern art: "Because a work of art does not aim at reproducing natural appearances, it is not, therefore, an escape from life . . . not a sedative or drug, not just the exercise of good taste, the provision of pleasant shapes and colours in a pleasing combination, not a decoration to life ["decorative" has always been a highly pejorative word in Moore's critical vocabulary] but an expression of the significance of life, a stimulation to greater effort in living."


Henry Moore

Unit One was a federation created under the fire of opposing forces. (To the president of the Royal Academy, Moore and Nicholson and their friends all looked alike.) The split within it was made obvious by the extremes of Constructivism and Surrealism. Constructivism arrived in England in 1935 in the person of Naum Gabo, who had started the movement in Russia with his brother Antoine Pevsner and with Vladimir Tatlin. It was the sculptural equivalent of the contemporary Suprematism of Kasimir Malevich, the Russian artist who painted the "White on White" that hangs at the Museum of Modern Art. (Both movements resemble de Stijl of Piet Mondrian, Nicholson's greatest mentor.) Constructivism is neither carved nor modelled but built up, like a building; indeed, the nearest analogy is architecture. The 1920 Constructivist Manifesto, written by Gabo and Pevsner, renounces (as Mondrian renounced the curve) "volume as a pictorial and plastic form of space" and "the mass as a sculptural element."

Nothing could be further from Moore's idea of sculpture, with its "full three-dimensional realization." Gabo is mechanical, while Moore is organic; Gabo is geometric, while Moore is natural. The content of Constructivism, too, is far from Moore's concern with "power of expression" and mystery. "I do not experience any of the fear of the dark forces in nature which primitive man saw and experienced," says Gabo. "So long as our consciousness is with us, there is nothing destructive in them. . . ." Consciousness is the shield and the weapon, and, he adds, "to be alive is to be awake." A great deal of modern thought answers that when we are awake there is much of us that stays asleep. Psychoanalysis, together with the Surrealism that grew out of it, grants to the dream a reality that only primitives used to believe



"Open up your hearts, you bunch of phonies!"

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in. Moore's creations, though they are independent of the formulations of Surrealism, are expressions of a sleeping self. Part of his growth as a sculptor has been his progressive release from artistic models into an inwardness that permits expression of unconscious drives and desires. Moore has wished to utilize fully—to mine, to explore—the mystery within himself. Anything less, one feels, he would find ultimately superficial or decorative. As for consciousness, Moore regards it as potentially destructive. He depends upon a theory of what he called, in "Notes on Sculpture," "universal shapes to which everybody is subconsciously conditioned and to which they can respond if their conscious control does not shut them off."

In 1935, Gabo arrived in Hampstead, and in 1937 the Hampstead group published a book called "Circle." A successor to "Unit One," "Circle" is more nearly unified, by a combination of Constructivism and architecture. Moore, Gabo, Nicholson, Hepworth, and Mondrian are joined by the architects Le Corbusier, Breuer, Neutra, and Giedion. Moore looks out of place, and makes it clear that he feels out of place, too. In the essay he contributed he sets forth less accommodating ideas about architecture than his fellow-artists do: "Sculpture, more naturally than architecture, can use organic rhythms. Aesthetically, architecture is the abstract relationship of masses. If sculpture is limited to this, then in the field of scale and size architecture has the advantage; but sculpture, not being tied to a functional and utilitarian purpose, can attempt much more freely the exploration of the world of pure form." He is stating the obvious, perhaps, but perhaps he needed to state it in order to convince himself of its truth. He remained unconverted to Constructivist theory, but this period saw him produce some very nearly Constructivist works—especially, his "stringed" figures. It is said that, surrounded by abstract artists, he worried about the tendency of his sculpture to assume human form.

Shortly after he worked on the Constructivist "stringed" figures, Moore showed seven pieces in the huge International Exhibition of Surrealism in London. To say this of some artists would be to accuse them of stylistic opportunism, but Moore's Constructivism was Surreal and his Surrealism was Constructive. The Surrealist exhibition "knocked everyone off the rails" in London, one artist remembers, but it didn't upset Moore. For one thing, he had admired de Chirico and Giacometti (Giacometti is a favorite modern sculptor of his) for a long time, and was not surprised by what he saw. For another, he had remained open to argument, so he was not liable to spectacular conversion from one theory to another. The exhibition, however, did force everyone to take sides, though Moore lamented the necessity of doing so. A contributor to "Circle" wrote, "The Surrealist movement depends essentially on introducing literary or formal content into formal composition." Of course, anything literary, we are to understand, is anathema. Moore, in a *Listener* essay, pleaded, "The violent quarrel between the abstractionists and the surrealists seems to me quite unnecessary. All good art has contained both abstract and surrealist elements . . . order and surprise, intellect and imagination, conscious and unconscious. Both sides of the artist's personality must play their part." One sees Moore as the good neighbor rushing between the fighting husband and wife and taking blows from both. Eventually, he had to choose between them, and he followed his natural preference for imaginative content over geometric form. He joined the Sur-

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realist group, together with Paul Nash and Herbert Read.

In 1933, he had had his second show at the Leicester Galleries, and it had grossed a spectacular seven hundred pounds. This time, the collectors E. C. Gregory, Robert J. Sainsbury, and Sir Michael Sadler (who had opened his house to Moore, fourteen years earlier, when Moore was a student at the Leeds School of Art) were among his purchasers. His third and fourth Leicester Galleries shows, in 1936 and 1940, grossed less—the former made four hundred and seventy pounds, and the latter made four hundred and sixty-five—but then they were smaller shows. In March, 1936, the Museum of Modern Art showed Moore's 1934 pynkado-wood "Two Forms" in an exhibition called "Cubism and Abstract Art." It was Moore's first public showing in the United States, though he had been known to critics here for some time; Alfred H. Barr, a director of the Museum, had met him in 1927. The 1936 catalogue, which Barr wrote, distinguished Moore from Ben Nicholson, who was also in the show, by saying that Nicholson "attacks the problem of composing rectangles and circles which had interested Malevich and his followers twenty years before," while "Moore's sculpture, indebted somewhat to the art of Picasso and Arp, is, on the contrary, organic in form with a sensitive feeling for the texture and color of his varied materials." Barr wanted the Museum to buy "Two Forms," but funds were lacking. He therefore asked Sir Michael Sadler if he would like to donate it to the Museum. Sir Michael replied elegantly, "With deep pleasure I do as you ask. The work of the Museum of Modern Art is of capital importance, and I prize the opportunity of having a part in the furthering of it." In 1939, the Museum of Modern Art enlarged its Moore collection by buying the thirteen-inch lead "Reclining Figure" of 1938, which it had borrowed for an exhibition called "Art in Our Time."

This lead sculpture was cast, late in the decade, on the land behind Burcroft. Moore and Bernard Meadows, whom he then employed as an assistant, improvised a foundry there—merely a fire in an open field, for lead has a low melting point. Meadows, who was Moore's first long-term assistant, spent all vacations from art school at Burcroft from 1936 until the beginning of the Second World War, and assisted Moore again for a short time after the war ended. For Meadows, the arrangement took care of board and room dur-

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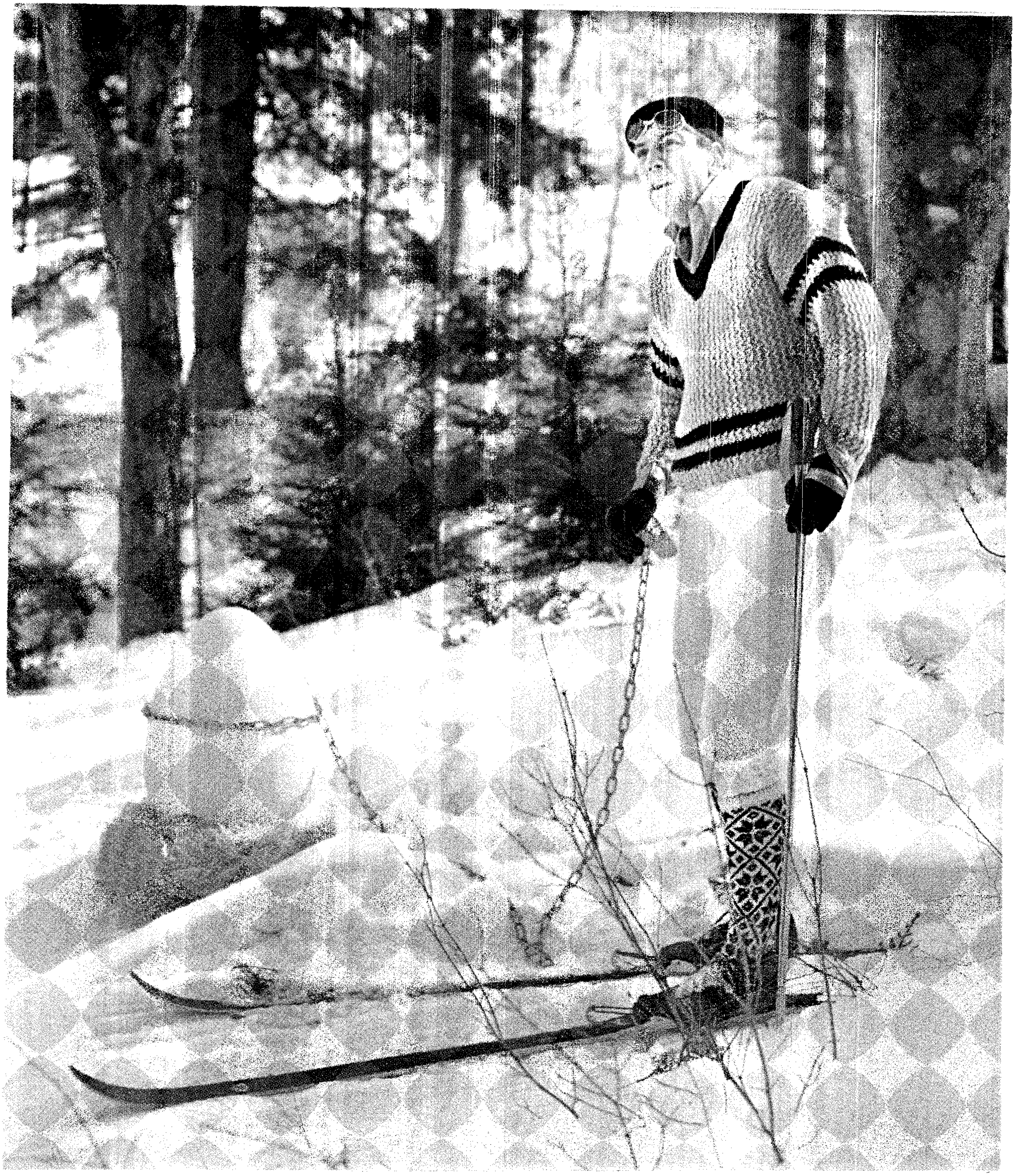

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ing holidays (Moore could not pay him) and provided him with an apprenticeship in the art of sculpture. In time, the apprenticeship all but prevented him from doing work of his own; to avoid imitating Moore, he stopped carving, and abandoned the human figure for animal shapes, and reached for a content unlike Moore's. He is now Professor of Sculpture at the Royal College of Art, and in 1964 the British Council showed his work at the Venice Biennale. Not long ago, Moore recalled what a typical working day was like for Meadows and for him and Mrs. Moore. "We'd all get up at five-thirty, and we'd go on with whatever work we'd been doing the day before," he said. "Irina would get our breakfast at six-thirty, and by seven we'd be at work out in the open. About eleven-thirty, we'd get into our little Standard coupé and go down to the sea and bathe and eat sandwiches for lunch. We'd be back by one-thirty or two, go on working until tea at five, and then on again until dark." Mrs. Moore kept chickens in the garden, and occasionally Moore and Meadows poached pheasants or partridges or rabbits. Three evenings a week, they went to a film—usually a Hollywood film, because Mrs. Moore disliked Continental films and Moore didn't care what he saw. They were too poor to go to a pub, so in the other evenings the two men talked sculpture, painting, and politics, while Mrs. Moore cooked for them and looked after them. There was singing and joking and horseplay in the cottage, and there was also an incredible display of creative energy. Meadows felt, he says, as if he were living at the center of a hurricane. When Moore was excited, he would stay up drawing half the night—the two-dimensional sketches in which he experimented with ideas for carving and casting—but mostly he carved. It was at Burcroft that, in 1938, he carved the green Hornton-stone "Recumbent Figure" that is part of the permanent collection of the Tate, and, in 1939, the great elmwood "Reclining Figure" that is at the Detroit Institute of Arts. The Surrealist-cum-Constructivist heads—squarish and highly abstract, with slots and rectangular protuberances for features—were carved there, and it was there that Moore did his first helmet-heads. His "stringed" figures were also an innovation of the late thirties. The idea for them was one of several prizes that Moore gained from frequenting London museums. The Science Museum, in Kensington—part of the cluster that also includes the Museum of Natural History and the Geo-

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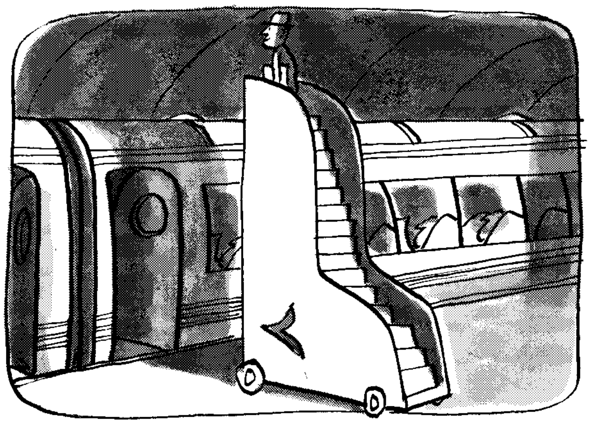

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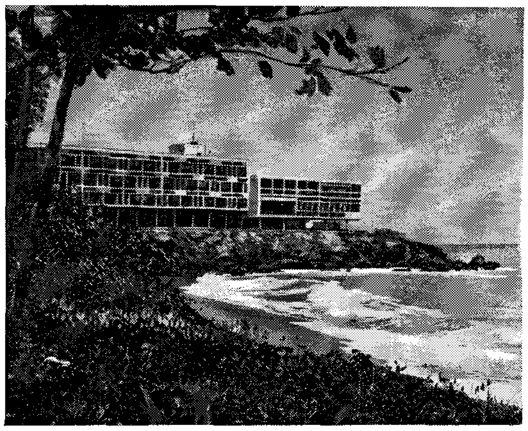

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logical Museum and the Victoria and Albert—has models that illustrate mathematical propositions. Some are solid, and look like a great many modern sculptures—even more like the sculptures of Brancusi or Arp than like those of Moore. Others combine solids and strings. Moore's simple example is this: If you take a cardboard circle and a cardboard square, and make eighty equidistant holes around the perimeter of each, and thread strings back and forth from circle to square, the shape that the strings make halfway between the two pieces of cardboard will be a shape halfway between a circle and a square. Some of the propositions involve twisting the string a little; others involve two sets of strings, coming from different angles. For "Bird Basket," of 1939, Moore carved a solid base of lignum vitae, and had to hollow out the ends in order to string it. Since lignum vitae is about the hardest wood there is, it took him weeks to carve it, and "Bird Basket" is one of his few early carvings that he still owns. In 1947, *Life* quoted him as saying about it, "The string seems to add new tenseness and vitality to the form by contrasting, in its tautness, with the rounded wooden form and swirling grain of the wood." The stringed figures are another advance in the utilization of space in sculpture, in the manner of the beautiful ironwork that Julio González was doing in France at about the same time. The strings serve to emphasize, by containing, the space between them and the solid base of the sculpture. Moore did not continue this set of experiments very long. After doing eight or ten, he lost interest; they seemed too much a matter of invention rather than of imagination, and too readily decorative. Gabo, he feels, has since made beautiful, poetic sculptures out of the spatial idea of stringed figures.

The helmet-heads were part of a series of heads that must include the Verde di Prato "Mask," of 1924, and the "Locking Piece," of 1964. Many of the stringed figures were heads, too, but others were abstracted reclining or upright figures. Further themes he explored in these years were the bust, the mother and child, and the standing woman. But the reclining figure—beginning with the Hornton-stone figure dated 1929—remained his most frequent subject. A count of the reclining figures in the three volumes of Moore's *catalogue raisonné* reaches more than eighty. Moore says that if he had five lifetimes he could not exhaust the possibilities of the reclining figure. Some of his reclining figures are neo-Mayan,

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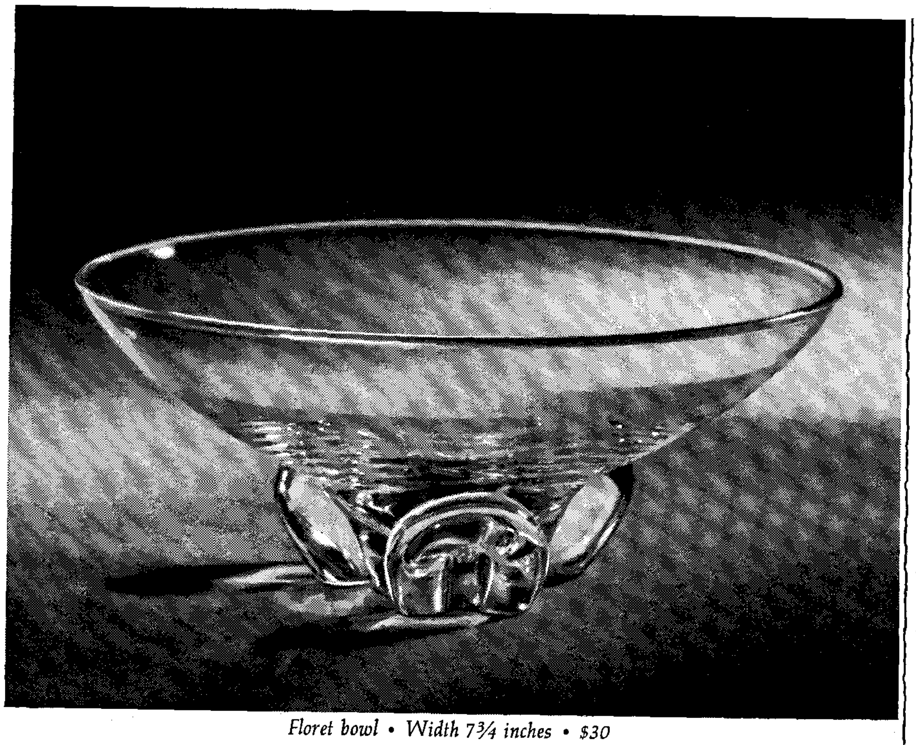

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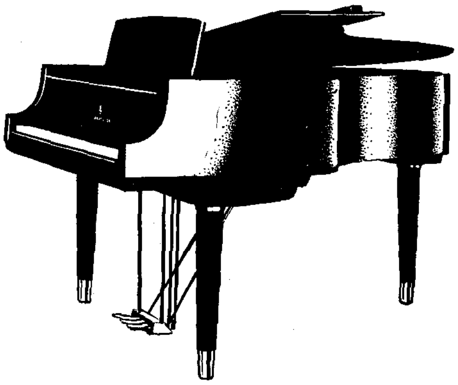

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some Surrealist, some Constructivist, and some neo-classical, but they are all variations on the same theme. In the middle of the decade, he did his first multiple-part sculptures—mostly as components of a reclining figure, like the "Four-Piece Composition," of 1934. Upright two-parts, like the ironstone "Two Forms," of 1934, anticipate the family groups of ten years later. Everything that Moore was to do in the next three decades is to be found at least in embryo in the thirties. Moore never forgets anything. He is like an animal who returns annually to the same countryside, sniffing and feeling his way among the familiar and the new, bound by his nature to retrace his steps, to re-explore, to return every year to the same hill, the same valley, the same stream.

It was also in the thirties that Moore did most of his writing about sculpture. Besides his essays for "Unit One" and "Circle," he had a few reviews and articles in the *Listener*. Though he wrote, "It is a mistake for a sculptor or a painter to speak or write very often about his job," he was unusually good at it. About three-dimensionality he wrote that the sculptor "gets the solid shape, as it were, inside his head—he thinks of it, whatever its size, as if he were holding it completely enclosed in the hollow of his hand." About truth to material: "Wood has a stringy fibrous consistency and can be carved into thin forms without breaking. . . . Negro carving . . . is religious, and, in movement, upward and vertical like the tree it was made from, but in its heavy bent legs is rooted in the earth." About the properties of natural form: "Pebbles and rocks show nature's way of working stone. Smooth, sea-worn pebbles show the wearing away, rubbed treatment of stone, and principles of asymmetry. Rocks show the hacked, hewn treatment of stone, and have a jagged nervous blocked rhythm. Bones have a marvellous structural strength and hard tenseness of form, subtle transition of one shape into the next, and great variety in section." Moore has always found writing painfully difficult, he says, but perhaps in the theoretical thirties his trying to torture his sculptural ideas into syntax helped his thinking. In more recent years, he has put his thoughts into interviews; he responds to questioning seriously, hesitating painfully over the right word, and leaning on his sentences with an intensity that creates precision.

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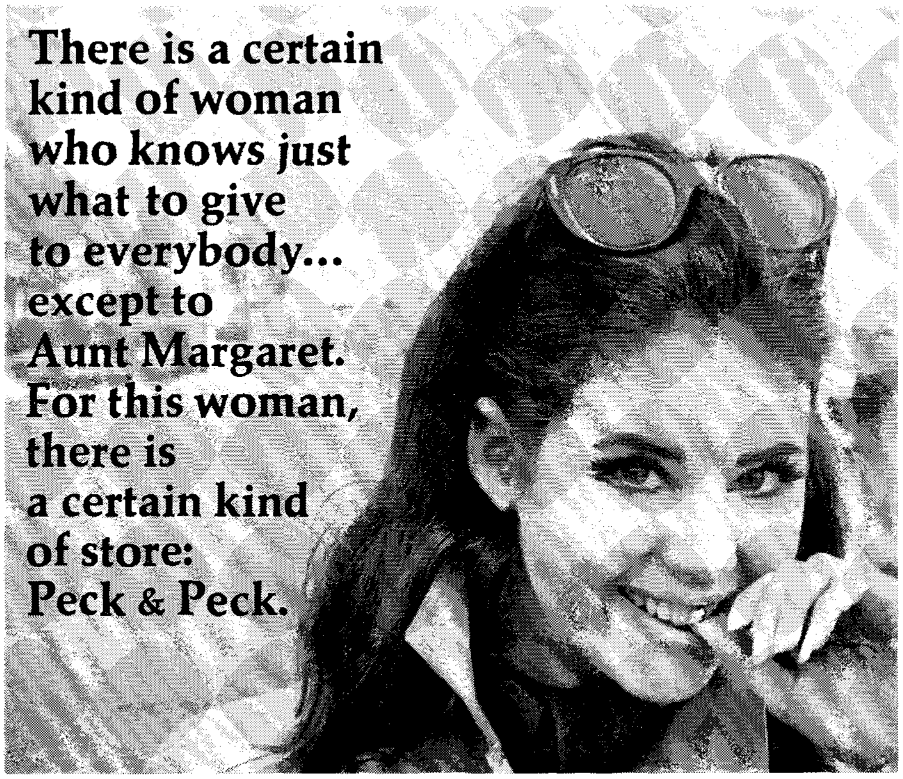
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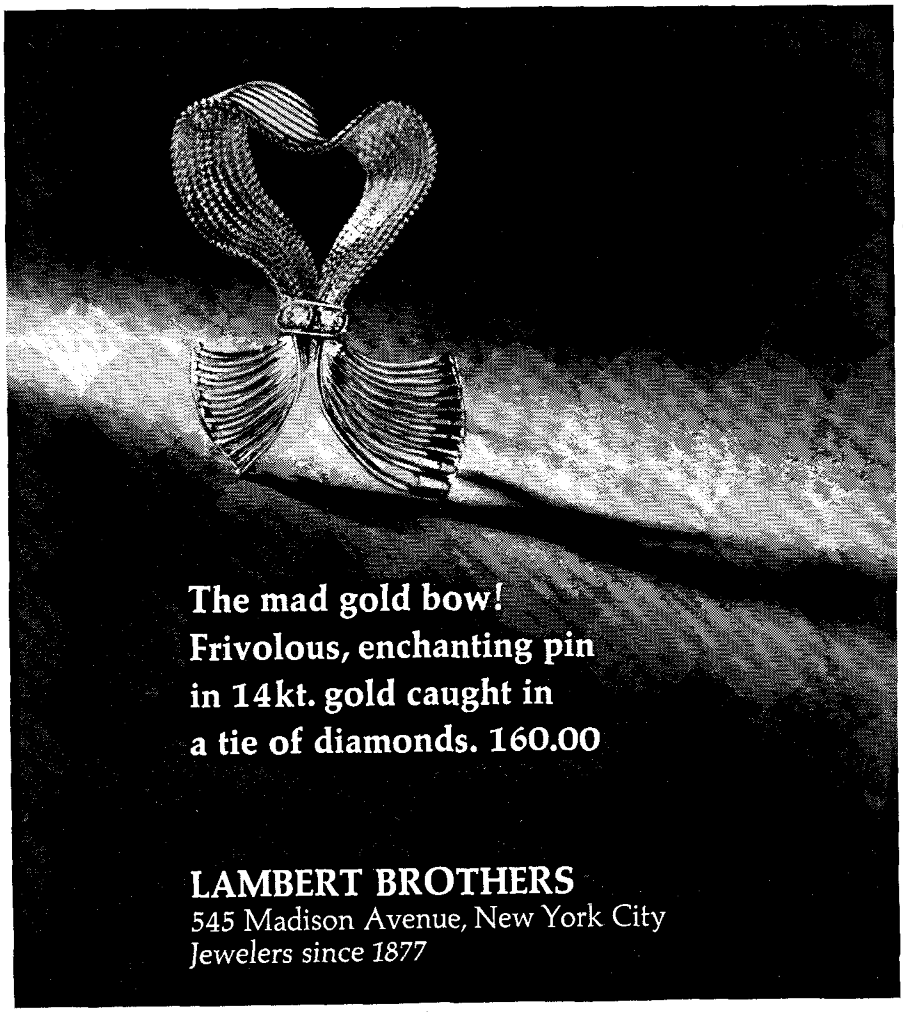
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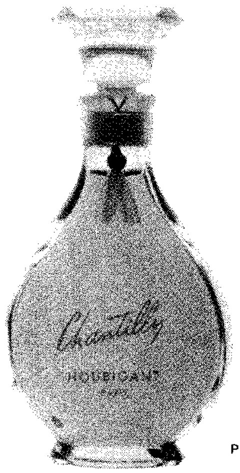
ered. "When Irina and I were in Paris in the summer of 1937, Picasso invited a whole lot of us to go along to his studio and see how his 'Guernica' was getting on," Moore recalls. "There was a big lunch, with Giacometti, Max Ernst, Paul Éluard, André Breton, and Irina and me, and it was all tremendously lively and exciting, and we all trooped off to the studio, and I think even Picasso was excited by our visit." Moore and Picasso had met before and have met since; language impedes their relationship, but each has made his respect for the other known to him.

Guernica and the Spanish Civil War were subjects that Moore felt strongly about. The Hampstead artists were progressive and anti-Fascist, and Hampstead was filling up with refugees from Hitler's Germany. As far back as 1935, Moore had denounced, in a book review, "the decadent art of the Babylonians and Assyrians, with their materialist and militarist society" in terms that sound as if he had been reading the *Daily Worker*. As the decade progressed toward war, Hampstead became increasingly political. Conversation, which had been all aesthetic in 1932, was all political in 1937. Moore considered taking time from his sculpture to devote to politics, but, like so many progressives, he found it difficult to act. He was a member of a group that planned to go to Spain during the civil war—a group that included W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender. The trip was planned as a propaganda device, its ostensible purpose being to investigate Republican care of Spanish art works. But when the group approached Parliament for permission to make the trip, it was refused. Moore's politics were then—as they are now—inherited, untheoretical English working-class Labour Party. His name frequently appears on petitions against apartheid and in favor of nuclear disarmament. He could no more vote Conservative—though today he is rich and has been surrounded by rich collectors for years—than he could make Toby jugs for tourists.

When war came, the continuity of his work was interrupted, but just at the start of the war he finished one of the greatest of his figures, the elmwood "Reclining Figure" dated 1939. Its earliest sources in Moore's work are a series of "Ideas for Sculpture" drawings he did at the start of the thirties. The idea of a new opening out in the form of the Reclining Figure, using the now famous Hole ever more audaciously, had been growing in his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imagination. The 1938 Tate stone figure was opened out as much as stone could be. Moore carved it originally for the garden of the architect Serge Chermayeff; Chermayeff was paying for it in installments, and when he decided to leave England to teach in America he sold it back to Moore, who sold it to the Contemporary Art Society, which later presented it to the Tate. The sinuous stone is rhythmic and fleshy, a natural object and yet a mysterious one—in Kenneth Clark's words, both "the menhir and the memory of rocks worn through by the sea." But Moore wanted more opening out, and wood could go further than stone. In the summer of 1938, which was when he finished the Tate figure, he found a good timber merchant in Canterbury—only a few miles from Burcroft—and bought a large elm trunk. He was ready to begin. As when he carved the 1929 "Reclining Figure," he was conscious of making a breakthrough. And this time his carving was intended for a particular place. Berthold Lubetkin, who was generally regarded as the best young architect in England (he made the Penguin Pool at Regent's Park Zoo), was building himself a penthouse, which would have a long inset in one wall. Lubetkin asked Moore to "do him something" for the inset. It was not precisely a commission—or Moore refused to look at it that way. As he saw it, he was doing it for himself; if Lubetkin liked it, he could have it. He was aware that a large Moore in Lubetkin's flat would be conspicuous, and it was the biggest piece he had ever attempted. He wanted it to be special—not "just the thing I was doing." By the time it was finished, however, Lubetkin had suddenly given up architecture, and had given up his penthouse, with the result that he had neither the place nor the money for the sculpture. Moore was left with a large piece of elmwood on his hands.

The elmwood figure is nine feet long. It undulates and gapes, feminine and treelike, sensual and skeletal. By driving holes in the trunk, Moore made the whole body into armlike or leglike units, solving the problem of the disunity of heavy trunk and spindly limbs. (With the Hole he creates unity, as well as discovering depth.) And there is a spatial resemblance between the natural holes—beneath a raised knee, for instance—and the artificial holes through the chest. The twin holes through the chest are breasts, first of all. (Archipenko had invented concave-for-convex some time before.) But they are also the space between arms and

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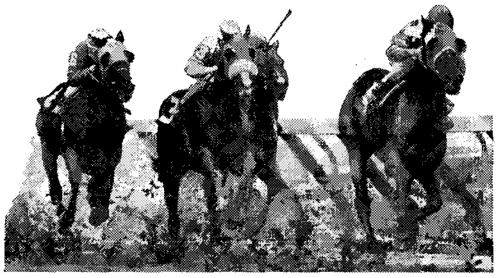
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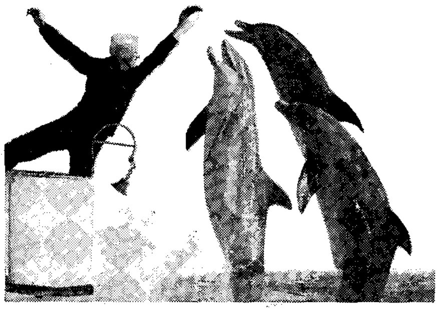
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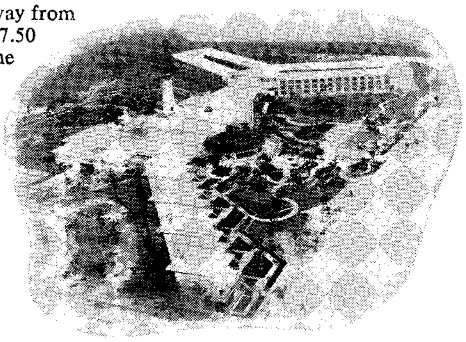
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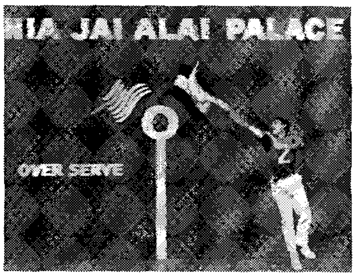

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trunk; in this interpretation, the figure is wasp-waisted. All the details are inventions, and all the inventions are multiple. A short double wing of wood curves out to the sides of the figure, from a sort of breastbone, and forms the front of the breast; a hole in the forward span is a nipple. But, viewed from the thin side, this forward span is an animal head, the single hole standing for two eyes. Another invention is the hole in the middle of the head of the "Reclining Figure." It is not deep, but as one looks at it from the front, one has the sense of a long tunnel burrowing deeply; Moore has carved it so that it narrows gradually, revealing the chisel marks on the inside of the hole and creating the illusion of depth; when it is viewed from the other side, the hole gives the same illusion, for Moore has narrowed each side toward the center. This "Reclining Figure" moves us especially through a combination of apparent opposites: it is at the same time utterly sexual, a woman opening herself to a man, and a figure long decayed in the grave, an omen of our death. One psychoanalytical critic finds that "Moore's deepest theme is one of resurrection"—that these figures are skeletons still partly clothed in shreds of flesh and tendon, and that at the same time their wood or stone material is evidence of endurance and permanence: "One must look into the pit in order to look beyond." Frederick Wight starts from an Expressionist premise. "Very strange forms are usually much more like what they represent than we first suspect," he notes in an article on Moore, in the *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, and adds that Moore's sculptures "take such forms as the psyche of the child wishes." Unconscious imagery expresses contrary things at the same time, he continues. There is the desire for permanence or resurrection, but also "the chest, or breast, is the feeding ground of the child, and it is only natural from the child's point of view that it should be eaten away," and he says, "Of Moore's two 'obsessions,' the Mother and Child and the Reclining Figure, the latter is the more eroded, since the sculptor has not provided the woman with a child image, a part which he reserved for himself." The wish of the child's psyche is universal; Mother is the cake we all must eat and have. The 1929 figure perhaps has more obvious force in its looming massiveness, but the elmwood figure is more subtle, more sensual, and more haunted. Behind it there is no Mayan rain god, no Arp or Lipchitz. In its

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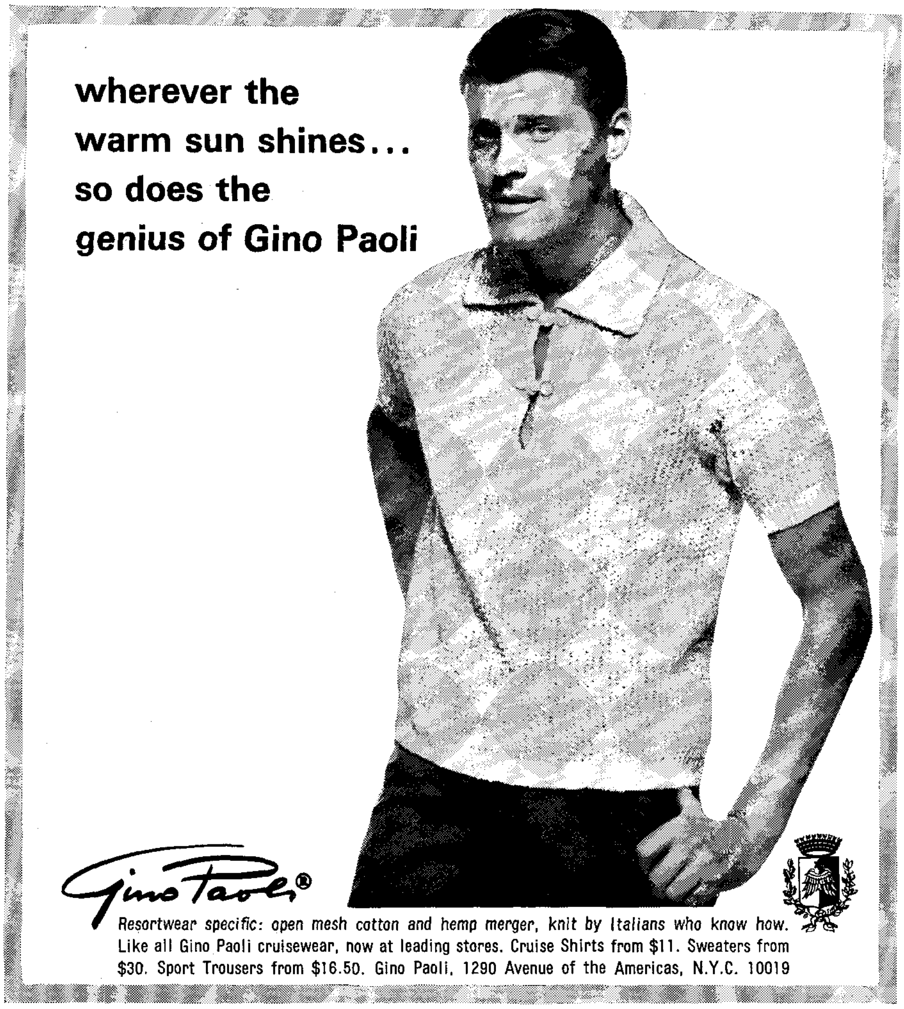
grace and delicacy, one can see, it is nearer to classic form than his earlier sculpture was—more like the reclining male Ilissus, the Parthenon pediment figure in the British Museum—but it is no more Greek than it is Mayan. Discernible behind it is only a series of progressively opened-out Henry Moores.

When Lubetkin made it known that he was unable to buy the elmwood "Reclining Figure," Sir Kenneth Clark, who visited Moore in Kent about this time, beginning their long friendship, cabled the Museum of Modern Art in New York that it could have a masterpiece for three hundred pounds. The Museum did not buy it, and it went unsold at the 1940 Leicester Galleries show. Moore took it back to his studio, where it reclined among other unsold pieces, including its Hornton-stone ancestor of 1929.

THE Moores were at Burcroft when the war started. Moore had been commuting to London to teach at the Chelsea School of Art, but when the school was evacuated to Northampton, he resigned his position and stayed at the cottage. It was the end of his teaching. "When I stopped it, I knew I could never do it again," he says now. Sculpture went on as usual in the autumn of 1939 and the winter of 1940. Then came the fall of France, in June, and an invasion of England seemed imminent. Casting about for a way to be helpful, Moore went in to London and applied to the Chelsea Polytechnic for training as a munitions toolmaker. "I was told sculptors could learn more quickly than the average person," he says. He waited in Hampstead for word that toolmaking classes were starting, but he heard nothing. It seemed that applicants were many and openings few. He was reluctant to begin a carving he might be unable to finish, so while he was waiting he concentrated on drawing. Eventually, he realized he was not needed as a munitions toolmaker, but by that time it had become difficult to get proper pieces of stone or wood for carving, much less metal for casting. Between 1940 and 1943, drawing became no longer "mainly . . . a help towards making sculpture," as he once called it, but an end in itself. Possibly his enthusiasm for drawing was enhanced by a discovery he made just before the war. (It was a discovery for him, that is; it resembles techniques that other artists have used.) A young niece of his, Mary Howarth, visited him in Kent, and asked him to make her a picture with her crayons and wa-



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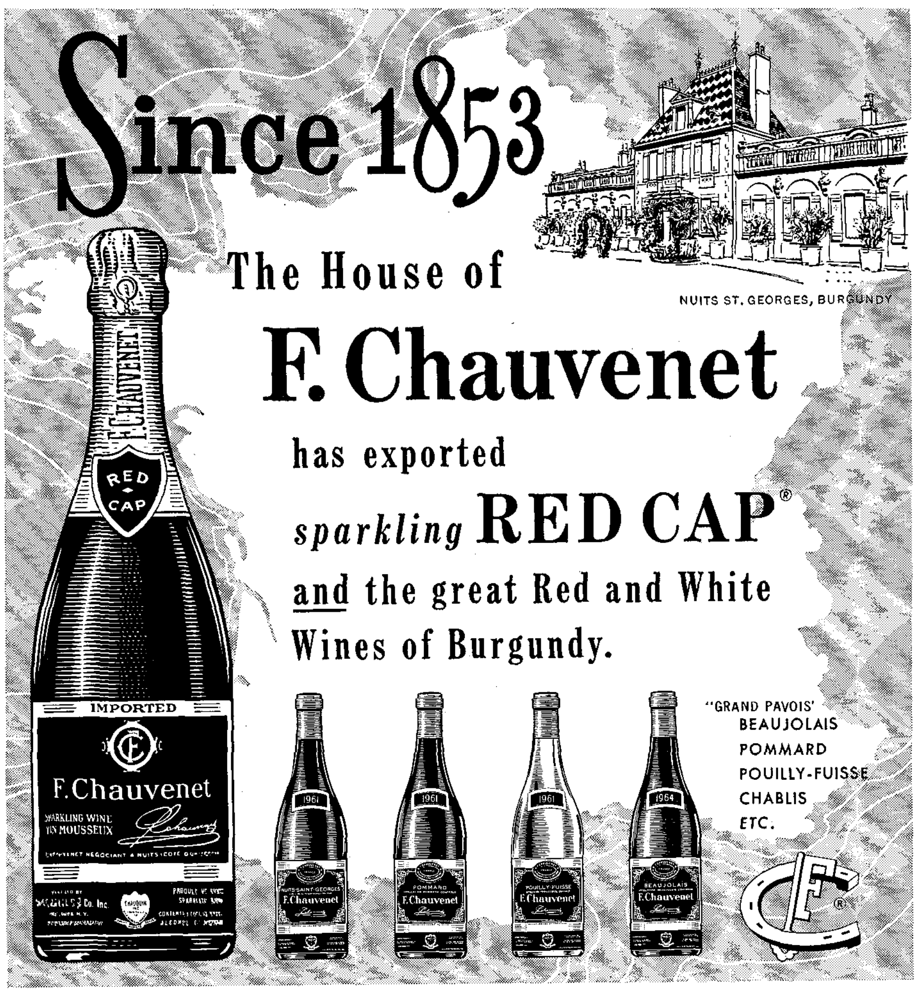

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tercolors. One of the crayons was white, and that gave Moore the idea of putting in the main masses in white first. Sir John Rothenstein, in his book on English painters, explains the advantages of Moore's new technique: "Because the watercolor recedes from the white wax, backgrounds can be put in almost instantaneously in broad, rapid strokes, and the white wax may then be worked over with pen and ink and watercolor applied in small strokes; in case of failure, the ink and watercolor applied to it may be readily washed off. . . . It is the use of white wax which enables him, by putting in the principal forms at the beginning, thereupon to model and refine them. The method, in fact, is directly analogous to his method as a carver."

The Moores were living in Hampstead at the time the Germans began to bomb London. They were still able to use their car for evening trips in to the West End, so they were hardly aware that Londoners were sleeping in the Underground stations to escape the bombs. (The Moores themselves were at the same time unafraid and lucky.) "However, one night we'd been out to a restaurant and had gone by bus, and we came back by tube," Moore has recalled. It was early in September, 1940. "That was the night that the first anti-aircraft barrage was being put up in London as a defense against the night bombing. The air-raid wardens at the Hampstead tube station kept everyone inside until the all-clear." For the first time, Moore saw "all the people settling down for the night, the thousands of shelterers who had been doing this for three or four weeks." To him they were "rows and rows of reclining figures," but his interest was more than formal. "Nothing like it had ever happened in the world before," he said later. "The only thing at all like those shelters that I could think of was the hold of a slave ship on its way from Africa to America, full of hundreds and hundreds of people who were having things done to them which they were quite powerless to resist." After that night, he could not keep away from the Underground stations. "I used to go down different shelters, and make mental notes, just observing," he says. "Then the next day I'd draw them in my sketchbook." When he filled a sketchbook, he showed it to Sir Kenneth Clark, then director of the National Gallery, who arranged with the War Artists' Advisory Committee for Moore to do a series of large drawings from the sketchbooks. He spent most of 1941 making more than a hundred such drawings. Later, he gave Sir Kenneth the first sketchbook; Mrs. Moore owns a second one.

A number of the "Shelter Drawings" were exhibited in the National Gallery in 1940 and 1941, and in 1943 six of them were included in a Penguin Modern Painters pamphlet by Geoffrey Grigson. These two events began a slow turn in the tide of public appreciation of Moore in England. The drawings, unlike "Ideas for Sculpture," are representational, but they are not life drawings, and no one would ever find a likeness in them. He did his sketches not on the spot but at home, from memory; overnight, his mind assimilated the sleepers, turning them into strong expressions of our need for warmth and security in a dark tunnel. They are related to earlier Moores—to Mothers and Children, to Reclining Figures—but they are more fragile and more human than the carvings. The color has an originality and vitality that is unusual in a sculptor's palette. (Some sculptors use color like an architect's wash.) Geoffrey Grigson attributes some of its virtue to Moore's observation of color in nature—of the way lichen grows on rock, of the color of worn stone—and adds, "Because he is so much free of having to say yes to objects, so he is more or less free of having to bargain with the color of objects. His objects, his line, his ordering, freely represent his vision of life; by his colors he is freely represented as well." Titles of some of the compositions refer to this freedom—like "Pink and Green Sleepers," where a light wash of green over most of the drawing is heightened by a pink cloth on the arm of one of the two sleepers, far to the right of the picture. The drapery of the blanket covering them is modelled, and the curves of the whole composition are strongly rhythmic; the curves of the drapery are validated by curved hands. Open mouths and nostrils gape (like caves or the Hole), and the sleepers

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seem to be drowning in the curves that shelter them. Drapery and clothes were new to Moore. Critics have spoken of his "Parthenon drapery," but he does not think that Greece was his primary influence. "It was not until the blitz in London that I began to realize how deep-rooted the Italian influence had been," he has said, referring to a visit he made to Italy in 1925. "My Italian trip and the Mediterranean tradition came once more to the surface." When, after a lapse of several years during the Second World War, Moore began sculpture again, in 1943, he broke with his style of 1939, and used drapery and simplified human faces; the "Shelter Drawings," with Masaccio behind them, entered his carving and modelling. The forties proved to be his Italian decade.

Moore began the "Shelter Drawings" in Hampstead, but not in his old studio, at 11-A Park Hill Road, for in 1940 Ben Nicholson and his wife Barbara Hepworth went to live in St. Ives, in Cornwall, and the Moores at once moved into the Nicholsons' former quarters, No. 7 Mall Studios, which was considerably cheaper—fifty pounds a year instead of a hundred. In October (Moore had been sketching shelters for a month), the Moores spent a weekend with friends in Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, and when they drove back to Hampstead that Monday morning, they found that a bomb had fallen near their studio. The doors were off their hinges, plaster was down, tiles were off, and windows were blown out. (Some sculpture was scratched, but none was destroyed.) The place wasn't fit to stay in. They called their friends in Much Hadham to tell them what had happened, and it turned out that half a house—Hoglands, the house was called—was for rent in Perry Green, a hamlet just outside Much Hadham. The Moores decided to take half of Hoglands for the time being, keeping their places in Hampstead and Kent. They have not moved since. (They rented Burcroft out during the war and sold it afterward. They bought No. 7 Mall Studios in the fifties, when they were prosperous, and for a time they rented it to Bernard Meadows. Now they use it sometimes when they go up to London.) At that time, Hoglands was divided into two tiny sets of living quarters, which had sheltered generation after generation of farm laborers, and the whole place was decrepit. (The first night they slept there, fragments of anti-aircraft shells rained through the roof.) In his early

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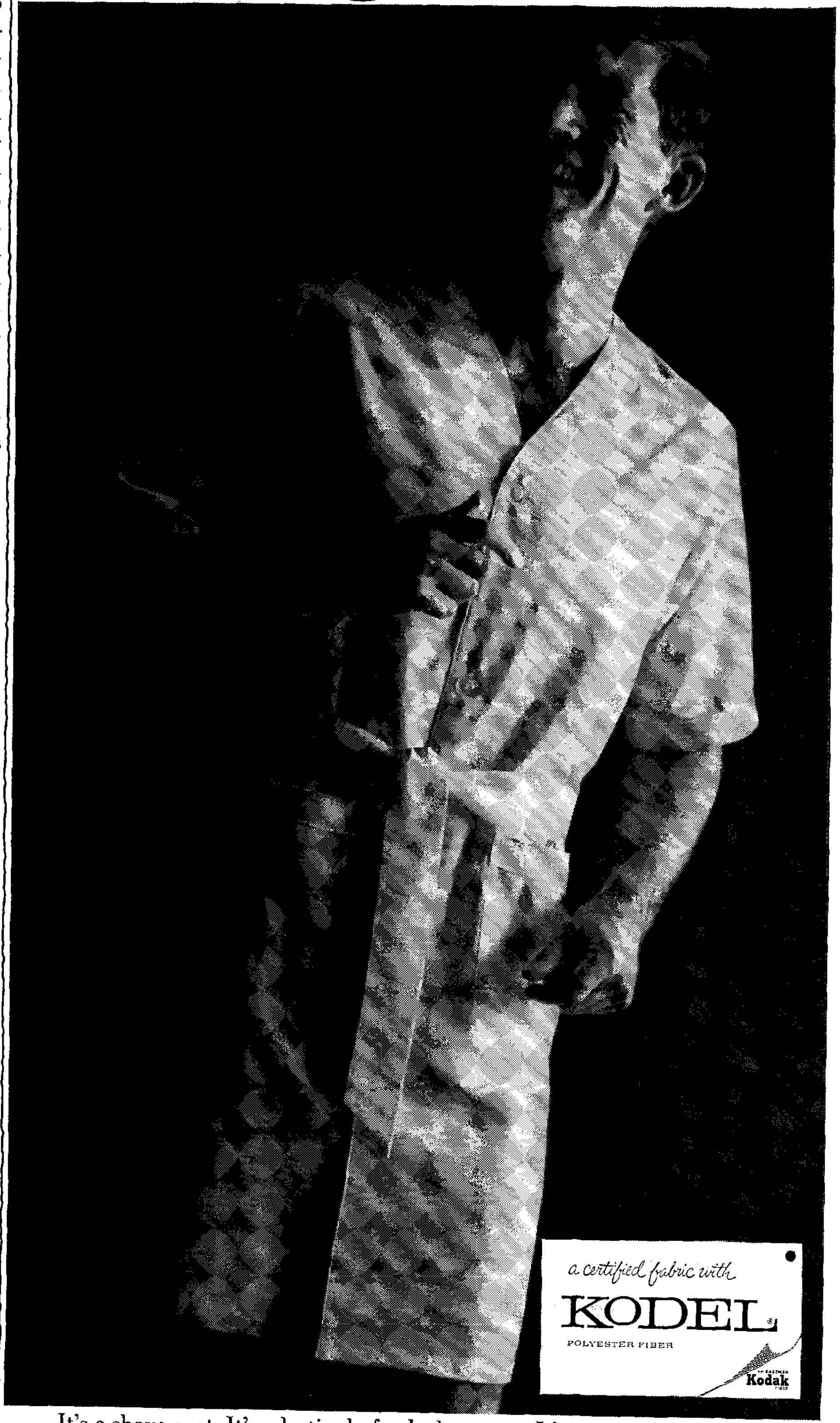

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years at Hoglands, Moore spent a lot of his time repairing the house.

The Moores lived happily in the country for some months, with Moore still making his "Shelter Drawings," and then the owner of Hoglands, who lived in the other half of the house, decided to sell. The Moores wanted very much to buy, but, being dependent on Moore's artistic earnings alone, they were poor. While they could afford to rent half of Hoglands, it seemed impossible that they could buy the whole of it. The price was nine hundred pounds, one-third required as a down payment. "Then, one day, I had a check in the mail, a complete surprise," Moore says. "It was the biggest sale that I had made." It was a check for three hundred pounds, for the 1939 elmwood "Reclining Figure," from Gordon Onslow-Ford, a collector who had seen the sculpture at the Leicester Galleries show. Like many artists, Moore has developed a trust in his luck, and this nick-of-time check has always seemed to him to justify his trust. Moore was able to buy Hoglands, and as for the elmwood "Reclining Figure," Onslow-Ford lent it to the San Francisco Museum for many years, and in 1965 sold it to the Detroit Institute of Arts, through a dealer, for about seventy-five times what he had paid for it. But no amount could be as large to Moore now as the three hundred pounds was in 1941, when he needed it.

The "Shelter Drawings" met with such success that when Moore felt he had come to the end of them he looked around for another subject connected with the war. Herbert Read came up with an idea that sounded like just the thing—for Moore to visit coal mines and do a series of drawings memorializing this aspect of the war effort. It sounded good for any number of reasons: miners, who, in the heat of the mines, worked nearly naked, had bodies that were sufficiently monumental; mines were tunnels, like subways and like the Hole; miners cut into stone as a sculptor does; and Moore would be dealing with a subject that had been familiar to him from his childhood, for his father had been a coal miner in Castleford, Yorkshire, for most of his life. In January, 1942, the War Artists' Advisory Committee sent Moore to Castleford. He had been back only once before, in 1938, since he left the town in 1921 to come to London, and on that occasion he had been guest of honor at a reunion of alumni of his secondary school. In 1942, he stayed in a pub for two weeks and went down into the mines every

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day, and the consequence was that he never saw Castleford at all. It was dark and foggy when he went down to the pit in the morning, and dark and foggy when he came up at the end of the shift; the dimmed-out street lights illuminated only a few yards of fog. And Moore, whose father, an ambitious man, had been determined that his children should rise in the world, had never before been down a mine. "It made clear many things about my own childhood . . . and made me know more about miners—but I didn't find it as fruitful a subject as the shelters," he wrote in a letter. "The 'Shelter Drawings' came about after [my] first being moved by the experience of them, whereas the coal-mine drawings were more like a commission. . . . [They] were two or three weeks' physical sweat seeing the subject, and that number of months' mental sweat trying to be satisfied carrying them out." The miners did not enter Moore's imagination and emerge transformed, as the sleepers had. His drawings of coal miners hacking at the pit face are good pictures, with plenty of muscular human energy in them, but they mean no more than what they represent.

BY 1943, Moore was able to get stone again, and he returned to sculpture, though drawing continued to be an important part of his artistic life for a decade longer. He returned to sculpture by what seemed at the time a strange route—executing a Madonna and Child for a church. Although Moore had begun to receive some official attention, it took an unconventional churchman to suggest that he do religious sculpture. This churchman was Canon Hussey, then Vicar of the Church of St. Matthew's, in Northampton, who has also commissioned, at different times, a cantata by Benjamin Britten and a painting by Graham Sutherland. Moore was hesitant about the proposition at first, and, as usual, even after he had decided to go ahead with it, he would not accept it as a commission. "I wasn't sure whether I could do it, or whether I even wanted to do it," he says. "One knows that religion has been the inspiration of most of Europe's greatest painting and sculpture, and that the Church in the past has encouraged and employed the greatest artists; but the great tradition of religious art . . . has fallen very low (as anyone can see from the affected and sentimental prettinesses sold for church decoration in church art shops). . . . I could only promise to make notebook drawings from which I would do

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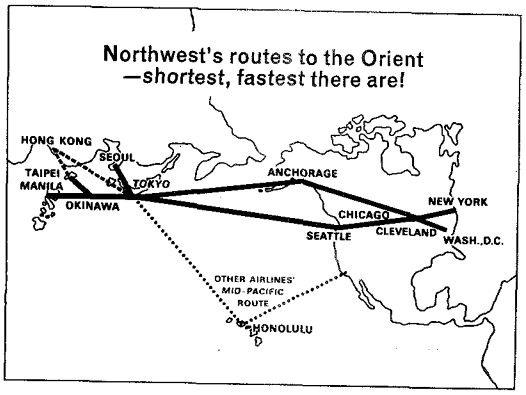
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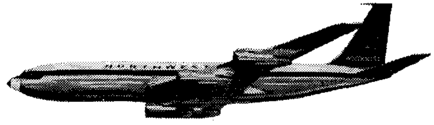

small clay models, and only then should I be able to say whether I could produce something which would be satisfactory as sculpture and also satisfy my idea of the 'Madonna and Child' theme as well. . . . I began . . . considering in what ways a 'Madonna and Child' differs from a carving of just a 'Mother and Child'—that is, by considering how in my opinion religious art differs from secular art. The 'Madonna and Child' should have an austerity and a nobility and a certain touch of grandeur (even hieratic aloofness) which is missing in the everyday 'Mother and Child' idea. I have tried to give a sense of complete easiness and repose, as though the Madonna could stay in that position forever (as, being in stone, she will have to do)." Canon Hussey thought of asking Moore for a Madonna when he saw the exhibition of "Shelter Drawings," and the finished sculpture bears out the suggestion. The folds of the Madonna's dress—the first drapery that Moore ever carved—remind one of the "Shelter Drawings," and so do the simple and generalized faces of the two figures. Of course, the theme is a variation on the Mother and Child, and the simple but representative facial features of the Madonna have antecedents in some early work, but this first Madonna and Child is a departure all the same. It is not a formal departure—there is little formal inventiveness of any kind in the work—but a change in feeling from his earlier carvings. Here, *for the first time, the tenderness in* Moore is more obvious than the toughness. As the rocky primitive women of the twenties represented his extreme of harshness, the flesh of the Madonna represents his extreme of softness. Drawings showed the way, but perhaps the move from Hampstead contributed to the change. Now Moore lived away from urban rectangles, among the soft hills of Hertfordshire; the Constructivist city had given way to the Organic countryside. What was more important, perhaps, he no longer lived among theorists of the abstract, like Gabo and the Nicholsons. When the theories vanished, the landscape took their place.

Moore himself sees the change as less clear-cut. He is used to having people *either* admire his Madonnas and Family Groups while they deplore his abstractions, *or* admire his least representational carvings and despise his more humanist figures. As he did when he confronted the quarrel between the Surrealists and the Constructivists, he likes to contend that both approaches are necessary to sculpture, and that at

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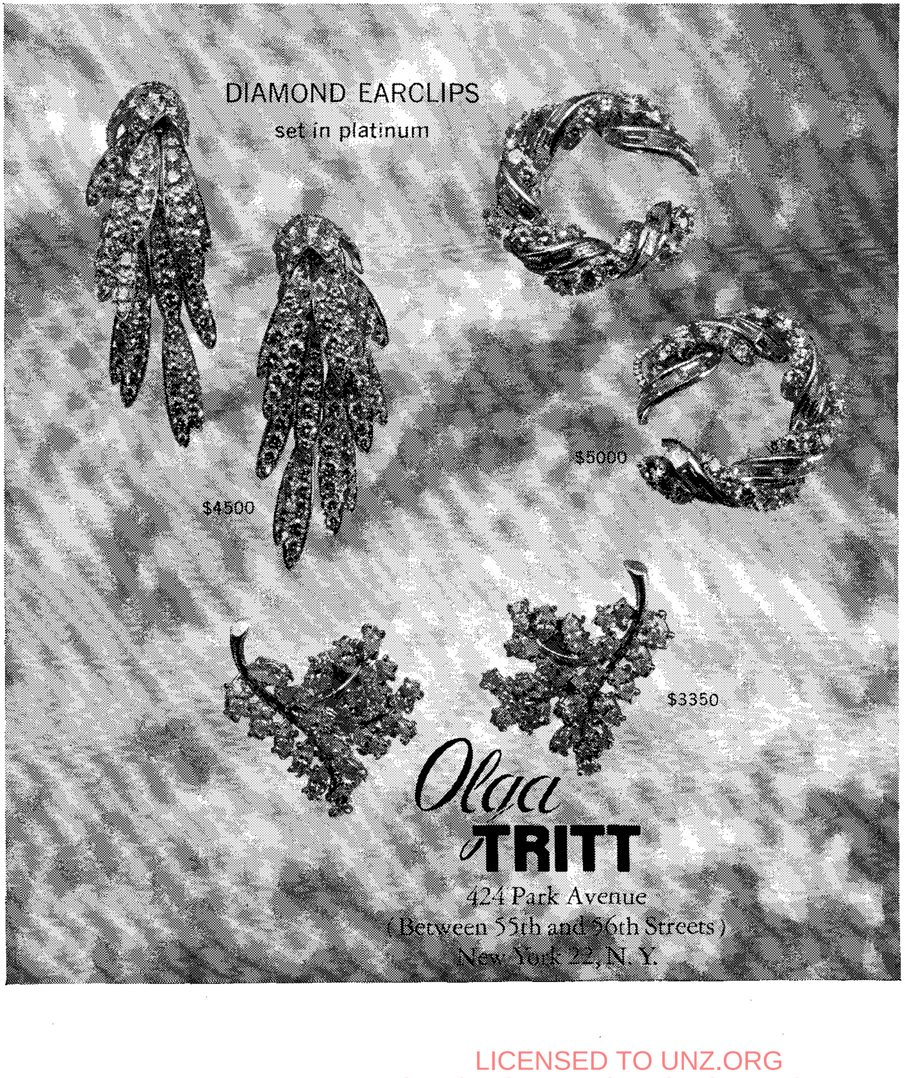

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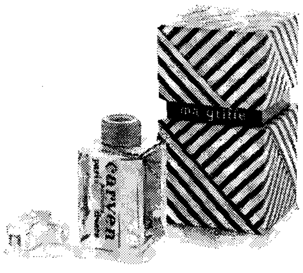
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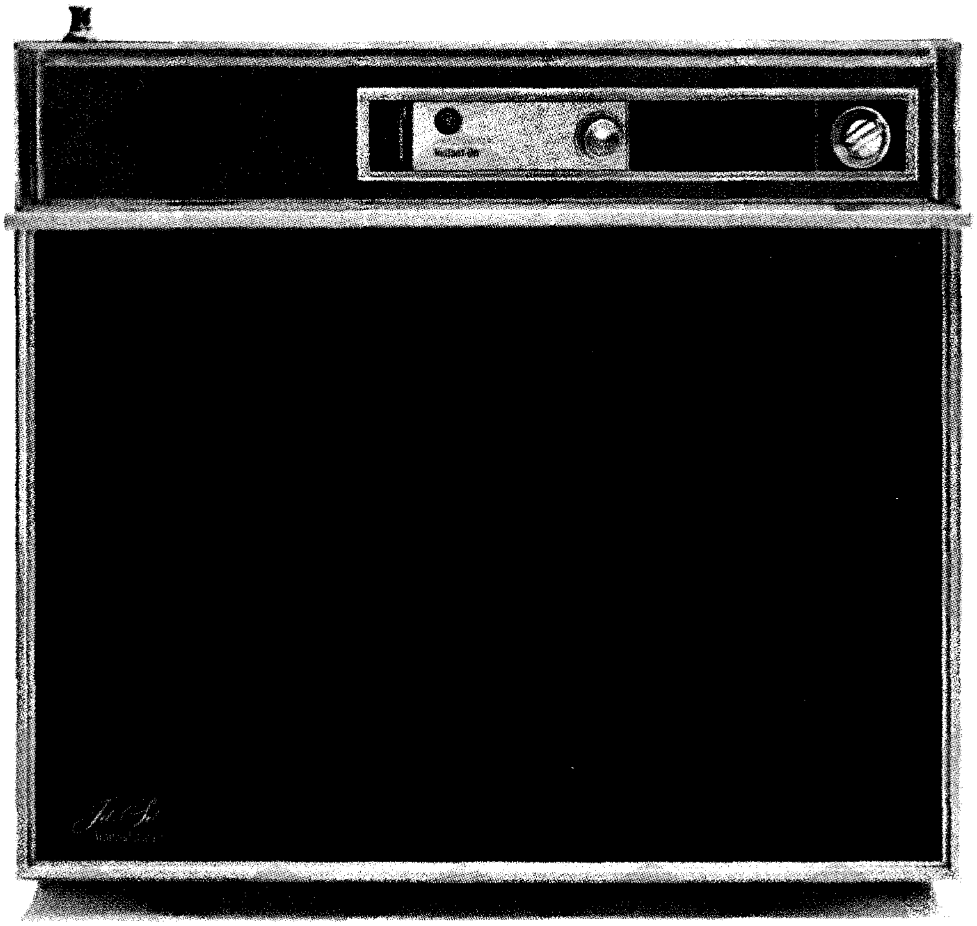
different times he has simply preferred one to the other. He says of his abstract work, "Even while I was doing it, I knew that I was isolating one aspect of sculpture, and that that part could not contain everything." His sculptures have tended to include disparate elements—representational, geometric, Surreal—which other sculptors isolate, and when his work begins to lean heavily on one idea, something in him pulls back, and he goes in another direction. One extreme by itself is cold, the other by itself sentimental; together they make good sculpture. Sometimes he has held himself in balance by working simultaneously on two sculptures at different extremes. In 1946, he carved the Dartington Hall "Reclining Figure," which is representational and draped, and bears a family resemblance to the Madonna, at the same time that he carved the elmwood "Reclining Figure" that is today at Cranbrook Academy of Art, in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan—a Surreal development of the 1939 elmwood "Reclining Figure," with an inner piece like a child in the womb. The Dartington Hall woman reposes classically. The Cranbrook figure struggles "out of the earth like a tree," in the words of Kenneth Clark. The former has simple features, whereas a single slot across the head of the latter accounts for all features at once.

These two figures helped to make 1946 an *annus mirabilis* for Moore. The greatest of the year's miracles occurred on March 7th, when his daughter, Mary, was born. Moore was forty-seven at the time, Mrs. Moore thirty-nine, and for both of them the event was enormously happy. They have doted on their daughter. Mary has been painting since she was a baby, and has long wanted to go to art school. Her father has wanted her to go to a university first—at least for a bit—because he says that after she has started going to an art school she'll never learn anything but art. So far, the father's will has prevailed; Mary has attended the Slade School of Fine Arts one day a week for one term, between school and college. She went up to St. Anne's College, Oxford, last October. Mary's birth brought out Moore's tenderness, and among the results were drawings like "Two Women Bathing a Baby," and returns to the theme of the Mother and Child, and developments of the Family Group—a theme he had dealt with fleetingly before.

The Dartington Hall and Cranbrook "Reclining Figures" were shown at the Leicester Galleries, together with



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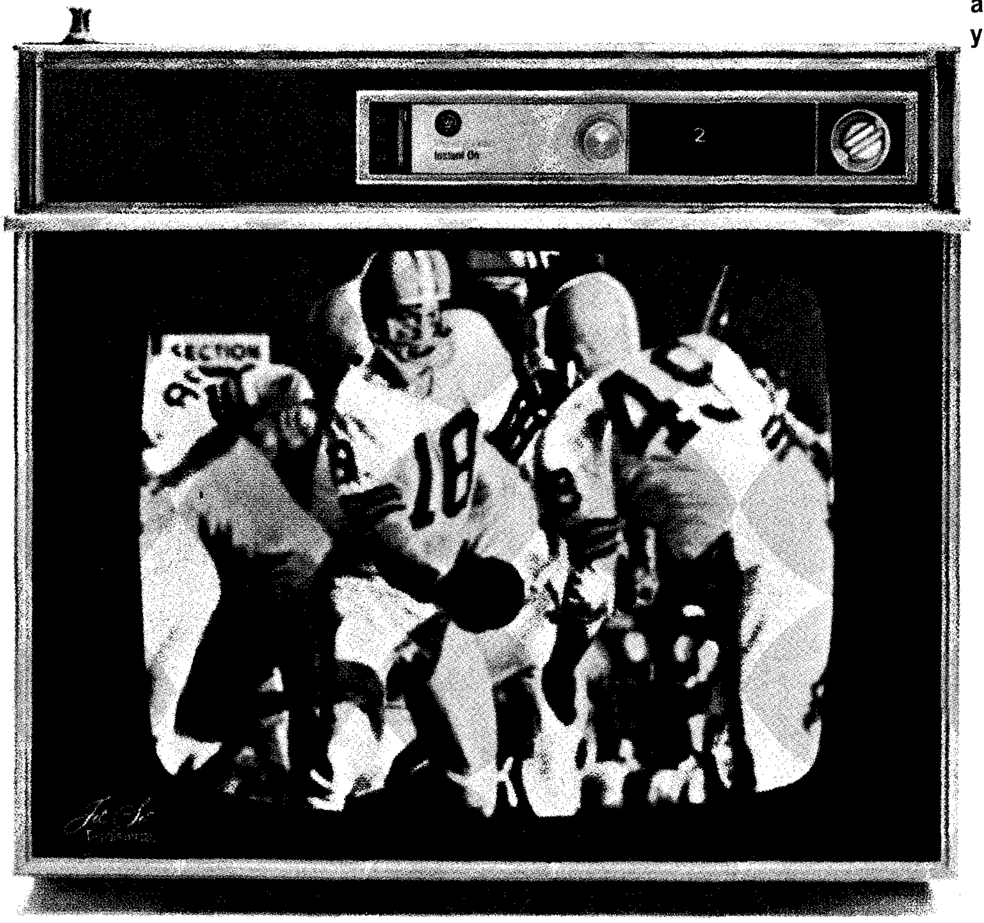

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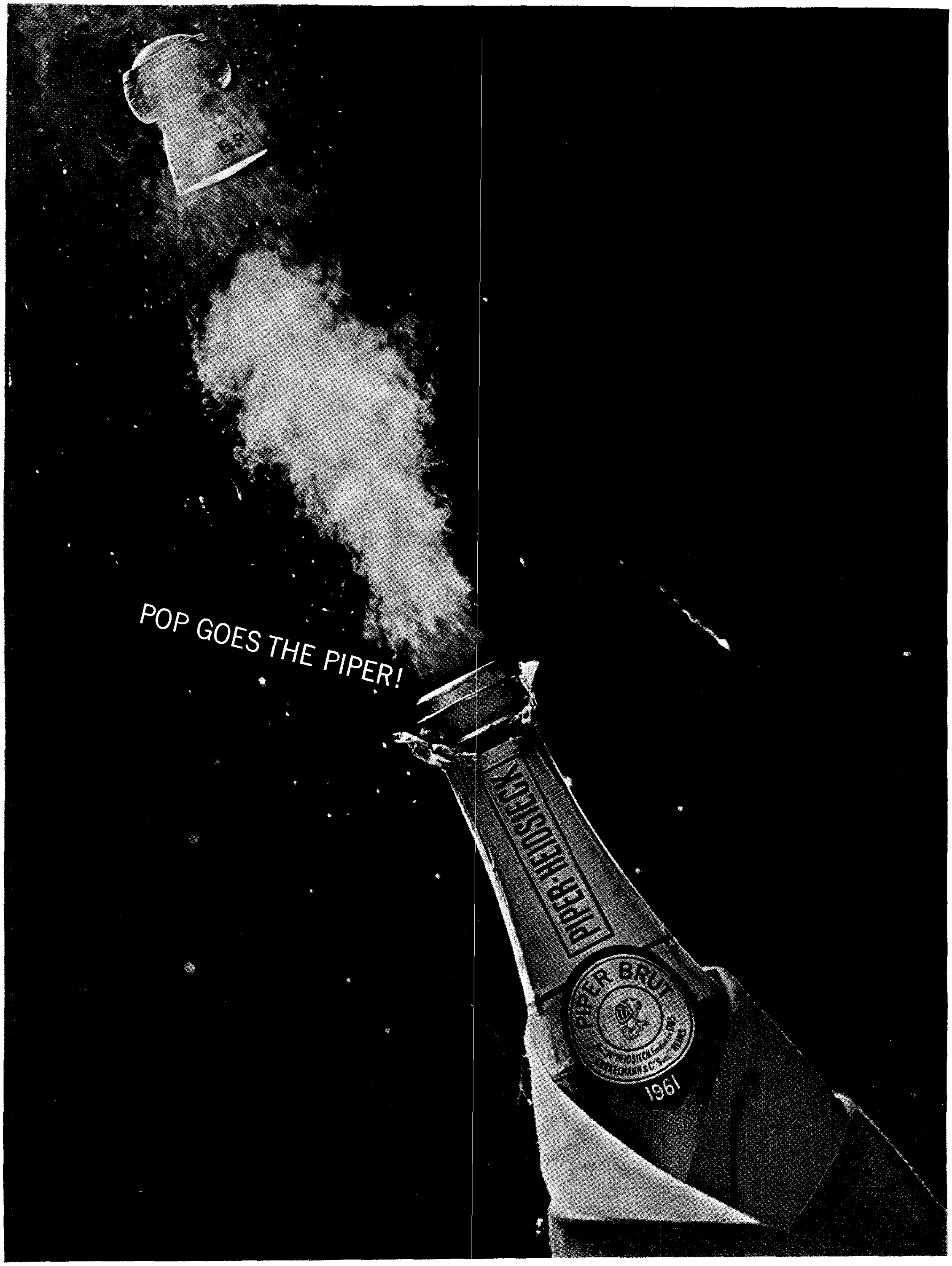
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some other work, in October of 1946. Two months later, the Cranbrook piece was among the most recent of Moore's sculptures being shown in his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. This exhibition initiated the postwar international boom in Henry Moore, and the Museum must receive some of the credit for his current reputation—as it must for the current reputation of most contemporary artists. For one thing, the tribute of a New York retrospective helped convince some English critics that they had an artist in their midst. The Museum had shown and bought Moore sculpture in the thirties, and during the war the Museum had the safekeeping of the Tate "Recumbent Figure," which at the start of the war had stood in the British Pavilion at the 1939 New York World's Fair. Sir John Rothenstein arranged that it be lent to the Museum of Modern Art for the duration of the war, and for nearly six years it was a popular piece in the Sculpture Garden. Then it almost caused an international incident. One night in 1944, vandals climbed into the garden over the Fifty-fourth Street wall, and in the morning the "Recumbent Figure" was discovered pushed from its pedestal, its head broken off at the base of its neck. The damage was repaired, but one can still see the scar. News of the vandalism was suppressed under England's wartime censorship, lest the destruction be deemed anti-British.

The 1946 retrospective was Moore's second, the first having been a smaller exhibition staged by Philip Hendy at Temple Newsam, outside Leeds, in 1941. The New York retrospective showed fifty-eight pieces of sculpture and forty-eight drawings, borrowed from galleries and private owners in England and America. James Johnson Sweeney wrote an extended essay on Moore for the catalogue, and American critics were enthusiastic about the show. The New York *Times* critic praised Moore's "complete integrity" and followed the daily review with a Sunday article. Later, *Life* had four pages of pictures and a bit of text about Moore ("He now gets very good prices for his work, which sells for $1,000 to $8,000"), together with an essay by Noel F. Busch cajoling the public into tolerance of modern art. On leaving New York, the show travelled to Chicago and San Francisco, and virtually the same show went on to Australia. Moore flew to New York for the opening of the exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art—his first visit to the United States. He found the visit

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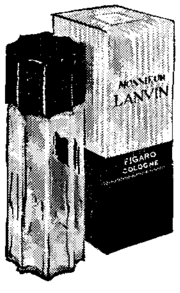

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exhausting. The night before the opening, he met the New York art world at a party, and his voice left him—something that had occurred before, and that Moore attributes partly to his having been gassed in the First World War and partly to nervous terror. One thing he enjoyed here, besides his success: he made friends with his American dealer, Curt Valentin, who had been responsible for much of his earlier reputation in the United States. Valentin was almost unique among dealers in championing modern sculpture, and he represented Maillol, Arp, Marini, Lipchitz, Marcks, and Calder as well as Moore. Valentin first heard of Moore from Lipchitz, and wrote to him in 1942, asking for drawings to exhibit. The British Council sent them across the Atlantic by diplomatic courier. By 1945, when Valentin assembled a show of contemporary British artists, he was ready to say, in his catalogue, "The greatest surely is Henry Moore." Valentin and Moore now became close friends.

The British Council has also had a highly effective part in the making of Moore's international reputation. The organization, which is supported almost entirely by government money, exists to promote the literature, music, and fine art of the United Kingdom all over the world. (The United States has no comparable institution.) Though it was established in 1934, it has operated in a large way only since the end of the war, one of its early major ventures being the 1947 Australian tour of the Museum of Modern Art's Moore retrospective. Soon after the retrospective reached Australia, the Council was given three months in which to prepare an exhibition for the 1948 Venice Biennale. Many countries participating in the Biennale choose to show more than one artist in a category, and thus compete against themselves. The British Council, being centralized, decided to send only its best old artist and its best new one. A Turner exhibition was touring the Continent at that moment, so they routed it south. The best possible Moore exhibition was out of reach, so the Council set out to gather the second-best. Though the Council has made up many Moore shows in the years since (it now has a permanent collection of Moores, which it rotates from continent to continent), its first was the most important. In three months, it put together a hodgepodge of sculptures, old and new, that had not made the trip to New York. Though the conglomeration was inferior to the carefully prepared exhibition of the Museum of

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Modern Art—to use Moore's terms, it was weak in the "breakthrough," strong in "just the thing I was doing"—it won Henry Moore the International Sculpture Prize. The prize at the Venice Biennale, coming a year and a half after the Museum of Modern Art retrospective, was canonization following immediately upon beatification.

AT Hoglands, the sculptor worked at his art, according to one of his friends, "in such a sensible way, like a chicken farmer." Some of the neighbors had been after him for years to do something for Much Hadham, so in the mid-fifties, when the West Porch of the Much Hadham Church was being repaired, he carved conventional heads of a medieval king and queen in stone to replace some recent, poor cement casts; he didn't carve Moores, for fear of spoiling the integrity of the church. Most of the other inhabitants of Perry Green are just waving acquaintances, some from the period when the "far room"—the small studio in front of his house, where he retires alone to work out the ideas for his sculptures—was not a studio but the village shop. (Moore got five pounds a year rent for it until early in the fifties, when it closed. He never considered evicting the shopkeepers, because people depended on the shop.) Few of his local acquaintances are artistically sophisticated. Most of them tend to say "I like the man more than the work, don't you?" and to pay him the dubious compliment of remarking that he is "not like an artist at all." It is true, however, that there is a tranquillity about him that has no part in the usual picture of the artist. He once smoked a hundred cigarettes a day, but he gave up smoking in 1943, and now he seldom seems nervous. He does not enjoy being forged (in the fifties one man made and sold a few "Moore" drawings, and Moore took legal steps), but otherwise he seems remarkably unegotistical. If one of his neighbors goes out walking with him, the conversation may touch on almost anything in the world, but it doesn't touch on Henry Moore or on sculpture unless the neighbor brings the subject up. There is one peculiar thing about these walks, though. Sometimes, as Moore is walking along and talking in a careless way, he will suddenly kneel down and pick up a stone of an unusual shape.

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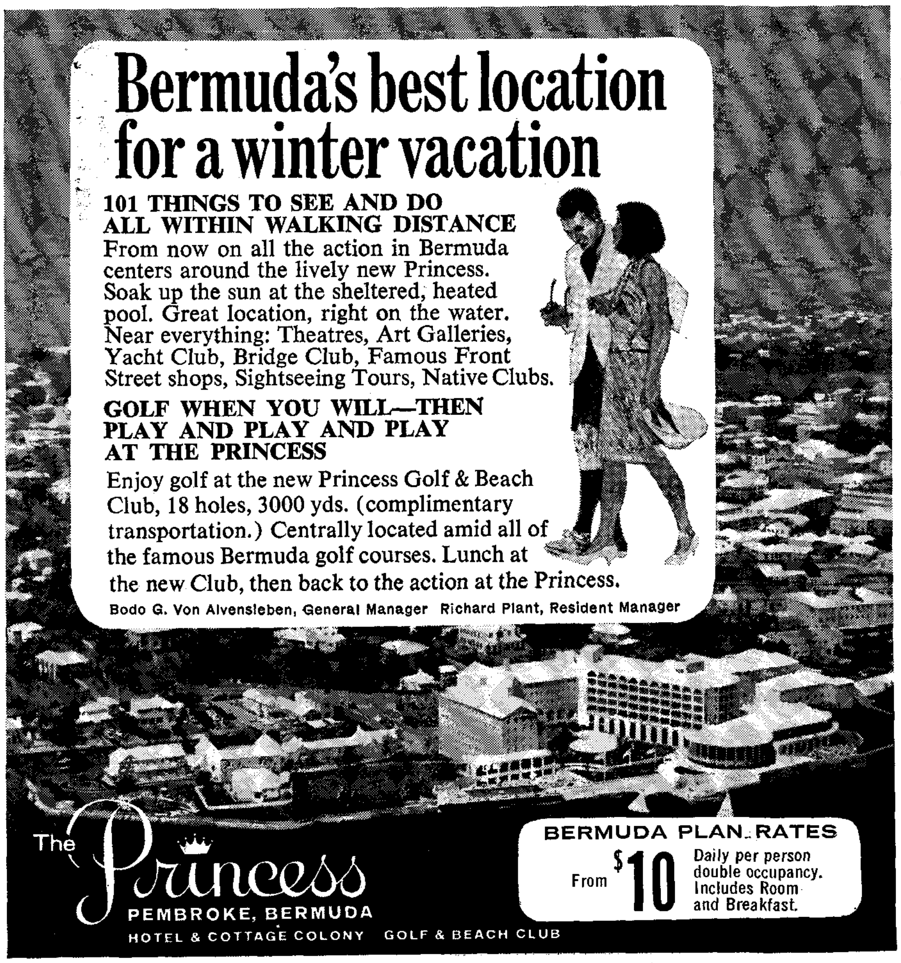

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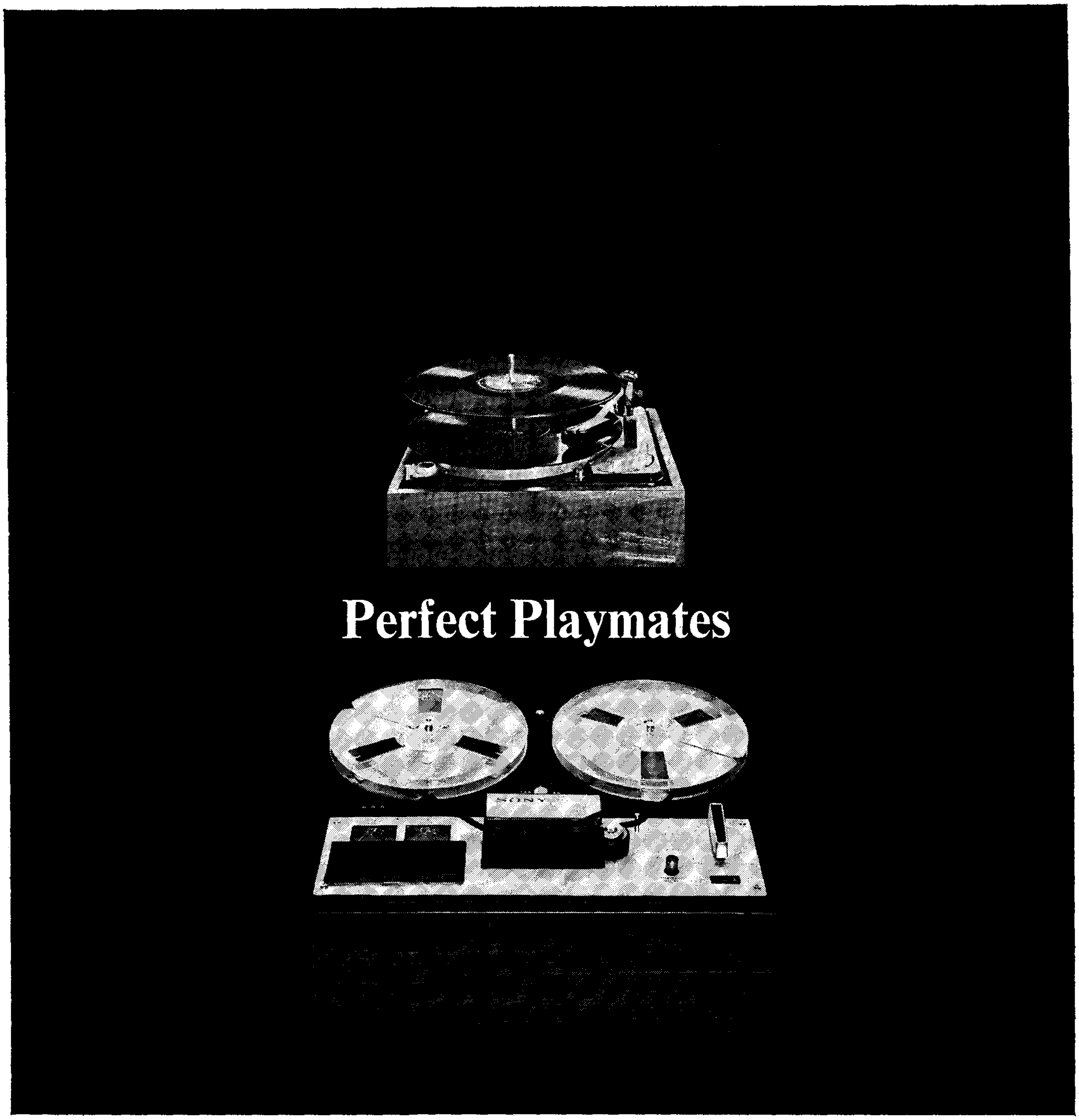

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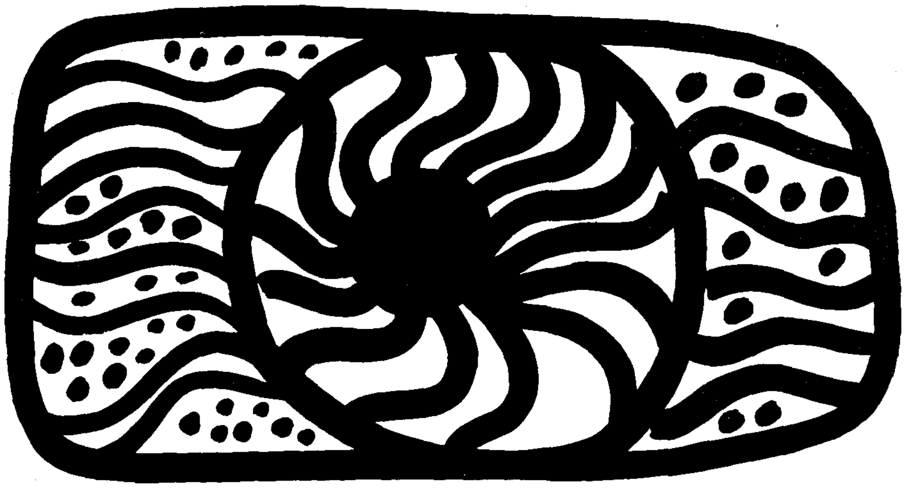

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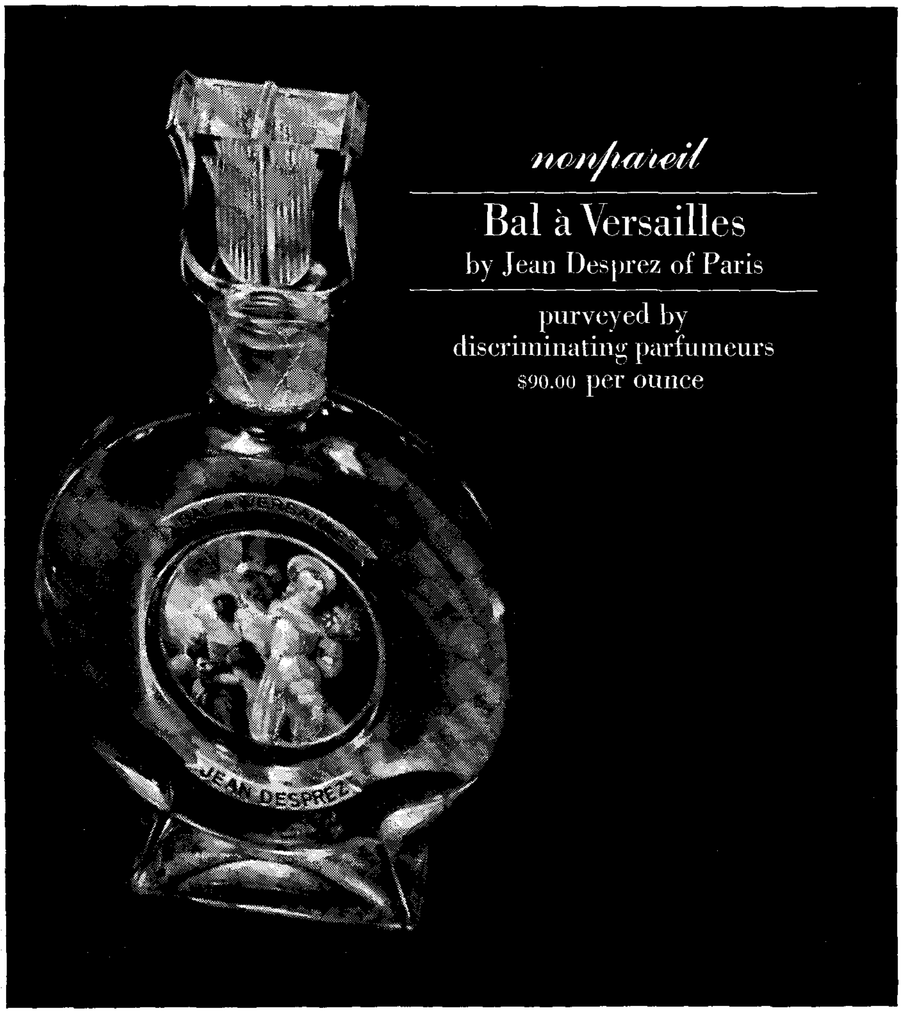

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chip off a sculpture has got a meaning, if you can find it," he says. For Moore, it has been not only the little bits, it has been also dinosaur bones and cliffs with caves in them, but little things are easier to take inside, perhaps into the "far room," in order to ponder their meaning, "if you can find it." There has to be a readiness for the particular form. On summer vacations when Mary was a little girl, the Moores went to Broadstairs, in Kent, and Moore and his daughter often used to look for crabs on the shore, because she loved doing it and it gave him an excuse to look at pebbles. "Sometimes for several years running I have been to the same part of the seashore, but each year a new shape of pebble has caught my eye, which the year before, though it was there in hundreds, I never saw," he has said. "Out of the millions of pebbles passed in walking along the shore, I choose to see with excitement only those which fit my existing form interest." Today, Moore's reputation as a pebble collector is worldwide, and he frequently receives boxes of shells or unusual stones by mail; they seldom fit his existing interest.

Moore's form interests have fluctuated and expanded, and at times have given new shape to old Moore themes. In 1950, he did a series of heads, some of them helmets with interior pieces (which were most of them also abstractions of the Mother and Child) and others openwork heads—delicately latticed faces that emphasized space—and he also made his three "Rocking Chair" figures, each of them a mother sitting in a rocking chair, which really rocks, and holding a child aloft. The chairs are ladder-backs, with frail slats of bronze across bronze uprights. These slats are so delicate that it would have been impossible to carve them in stone, and impractical to carve them in wood. Moore could not have modelled them in clay or plaster, either. To achieve such thin forms, he had to model directly in wax—a technique he first used when he had a lead foundry of his own in Kent before the war—and have a single cast made from the model (five further casts were made from that cast), for wax has a tensile strength that allows it to be stretched thin. By 1935, he remembers, he had already found the limitations of stone or wood too narrow, and was sketching ideas for metal sculpture. But now, after the war, he was modelling more and more, and it was not only because of the formal liberation. His old dogma about the superiority of carving had worn out its usefulness; once, it

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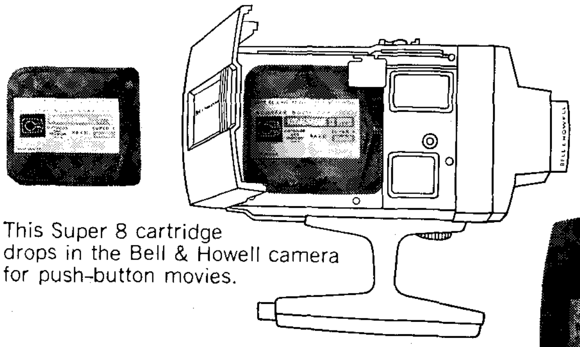

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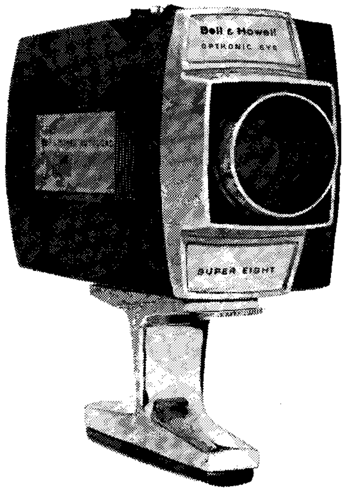

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had been pervasive among modernists.

Modern art in general, with its emphasis on the medium, has valued the ability of the artist to work in his material. That Brancusi began life as a cabinetmaker and Braque as a decorator has been a point in their favor. The idea of truth to the material of the medium was drawn from architecture, which in the modern period has wished to treat stone as stone and steel as steel, not steel as stone. The analogy to sculpture was simply made: in carving one should take advantage of the natural grain, surface, and texture of the wood or stone. The dogma was current on the Continent in the first decades of the century, but more in theory than in practice. In England, it was anticipated by the arts-and-crafts movement and underwritten by the medievalist ideas that passed from William Morris to Eric Gill; when critics like Herbert Read and R. H. Wilenski championed carving, they did so with an intensity that was more moral than aesthetic. There *is* a difference between taking away and building up. The carver must have an idea to cut down to, and, in Moore's phrase, must "collaborate with the stone" as he uses his chisel. But in most critical statements about carving one catches the accents of moral superiority, and the artistically irrelevant virtues of *hard work* are an unacknowledged part of the argument. Much of the case for carving is puritanical, and Moore discounts it now. "The workmanship that people like Eric Gill thought so important can degenerate into a most awful mental laziness, like knitting or polishing the silver," he says. He still thinks it good training for a young sculptor to carve, because in carving you can't fix up something that doesn't exist, and so you must be deliberate. However, he goes on to say, "I don't think it matters how a thing is produced—whether it is built up, modelled, welded, carved, or constructed. What counts really is the vision it expresses."

Forty or fifty years ago, the vision perhaps could not have been expressed except in carving, because of the associations of modelling. Though the attractions of wood grain and stone texture are undeniable, the attack on modelling was mostly irrational. Such irrationalities are necessary from time to time. Modelling had come to mean academic, romantic, pseudo-Greek. Proponents of carving attributed to technique what was really formal and spiritual change—an opening up of the imagination in mass and volume to three-dimensional form. There are parallels in other arts. When a live new movement in poetry overthrows a dead orthodoxy (live Dryden and dead followers of Donne; live Wordsworth and dead followers of Dryden; live Eliot and dead Wordsworthians), it requires a new technique, not because the real material has altered but because conventional, dead associations have accrued to the old technique. Some vers-librists contemporary with Epstein contended that vers libre was the only way to write a poem; they were trying to shake off the sonnet dust that had settled on them. The nakedness of vers libre, the necessity of improvising by ear, provided the requisite stimulus, and good art rose out of bad theory. Any new or rediscovered technique—free verse or Lucite or syllabics or junk assemblage or carving or Anglo-Saxon metres—can suggest new forms. Car fenders may provide new ways to represent a woman's body. Yet it doesn't necessarily follow that the sculptor now models just because the battle for three-dimensional form has been won and it becomes *possible* to model. Many of Moore's recent bronzes could have been carved in stone, as far as technique goes. Moore's almost total switch to modelling has a complex of explanations. They do not include the hard work of carving; he finds carving relaxing. Nor do they include making money; taxes help to insure that he gets little more from five bronze copies than he would from a unique stone. But he can afford to model now, which he couldn't when he was young, and modelling makes it possible for him to keep one copy of everything, which is not only a pleasure to him but a help to further sculpture. Also, making several copies of each sculpture helps to spread his work around the world; a big bronze can exist in England, in Germany, in the United States, and in Brazil at the same time. But the most important source of the change is inside Moore, and arises from his sense of the conflict between creative energy and approaching death. In 1960, he said, "The difference between modelling and carving is that modelling is a quicker thing, and so it becomes a chance to get rid of one's ideas." Most of his friends date this eagerness to "get rid of" his ideas from a mild illness he had in 1954. He had not been ill since he

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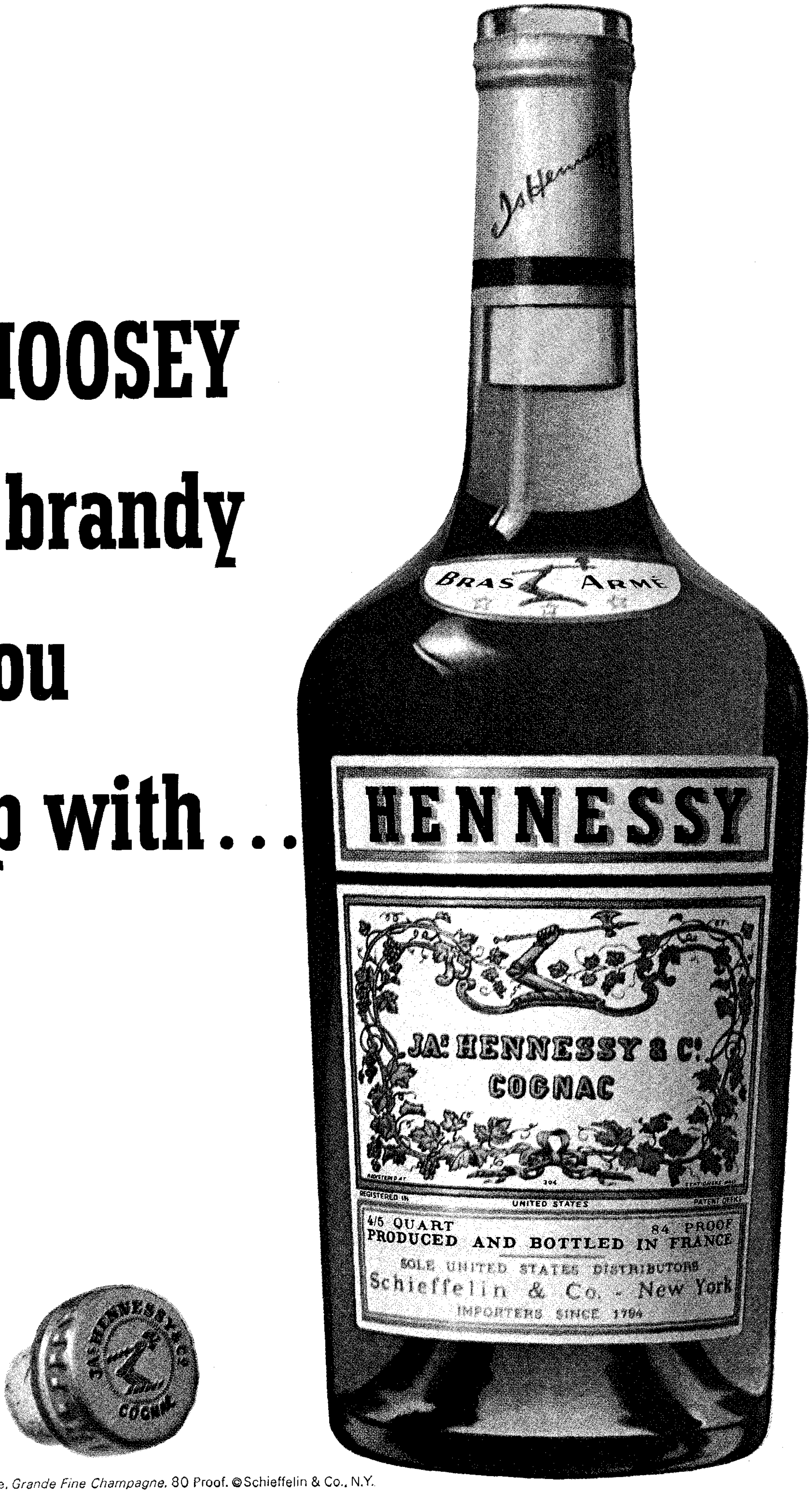
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was gassed in 1917, and his hospitalization at fifty-six seemed to remind him that he was not immortal. In the "far room" now there are three pieces of marble, which were originally planned as a three-part carving and are now thought of as a two-part and a separate single piece. Three years ago, Moore took the marble, and a little maquette of his idea, on holiday with him. He relaxed, not having to think, and chipped away until the forms almost reached the shape he wanted but retained a rough finish. Unsmoothed and unpolished, they have a faceted dusty surface, like plaster. Now Moore wonders if he will ever finish them. He believes that to be true to the material he must finish the surface and show the quality of the marble, yet to do so he would have to spend two weeks on them, full time, and he does not want to take that long from the remainder of his life.

Moore is still a carver, even when he models. His bronzes suggest carving by the "holes right through them." In making models, he uses plaster instead of clay, because he can hack away at it like a carver, sometimes even chopping at it with an axe. When a plaster is almost ready for casting, he likes to make final marks on it, and when he works over a wax, or patinates a bronze that has come back from the foundry, he is putting his carver's mark upon the bronze. One of his critics feels that his modelled surfaces suffer as a result of his carver's vision. "Stone automatically has an interesting surface—his stone had a *radiance*—and bronze does not," this critic says. "So Moore tries, artificially, to liven the surface of his bronzes with irrelevant markings."

In 1952, Moore decided to learn more about the founder's technique by building a bronze foundry of his own at the bottom of his garden. He never intended to cast many pieces there; it was not a device to save money. What he wanted was to understand the process, in the hope that it would give him some ideas concerning form. He had two assistants at the time, and with them and a neighbor he constructed a miniature foundry—it had a stone kiln about three or four feet square. Using coke as fuel and controlling the temperature by means of a second-hand pair of blacksmith's bellows, he cast eight or ten pieces, and that was enough. His neighbor remembers helping to raise the temperature of the fire. The bronze Moore used melted at 1940°, and for a whole day they took turns slogging away at the bellows; at nightfall, the bronze finally started to

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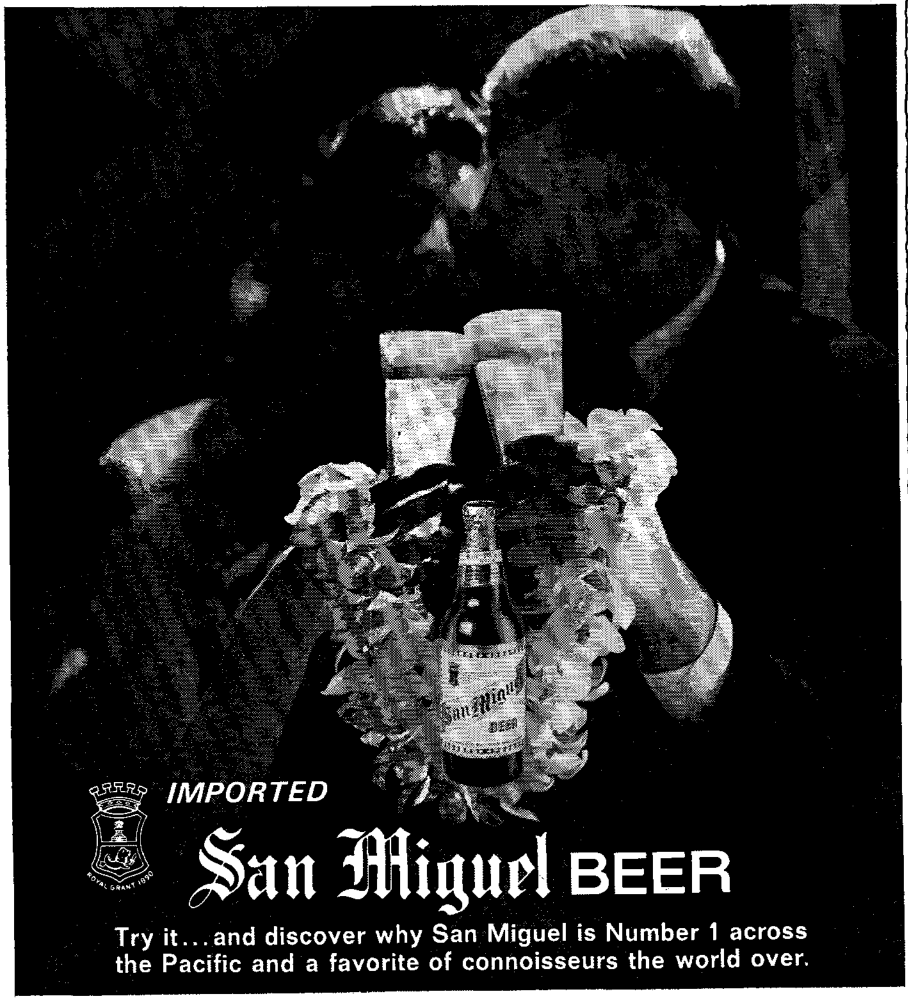
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melt, but because it was late, and they were exhausted, they had to leave it.

The year of the foundry, which signified Moore's conversion to modelling, was also the year of his biggest carving to date. (Moore likes such demonstrations of flexibility.) He carved a screen for the top of the Time-Life Building in London. "It seemed to me that the screen should look as though it were part of the architecture, for it is a continuation of the surface of the building," he says. "The fact that it is only a screen, with space behind it, led me to carve it with a back as well as a front, and to pierce it, which gives an interesting penetration of light, and also, from Bond Street, makes it obvious that it is a screen, and not a solid part of the building." The screen is composed of four large Portland-stone panels set in a Portland-stone frame. Each panel is a separate abstraction, harking back in its style to the Surrealist slotted-head forms of the late thirties. Some "Ideas for Sculpture" drawings of the thirties clearly anticipate the screen. Like most of his other experiences with architectural sculpture, the Time-Life screen was a disappointment to Moore. The building itself proved to be without distinction, and it drags the sculpture down with it, making it look merely decorative—an attempt to save a bad cake with good frosting.

In the winter of 1952-53, Moore modelled and cast what is probably his most popular sculpture—not among artists but among the gallerygoing public—the bronze "King and Queen." Two thin figures sit next to each other on a bench, their legs draped, their hands and feet articulated. Their bodies are wide sheets of bronze, slightly bent to humanize them, but the King's head is the purest invention. Part head and part crown, part beard and part face, it is another thin piece of metal, set at right angles to the thin body. A single hole gives the King two eyes, and the Queen's head is a smaller version of the King's. The couple is archaic and archetypal, representing the permanent human residue of ancient memories of royalty. In the years since Moore made the first maquette for the "King and Queen," he has thought of two sources for it; he was aware of neither at the time. When Mary was little, Moore read fairy stories to her every evening, and his imagination was touched by a multitude of kings and queens, princes and peasants' daughters. Then, there was, typically, a memory from the enormous number of hours he spent in the British Museum when he was a

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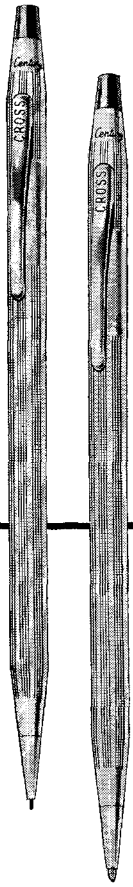

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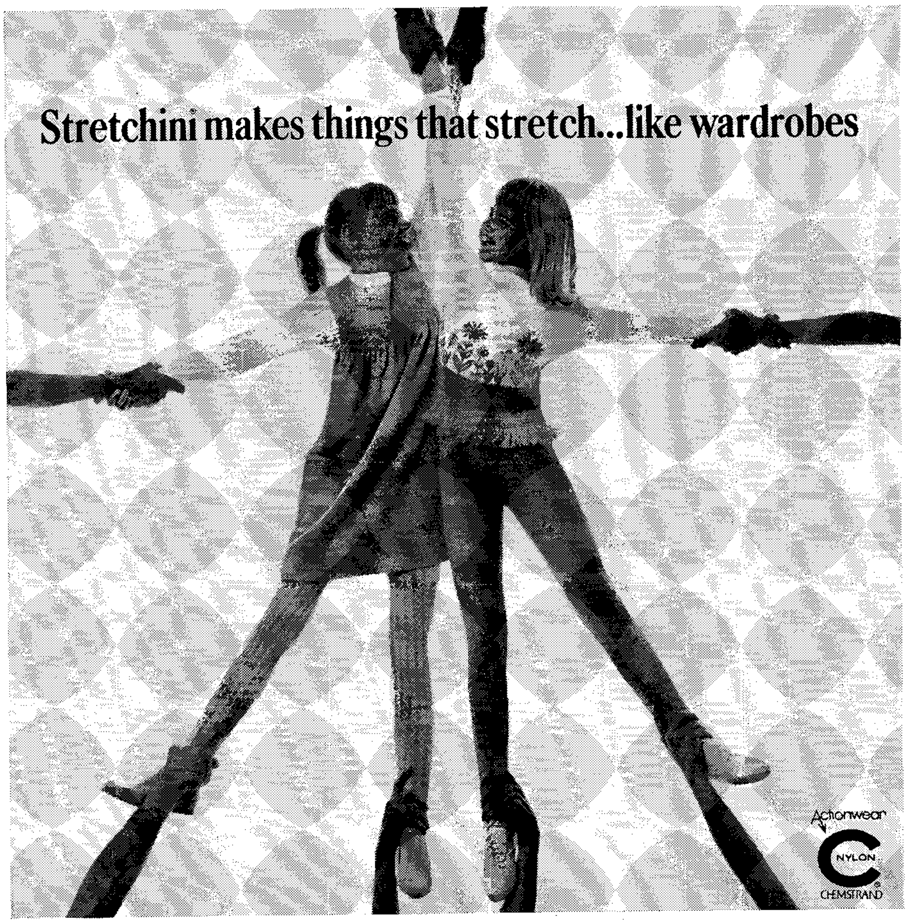

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young man. In the Egyptian rooms, there are a number of carvings of a priest and his wife sitting side by side. An Egyptian limestone "Seated Figures" is the sculpture Moore remembers especially; the priest and his wife are rocky and solid—their carver was not playing with space or with thin forms—but something still and ritual in their side-by-side posture, which Moore makes royal, helped produce the "King and Queen." The King's head was the first part of the work to be devised. Moore was idly fingering a piece of wax, with no idea of making such an image. He pinched the wax between thumb and forefinger, and the result made him think of the god Pan—or of a king. In a few minutes, he had virtually completed the head. Later the same day, he made the King's body. He dropped a flat sheet of wax in a pan of warm water to soften it, and cut an outline with a knife, and bent and rolled it to its proper thin shape. The idea of the couple crystallized overnight. "The formal thing then became how thin I could make it," he says. "One meant it to be as spatial as any group sculpture could be." The next day, he made the bench and the Queen to sit on it, leaving space between her and the King. He added a thin, wirelike frame, squaring the couple on all sides, and the maquette was finished. One bronze was cast from the wax, and subsequent bronzes were based on the first bronze. Moore has kept the first one, which he thinks is the best; it retains the sharp edge the knife left in the wax. These were all nine inches tall, but then he modelled a large version—six and a half feet tall and five and a half feet across—and this required him to make several changes. He had to leave off the frame, for one thing, because it looked too much like a soccer goal. The hands and feet, which are lumps in the maquette, are articulated into fingers and toes in the large sculpture. It is here that some critics feel that the big version fails. (They prefer the maquette.) They find an inexcusable disparity of form between the inventiveness revealed in the heads and the realism of the hands and feet. Moore doesn't agree. The large version, he says, allowed him to carry further the human implications of the King and Queen. Working over it, he felt that he could add meaning, or alter meaning, by how he made the hands. The King's hand resting on his knee could be clenched, suggesting a dictator, or floppy, suggesting a weak king, or in between. Moore used his details psy-

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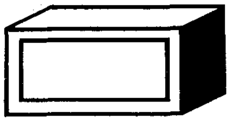
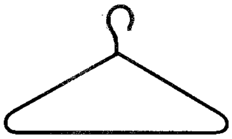


(b) A common brick



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Part 4.

Try to think of 4 to 8 things that might happen if:

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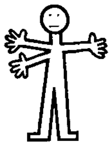
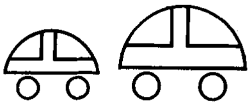


(b) Farmers could grow no more cotton.

(c) Cars suddenly doubled in size.



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Part 5.

The four preceding test questions were taken from a recent article entitled "Be Creative—it's good for you" in Family Circle. The article—based in part upon the work of three of America's leading research psychologists—encouraged homemakers to use their natural creative ability in everyday situations (e.g., home decorating, shopping, bringing up children and dealing with people). In Family Circle the article reached over 7,500,000 homemakers. Of these, over 40% come from households with incomes of $8,000 or more.* Over 47% come from households that painted or redecorated in the last year.† And over 94% own a car.† Using all the above information, think of as many new uses as you can for Family Circle. You should be able to think of quite a few.

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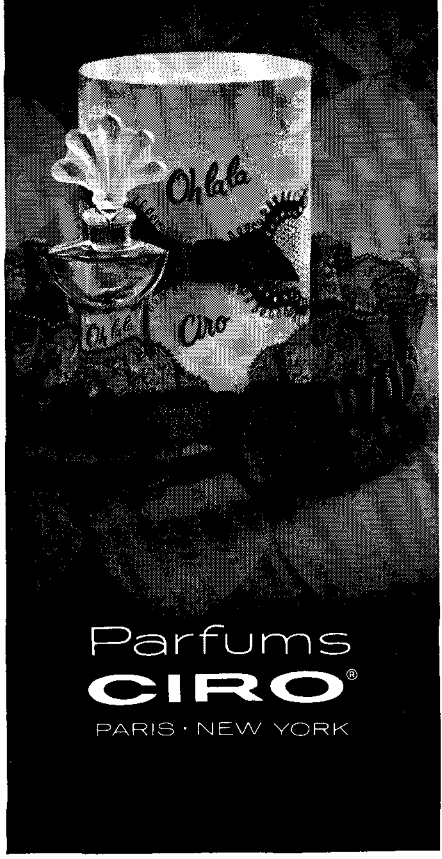

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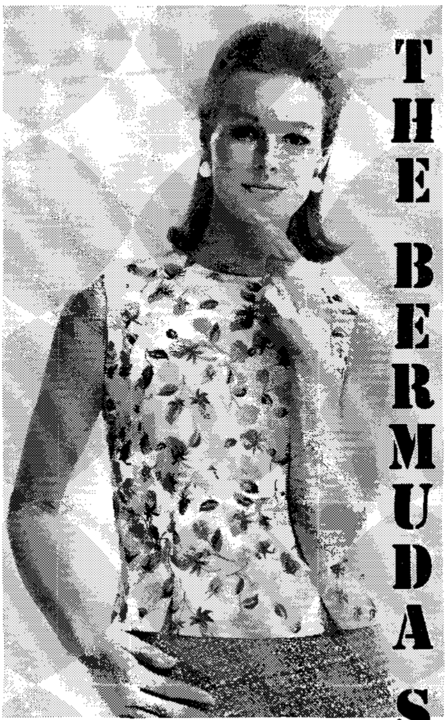
chologically, thinking of the Queen as prim, upright, proper, and the King as "so sure of authority that he *can* relax, yet the head is alert." Moore has also said, "I see nothing wrong in the disparity of styles. Nobody minds that some figures in Chartres Cathedral are realistic heads on top of columns. In every work of art, some parts are more worked out than others." One should add that disparity—of size and of style—is an old habit of Moore's; there was the "Drawing from Life" of 1928, with its realistic head and stony body, and the 1931 Cumberland-alabaster "Mother and Child," with its contrast of tiny head and massive shoulders.

In 1953 and 1954, the British Council was exhibiting new Moores and old in Brussels, Paris, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, and Berne. In 1951, it had shown him in Athens, and he had gone there for the first time, his eyes open. "The Parthenon right now is probably much more impressive than when it was first made," he says. "You feel the spaces much more, and the openings, and the fact that it's not solid throughout and that the light comes in makes it into a piece of sculpture. The Greek landscape was another revelation to me—that stark, stony quality, with the feeling that the sea may be round the next corner. I can understand why they were sculptors—the stone just had to be used." The Greeks were equally impressed by Moore. The British Council tries to have him attend the opening of its Moore exhibitions, whether he speaks the language or not, because he seems to be an effective ambassador just standing there and smiling. He is mobbed, as if he were a pop singer. In Athens, people broke windows to see him, and his exhibition, which continued for two weeks, had an attendance of thirty-four thousand.

A later Moore exhibition toured six Scandinavian cities, went to eight galleries in Germany, and then was seen by thirty-five thousand Yugoslavs. Poland came later, and Portugal and Spain, and more German cities. (There is generally a correlation between public ownership and the density of British Council exhibitions. German city-states now vie with each other in owning Moores.) Things were happening in the United States too. After one show, Valentin wrote Moore, "You'll be glad to hear that you are getting more and more popular, to the extent that during the last two months three of your small bronzes were stolen from the gallery. Congrat-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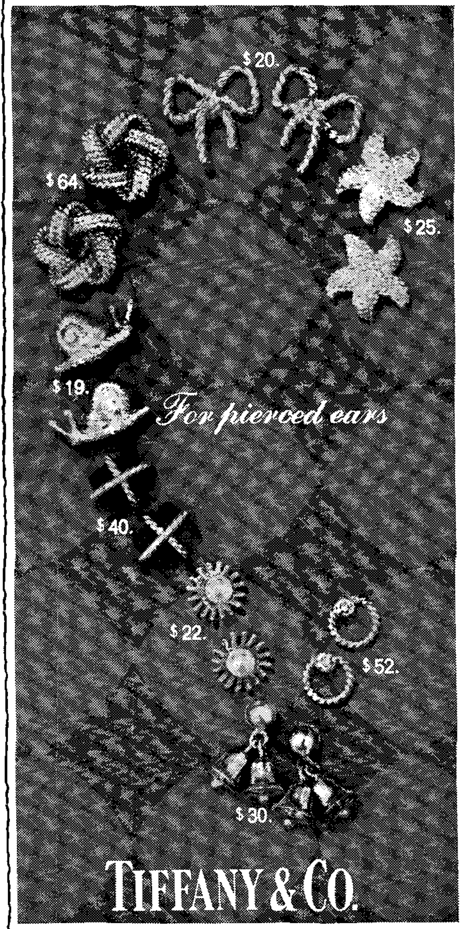

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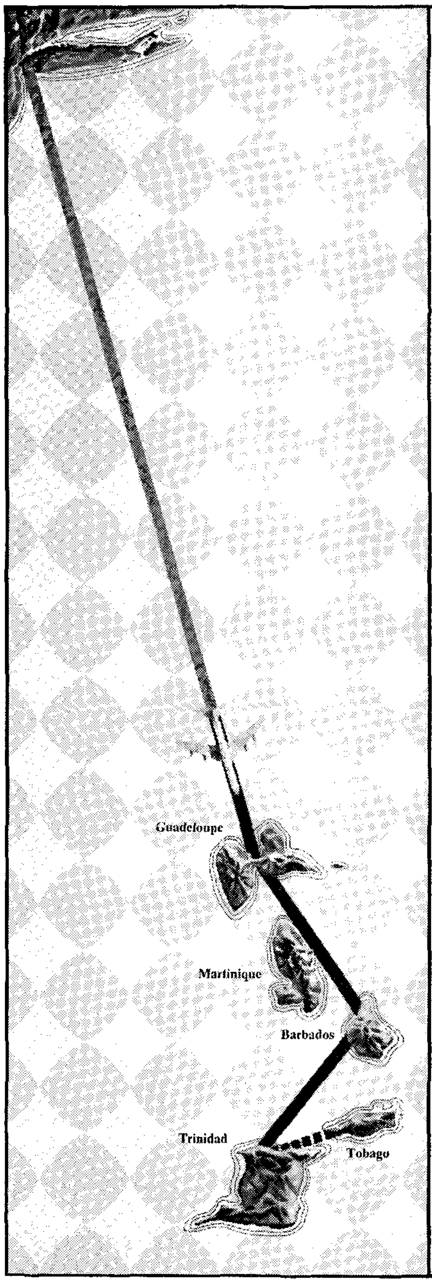

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ulations." In 1951, Valentin showed thirty-four sculptures and thirty-one drawings, and he planned a second large exhibition for late 1954. For six years, Valentin had spent Christmas with the Moores at Hoglands, and he and they had met every summer as well. Early in 1954, Valentin became seriously ill. His artists were worried. "It's your holy duty to be very careful with your life," Kokoschka wrote him. "I would not like to face a future without you." In August, Valentin went to Italy to stay with Marino Marini while the sculptor did a portrait bust of him. On the morning of the nineteenth, during a sitting, the clay fell from the armature on one side of the face. Marini was terrified and stopped the sitting, saying that something bad was going to happen. Later in the day, Valentin died of an embolism. In a letter Moore wrote to Valentin's chief assistant in New York soon after he heard of Valentin's death, he said, "He treated his gallery as an artist should his work. . . . He sold only the work of artists he believed in. . . . To try to work out why one loved him so much is not easy. He was naturally shy and never demonstrative. How much, all this time, one unconsciously counted on his steadfast support, on his being there, tirelessly working for the cause of the painters and sculptors he believed in. I loved him very deeply and shall miss him terribly." The Rodin statue of Balzac that now stands in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art was presented in memory of Curt Valentin by his friends. Moore dedicated to him the catalogue of his 1962 show at Knoedler's.

After Valentin died, his gallery went ahead with its large 1954 exhibition of Moore—the last show Valentin had planned. There were thirty-two sculptures, including a large "King and Queen." Uris Brothers, the builders, bought the "King and Queen" and installed it in the lobby of a new office building in midtown. A tenant who occupied a number of floors did not approve, and announced that either the "King and Queen" went or he went. The "King and Queen" went. Valentin's estate bought it back and sold it to the American collector Joseph Hirshhorn. Then, in 1955, Valentin's gallery broke up, and Knoedler's became Moore's New York dealers. Today, Moore is shown in New York both by Knoedler's and by Marlborough-Gerson, and in London both by Leicester and by Marlborough.

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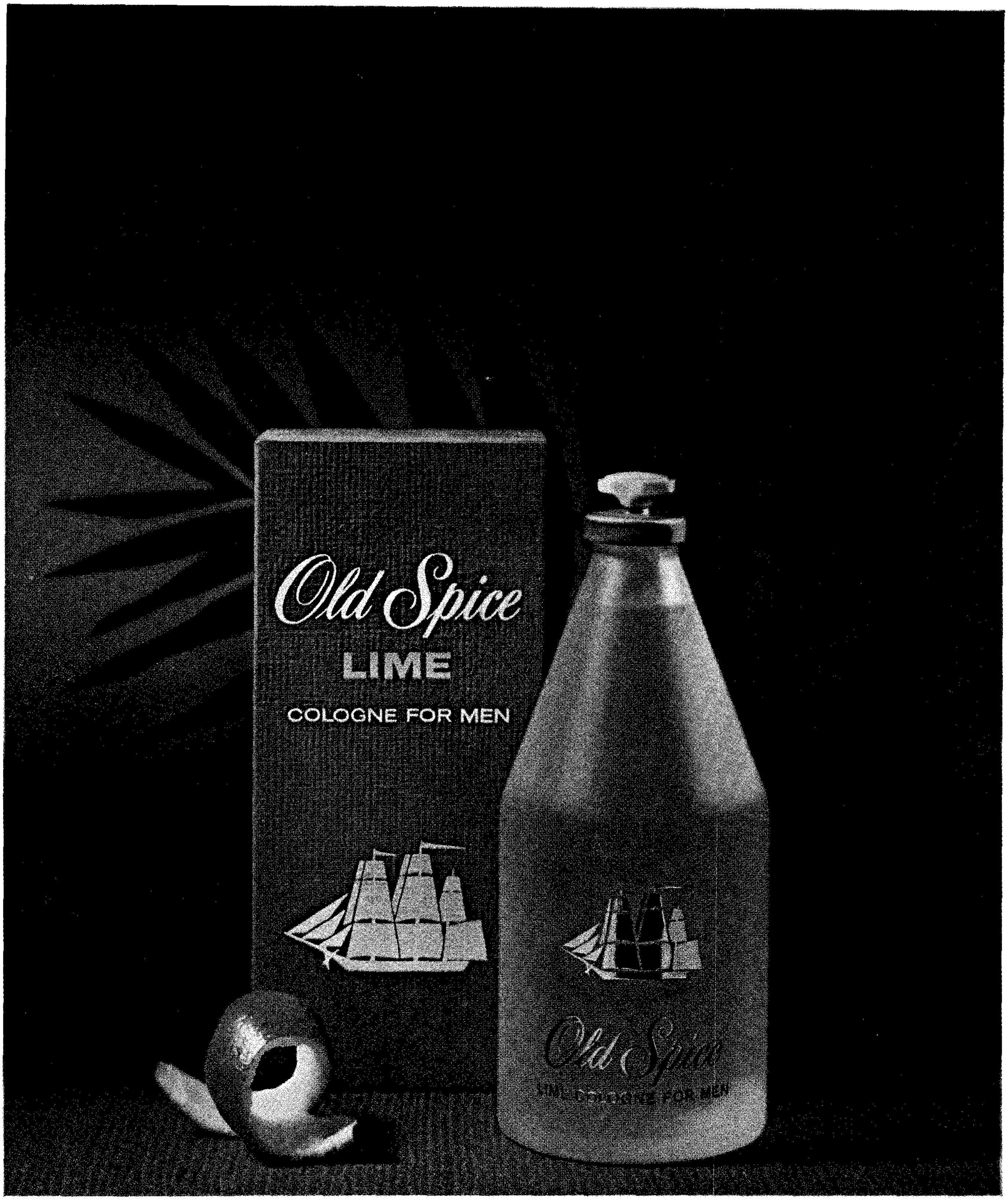
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of the galleries who handle his work. One reason for this is that he wants to be able to deal with his friends himself. His best friends have magnificent Moore collections, usually acquired not as gifts but as sales at low prices. (At least one of them is poor enough to have trouble paying insurance on his collection.) Moore was slow to raise his prices. In England, modern art tripled in price between 1952 and 1960 (after the auction of the collector E. C. Gregory's estate, rich in modern English painting and sculpture, at Sotheby's in 1959, dealers rushed to their showrooms and doubled the prices of all their English artists), and Moore sometimes lagged far enough behind the market to become attractive to mere speculators. He has kept his editions of bronzes smaller than many artists do, and has avoided a revision of his tax status that could save him sixty thousand pounds a year, because he does not think that this sort of revision would be right. He finds himself rich enough. He is generous to his friends, and at the same time, to his friends' affectionate amusement, he indulges in a few varieties of penny-pinching, which make no sense in his present situation but are apparently a survival from years of having to be careful about money.

BETWEEN 1954 and 1956, Moore did his "Warrior with Shield" and "Falling Warrior." In the former, the warrior's head is cleft open as if by an axe, a leg is cut off at the knee, and an arm is only a stump; the body writhes with pain. The work expresses a loathing, and translates a feeling, as the "King and Queen" does, into a timeless image—here of a man struck and dying. The series had its genesis in a piece of flint that made Moore think of a gashed head; then he remembered the heads of animals in the open butcher shops of Castleford. Also in the mid-fifties came the series of uprights culminating in the "Glenkiln Cross" (named for its most impressive site, in a lonely part of Scotland, where the collector W. J. Keswick has placed it, together with three other Moores). He had done uprights before; some of the early stringed figures were upright, and there were also the "Three Standing Figures" of 1947-48, which are now at Battersea Park, and the knobby, Surreal "Standing Figure" of 1950. These new forms began with one of Moore's semi-commissions. "In 1955, I was asked to consider making a sculpture for the courtyard of a new Olivetti building in Milan," he says. "I visited the site, and a

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lone Lombardy poplar growing behind the building convinced me that a vertical work would act as the correct counterfoil to the horizontal rhythm of the building." He did ten maquettes—variations on the vertical theme—and in the first ones there was too much of the Ethnographic Gallery of the British Museum. "I started by balancing different forms one above the other—with results rather like the Northwest American totem poles," he says. "But as I continued the attempts gained more unity, also became perhaps more organic—and then one in particular . . . took on the shape of a crucifix—a kind of worn-down body and a cross merged into one." Moore hadn't planned to make a cross; as had happened with the King's head, his fingers had done the thinking. "Straightaway it was a cross, the symbol took over," he says. When he made the "Glenkiln Cross" full-size, he scratched ladder marks on the front of it. He turned five of the maquettes into large sculptures, and, he says, "three of them grouped themselves together and, in my mind, assumed the aspect of a Crucifixion scene as though framed against the sky above Golgotha." Since the "Glenkiln Cross" meant more than the two other uprights, it was made larger and central. The "Glenkiln" stands by itself in Scotland, as some of the others do elsewhere, but Moore likes them best as a trio—essentially a three-part sculpture. That some of them stand singly is a result of their price. The Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth paid a hundred thousand dollars for its set of three; there is another set at the Kröller-Müller Museum in Holland. But none of them are at the Olivetti building in Milan. The "Glenkiln Cross" became too religious, Moore felt, to stand in front of a commercial building. Besides, he discovered that the sculpture courtyard was also to be used as a parking lot, which meant that for most of the day the uprights would have been cut off halfway up. Such changes in plans and purposes give point to Moore's preference for elastic commissions. He is constantly getting would-be commissions. The attention is gratifying, no doubt, but it can be a source of distress as well. In the thirties, the Hampstead artists were despised by the press and by the Establishment, but from the time of the "Shelter Drawings" Moore has been praised by the Philistines as well as by the people who know and understand. To be so fashionable among the Philistines that their praise tends to isolate one from one's peers leads to a special kind of lone-

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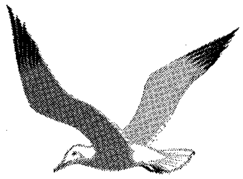

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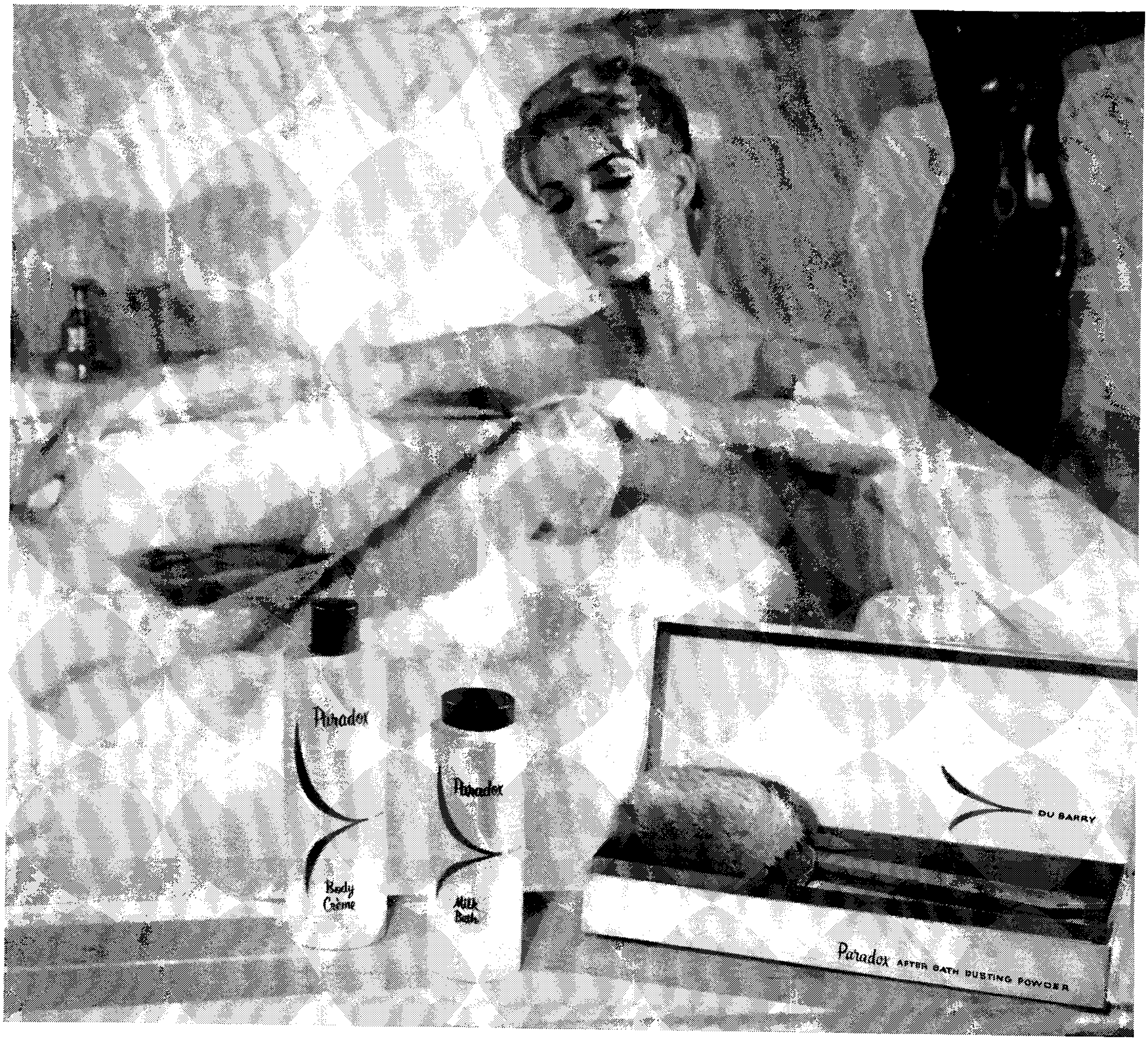

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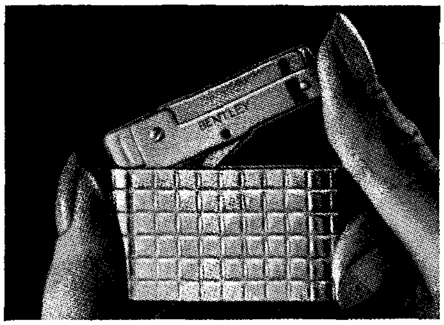

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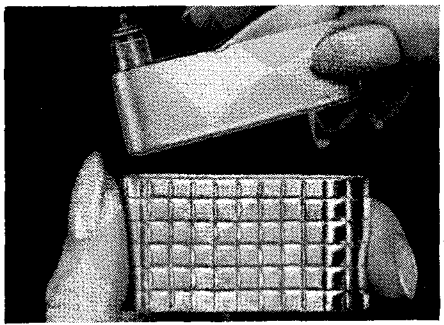

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liness for some contemporary artists.

Late in the fifties, Moore was offered a knighthood. He never took seriously the possibility of accepting it. If the day began with his assistants addressing him as "Sir Henry," he says, he would never be able to get any work done. (He was made a Companion of Honour in 1955, and received the Order of Merit in 1963, and so has become Henry Moore, O.M., C.H. The O.M. is considerably more distinguished than a knighthood, for only twenty-four people at any one time can wear the Order.) Moore's honors have won him audiences with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. On the occasion of the presentation of the C.H., Moore and Her Majesty discussed a monument to her father that had recently been passed by the Royal Fine Art Commission, of which Moore is a member. Moore and Prince Philip spoke about the Hyde Park Quadriga, a sculptural object including horses, which is visible from Buckingham Palace. The Royal Fine Art Commission is only one of Moore's committees. In the forties and fifties, he was a trustee of the Tate Gallery for two seven-year terms. (Such repetition is unusual.) He is now a trustee of the National Gallery, a member of the Arts Council, and a member of the board of the National Theatre. He does not always do his homework for meetings, but he is invaluable during discussions of a problem. "Henry's very strong in the head, you know," one of his chairmen says. "Any problem you bring to Henry, he brings a clear and strong mind to it." The idea of the great sculptor's serving on committees offends many of his admirers; even some of his chairmen object to his serving on *other* committees. His friends consider that he does it partly because he finds it hard to say no, partly because he is a Socialist, and therefore believes in state patronage, and partly because he is gregarious; he likes talk, even if it follows an agenda.

Of course, the honors, the committees, and his titled friends bring Moore himself into the Establishment. English society has a genius for accommodating rebels. It may attack Moore for twenty years, but for the next twenty it will cover him with praise. Moore won't join the Royal Academy, and didn't accept the knighthood, but it would be only pique if he insisted on totally disowning the Establishment that had once disowned him. The Tate, which at one time wouldn't show him under any circumstances, now has the best collection of Moores in England. Sir John Rothenstein, who took over

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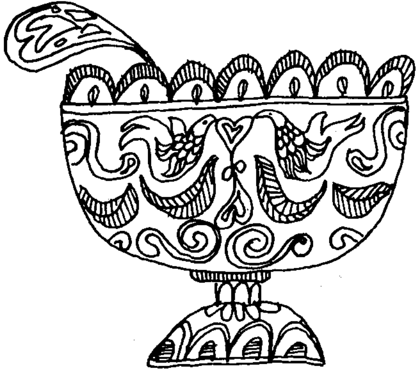

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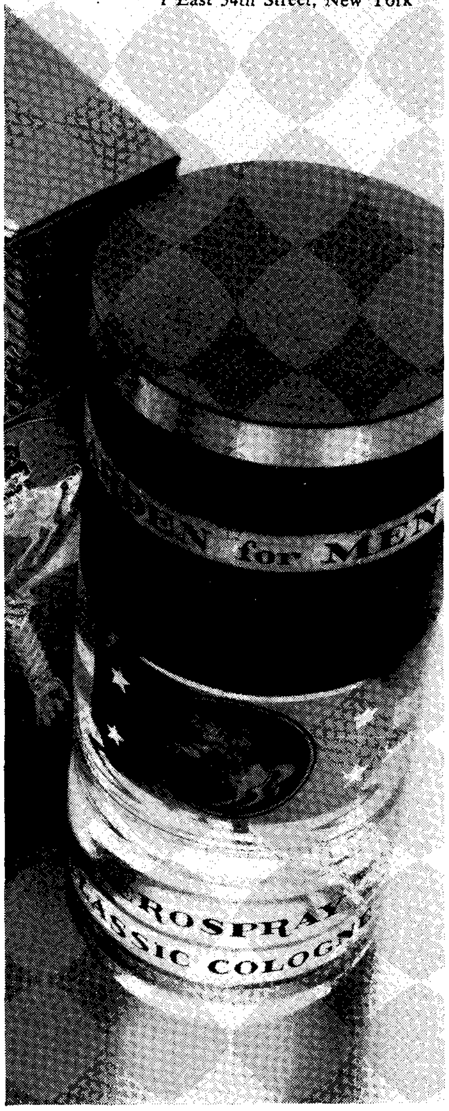

the Tate's directorship in 1938, began collecting Moores as soon as he was able. Moore helped him—by tracing down old carvings, getting permission from owners to cast one more bronze of an edition, and the like—instead of exercising his pride and staying out. Naturally, he has detractors from the left, as he used to have them from the right. The absolute eminence attributed to Moore by people who are not students of sculpture irritates sculptors and critics who are used to finer distinctions, and who know very well that some Moores are better than others, but there is detraction on other grounds, too. Immediately after the war, at the time of the New York and Venice triumphs, reactions among the young were probably the strongest they have ever been; some of them used Giacometti and González as sticks to beat Moore with. Later, the intensity diminished, but the reactions continue, as they must. One prominent young sculptor calls Moore academic, meaning not that he resembles the Royal Academy but that he has made an academy of himself, by merely taking bones and pebbles and fabricating form from them. Another young sculptor finds him old-fashioned and romantic; Moore reminds him of Elgar as opposed to Stravinsky, being "old English landscape and full of God and all that." The most violent of Moore's current attackers are a few of these younger sculptors. Doubtless some of them are merely jealous, but others may have reasons more urgent than jealousy. It is imperative for anyone who wishes to become a good artist not to be drawn into the gravitational field of a master. For about thirty years, beginning in the late twenties, most English sculptors were unable to resist the pull of Moore. English sculpture existed more honestly than it had done since the Middle Ages, yet the presence of a master constituted a limitation to his school. (Blank verse languished as long as it was Shakespearean and, later, as long as it was Miltonic.) Bernard Meadows and several other sculptors warded off the influence, but the majority remained satellites. Anthony Caro, another of Moore's former assistants, who is about a decade younger than Meadows, is a pivotal figure in contemporary English sculpture. He is surely one of the best young sculptors anywhere. His work began within Moore-ish premises of organic form, and later became Expressionist and more like Dubuffet. Then, in 1959, after a visit to the United States, he abruptly began to work in assembled metal stretched out

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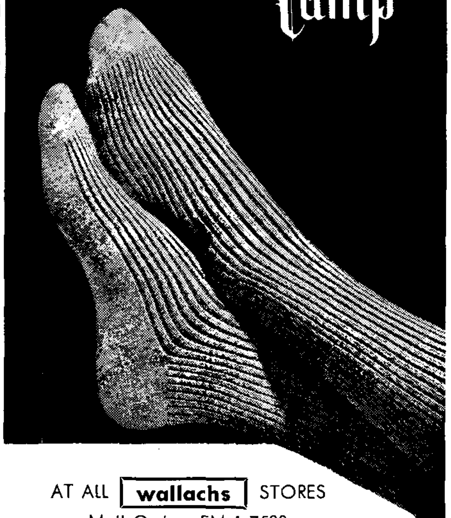

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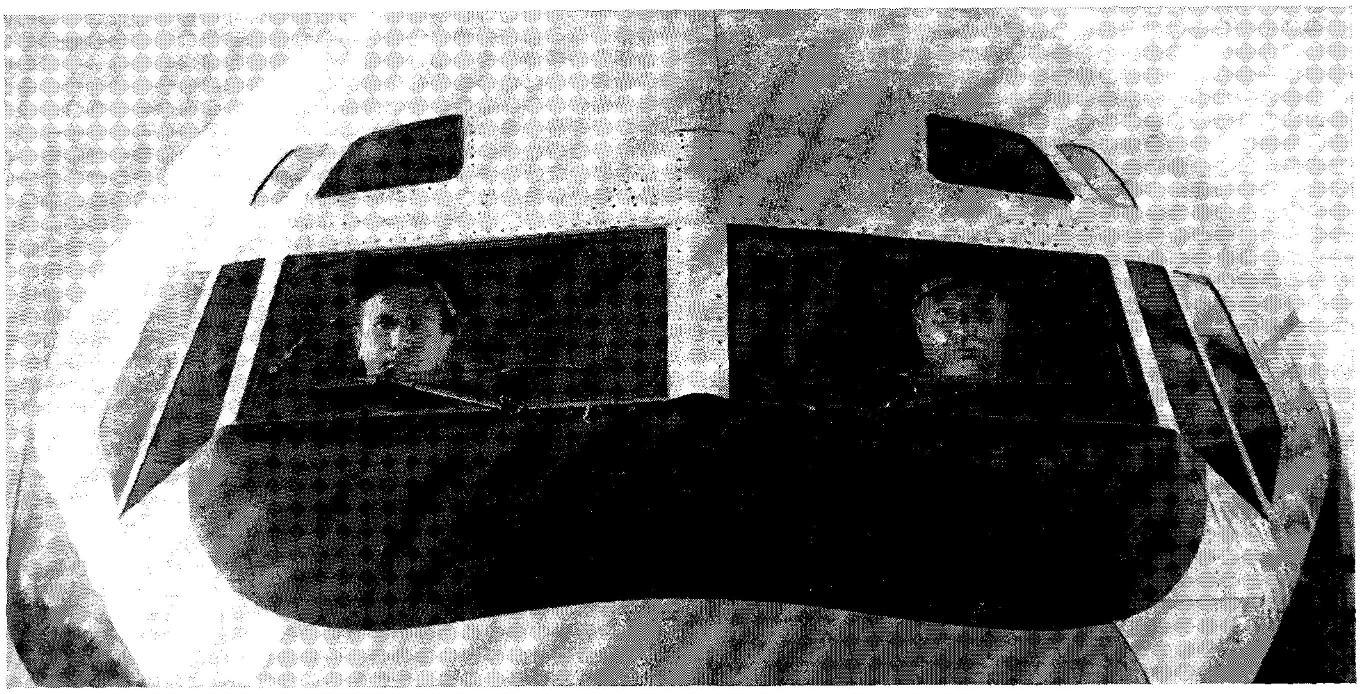

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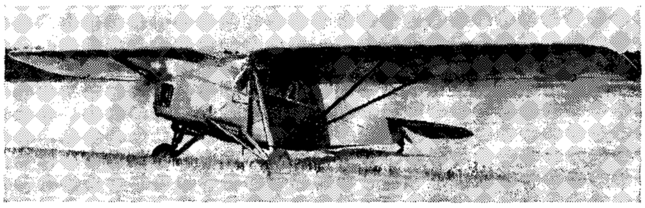

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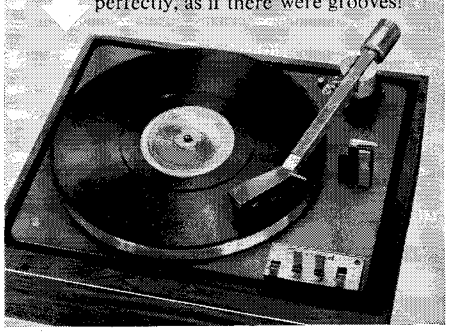

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in bizarre linkages from which the tactile sense was effectively removed. Both his form and his technique are antipathetic to Moore's sculptural premises, and create a useful alternative direction. In an interview around that time, Caro said he wouldn't work outdoors, and that his huge forms belong indoors. Curiously, some of Caro's steel assemblages sprawl in the attitude of a reclining figure. Caro is not the only young artist to rely on incantation. A group of his students at St. Martin's School of Art, including Philip King and William Tucker, work in materials that are anti-Moore—notably in plastic—and pay considerable attention to color but little to volume. Another prominent artist who is aesthetically opposed to Moore is Eduardo Paolozzi, a Scot by birth, who makes violently contorted constructions out of machinery, and seems to be working in the direction of automata. Recent English shows of the young have been dominated by gaudy inventions in molded plastic. They seem to have been saying the name of Henry Moore backward to ward off the danger of imitation—another irrational aesthetic, which, with luck, may be as effective as the earlier irrational apotheosis of carving. Toward the end of the fifties, the anti-Moore forces—led by a few critics—gained ground in the weekly and Sunday papers, the English no man's land of reputations. People began to wonder if Moore's smooth path from obscurity to fame had reached its climax and would now decline into the passé. Moore himself was aware of the movement to dump him, some of his friends say, and was unhappy about it. Then, quite suddenly, it became clear that he had survived the attacks. Voices are still raised against him in some studios but seldom in public. Perhaps the great bronzes of the end of the decade, beginning with the "Glenkiln Cross," are responsible. More likely, though, the public reaction is irrelevant to any judgment of artistic merit.

Moore has always dreaded the possibility of slipping—not in reputation but in ability and taste. In France, in 1961, he feared going to Vence, lest he find that Matisse's chapel, done in old age, was slack. Then, when he saw it, he was moved by Matisse's enduring integrity. As ever, Moore's model is Michelangelo. His favorite Michelangelo carving is the Rondanini "Pietà," which stands in the Castello Sforzesco, in Milan. Michelangelo started work on it about ten years before his death, and probably finished it smoothly then, but just before he died he cut off the top of the old statue and recarved most of the rest of it, leaving only the legs and one nearly detached arm of the older work. Moore told the art critic David Sylvester in 1964, on the four-hundredth anniversary of Michelangelo's death, that perhaps Michelangelo "knew he was near death and his values were more spiritual than they had been." He finds in this sculpture a "quality you get in the work of old men who are really great," he went on, explaining, "They can simplify; they can leave out. . . . Their late works become simplified and fragmentary, become imperfect and unfinished. The artists stop caring about beauty and such abstract ideas, and yet their works get greater." Moore was nearly sixty-six when he said this, and he was expressing the hope that he himself would improve as he matured. (Michelangelo lived to be eighty-nine.) Two assumptions sustain him in his continuing effort—that "the less time one has left in life, the less does one want to distract or disperse one's energies," and that "the more you think about form, and the understanding of form, and about human nature, the more you agree with Michelangelo that sculpture can do anything." But only if you are very demanding of yourself, he adds. Moore, for his part, moves and changes, within his work, by dissatisfaction with past work. Between 1956 and 1958, he modelled two large sculptures called "Seated Woman" and "Woman." The first woman is exaggerated in her pregnancy but is complete with arms, hands, and head. When Moore had finished this piece, he was dissatisfied with it; it was too anecdotal, and dispersed its power. He made the second all torso, with enormous female rhythms of breast and womb and buttocks, and no head or arms. Here are the power and the feeling.

IN 1958, Moore completed his biggest sculpture, the sixteen-foot, twenty-ton marble "Reclining Figure," for the UNESCO Building, in Paris. Moore did take a commission this time, but on the understanding that he was free to do whatever he wished. While

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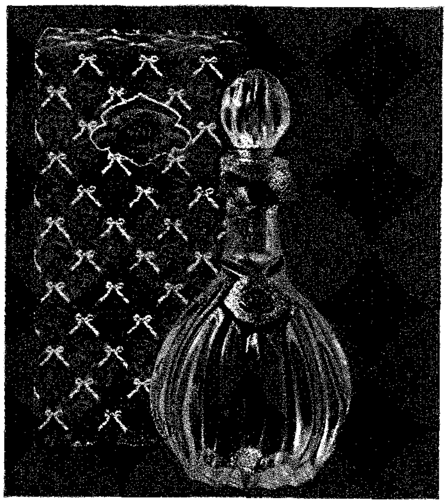

Presents from The House of 4711 aren't op or pop or even au go-go. They're a tradition. Like white lights and silver tinsel. They have been for 173 years.

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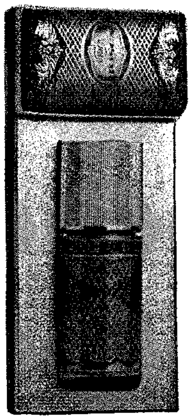
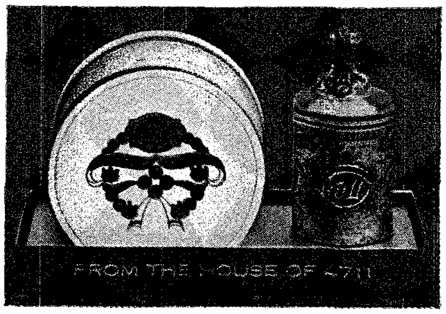
We also have a special for sophisticates. 4711 and Dusting Powder in a feminine little box. (It's also the perfect present for a 5-year-old femme fatale who likes to pretend she's a woman of the world.) It's priced at $7 and whoever you're buying it for is worth it.

For your wife, there's Tosca, 4711's romantic fragrance in a fizzy spray mist that you can snuggle into the toe of her stocking (or slip into the folds of an extravagant mink coat). Tosca Spray with matching soap costs $5.





And one last suggestion. If you're the kind who always needs a last-minute gift for someone with critical taste, keep a few classic bottles of 4711 Cologne around this year, so you won't be caught off guard.

We've got lots of ideas for Christmas—gifts and gift sets from $2.50 to $17. But there's really nothing new from our house. Not unless you count the ribbons and things.

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The House of 4711

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he was trying to hit on the right idea, he was nervous, and his voice grew hoarse and nearly left him. He was anxious for the UNESCO piece to be a major work, because of its size and its public position. The figure, which was carved in two pieces at the Henraux quarries in Italy, largely by assistants, is a composite Henry Moore—almost an *average* Henry Moore—"Reclining Figure." Though it was the largest sculpture he had ever made, it lacks more important distinctions. In making it, Moore worked within his own achievements and certainties, and the result is a breakthrough in nothing but size. Yet it has a massive stony presence that is considerably older than the streets among which it sits. The UNESCO piece had to be large, to cope with the buildings around it. Probably the challenge of its size was one of the reasons Moore accepted the commission. Early Moores were small not on principle but because Moore couldn't afford big pieces of stone or wood and because he worked in small studios that were difficult of access. As soon as he was able to work outdoors, on holidays in Kent in the thirties, his major pieces grew in size. Working outdoors also helped make him hard on himself. "Always in any studio there is a place where things look better, where their less good views can be turned to the wall, and where the lighting suits them," he has said. "But when you carve outside, surface scratchings won't show in dull English weather. Only big architectural contrasts of masses—real sculptural power, real sculptural organization—will tell at all on a dull day."

Moore likes his sculpture to stand permanently out in nature, too, and to be big enough to sustain the comparison that its natural forms invite. For a time, in the first decades of the century, modernist sculpture was typically an indoor art (the parks were left to academic sculptors of equestrians), but the London County Council has held an outdoor exhibition every three years at Battersea Park, and there are regular outdoor shows at Middelheim Park, in Belgium, at Sonsbeek, in Holland, at other places in Europe, and all over Latin America. Moreover, there are a growing number of permanent outdoor sculpture parks. Moore's own sculpture park in Hertfordshire is not ideal but "only a *setting* for things, because there are no roughnesses," he says. "I often long for a bit of hill that can put things against the sky." He thinks the ideal place is the bare Scottish estate of W. J. Keswick, in

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HEAD

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Dumfries, where four of his sculptures are set—"in a landscape which is, I should say, exactly as it was thirty million years ago."

Huge pieces make problems, such as whether a crane will be able to get up a particular driveway. But Moore has never allowed himself to worry about such crises. A neighbor of his, who was astonished at his practicality, kept marvelling about it until Moore finally commented, more shortly than he ordinarily speaks, "Anyone who can't manage the practical side of his life is a fool." He is delighted by the sheer size of the UNESCO piece, and of the even larger Lincoln Center piece that he more recently completed. Yet anyone looking through photographs of Moore's early work imagines that those sculptures, too, are large. A reclining woman sprawls and looms, looking ten feet long and five feet high, but the printed dimensions are inches, not feet. The rocky "Mother and Child" of 1922 is only eleven inches high; the 1925 "Mother and Child" (the child over the mother's head) stands twenty-two and a half inches. Even the 1929 brown Hornton-stone "Reclining Figure" is only thirty-three inches long. To the uninitiated eye, the photographs are probably more impressive than the carvings, but to Moore the effect of monumentality is the whole point. Size allows sculpture to compete with nature and provides new problems to solve, but without monumentality size is nothing, and with monumentality the small takes on the emotional scale of the huge. Monumentality is not a property of sculpture only. Moore admires it in his favorite painters as well. "The little sketches of horses that Leonardo made in his sketchbook were sometimes no bigger than a thumbnail, but you don't have that idea when you look at them," he has said. "You think of a horse big enough to make a statue. And the same with Michelangelo sketches. There's a mental scale independent of the actual physical scale. There are some things, like, for example, the Albert Memorial, that are really just enlarged small ideas. They are wrong in their scale; they haven't got their true physical size."

In the past two decades, while Moore has been concentrating on modelling large sculptures, his drawing has almost stopped. "Sculpture gives me nearly all that I want to do," he says. "When one is young, there are lots of possibilities that one hasn't tried out; drawing is a means of finding your way about things, and a way of experiencing, more quickly than sculpture

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and whither we are tending,
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allows, certain tryouts and attempts." When he was young, he could not afford to cast maquettes, and carving took too long to be used as a means of sketching, and he avoided clay or plasticine as too readily perishable. In order to test a variety of ideas, he used drawing; now he is able to model and cast what he likes and keep it to look at. The use of such three-dimensional sketches may account for the greater three-dimensionality in his recent large pieces.

As Moore grows older, his life tends to be concentrated on sculpture. He reads less than he used to (he will read almost anything about Michelangelo, though), and he sees fewer people. Socially, the Moores see the couple across the street perhaps once a month, the family doctor three or four evenings a year, and, still more rarely, a few other local people. Old friends occasionally drive out from London for a drink in the late afternoon. A portion of each year is devoted to travel. Some of the travel is work; he visits a quarry in Italy or a sculpture site in Germany, or opens an exhibition in Brazil. The Moores often take their annual summer holiday with friends. In the thirties, they went somewhere with the Raymond Coxons or the Nicholsons or the Ivon Hitchenses. At first, they visited English resorts—Sizewell, in Suffolk, and Broadstairs, in Kent. Lately, they have tended to go to Italy, and in 1963 they went to Yugoslavia. (The Yugoslavian trip lasted two weeks, and was the longest period Moore had ever taken away from his work.) In the course of his travels, Moore relaxes on the road and in restaurants, but when he goes into a museum he is serious, and he is a harsh critic. He disapproves of a Delacroix because "the arm doesn't come out properly," or he finds a particular Ingres repulsive. He detests the busy and loves the monumental. (One of his favorite paintings is "Gordale Scar," by James Ward, a vigorous Yorkshire landscape that hangs in the Tate.) Accompanied by a friend, he went to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam because he wanted to revisit "The Anatomy Lesson." He walked directly to the Rembrandt, looking to neither left nor right ("If you go to a gallery, never look at more than one or two pictures," he told the friend), and sat in front of it for an hour and a half. Moore also assists at social occasions in London—a first night at the National Theatre or the opening of an exhibition. A few years ago, his phone rang and he was told that Prime Minister Nehru was in town and would like to

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meet him. Moore said he couldn't make it, because he and Mrs. Moore were visiting Mary at school that day. Then he had a thought: No, *Mary* would like to meet Nehru—let's accept. When Igor Stravinsky came to London in 1962, he wanted to meet Henry Moore, so Stephen Spender had both men to dinner at his house. They took to each other, and at the end of the dinner Stravinsky asked Moore if he could buy a drawing. Moore said he'd like to give him one, but it was too late to drive out to Perry Green. Spender offered to let Stravinsky choose one of his own Moore drawings, and Moore said he would give Spender two drawings to make up for the one Stravinsky chose. Stravinsky picked a shelter drawing in several panels. A few weeks later, when Spender visited Hoglands, Moore told him in embarrassment that he had no drawings fit to trade. The best Moore drawings in the house belonged to Mrs. Moore, and he would not take them back. So Moore gave Spender a green bronze three-quarter figure instead of two drawings. Stravinsky sent each of them an autograph page of music.

In 1963, Moore received the Antonio Feltrinelli Prize for Sculpture—a sort of Nobel Prize for artists, offered by the Accademia dei Lincei, in Rome, and worth about forty-two thousand dollars. Moore went to Italy with Mrs. Moore that autumn, and received the award from Antonio Segni, the President of Italy. He was greatly pleased by the honor, but friends report with amusement that he had been *more* pleased by the honor of being made Honorary Freeman of Castleford the year before. Mrs. Moore had blessed the Castleford occasion by wearing a hat—something she is loath to do. The Worshipful Mayor of Castleford, Alderman Jack Smart, J.P., presented the Honorary Freedom of the Borough to Mr. Henry Moore, C.H. Moore's citation ended, ". . . in recognition and appreciation of the great contribution which he has made to the enjoyment of art and sculpture the world over, and to his great achievements and the worldwide fame which has attended them, remembering with particular pride and joy that he was born in Castleford, the son of a miner, and spent his early life in the town." If he really was more excited by the Castleford occasion, it is not entirely surprising. The Italian prize went to the public figure, which is not the same as the man handling a piece of wax in the "far room." But inside the sixty-five-year-old artist there is always the

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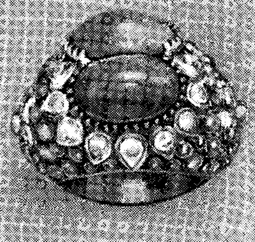

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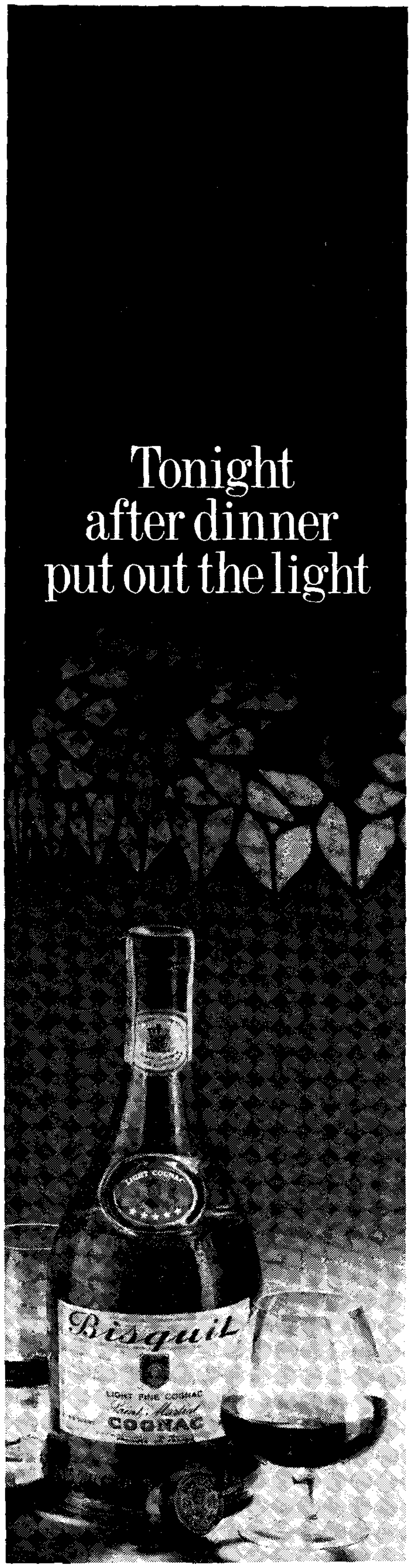

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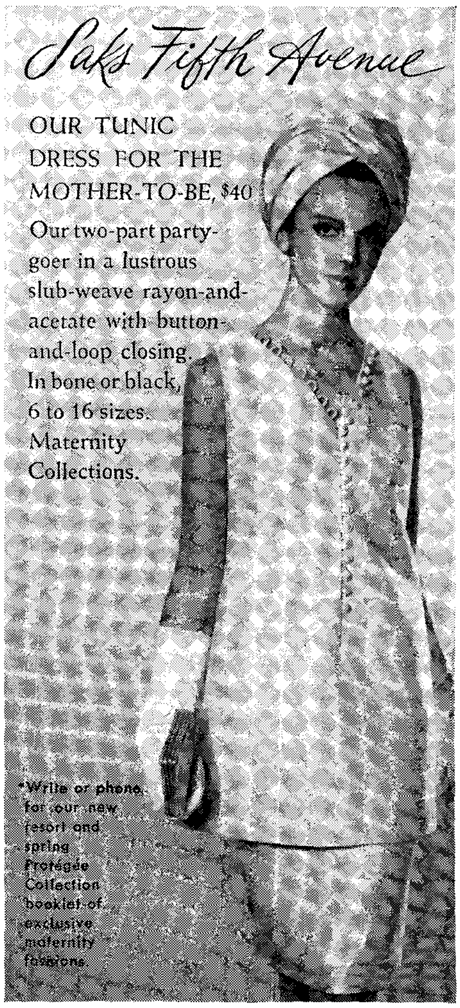
ten-year-old boy who decided to become a great sculptor. The people whom that boy had set out to astonish were not Italian Presidents or Indian Prime Ministers or Russian composers but the neighbors, in their rows of identical houses.

In the late fifties, Moore started the series of sculptures in two parts that culminated in the piece he did for Lincoln Center, in 1963-64. In 1959, when he was making the full-size version of the first of them, he said, "I am obsessed with the idea of making a reclining figure out of two pieces that will be related to each other but separate; one end is the leg part of the sculpture and the other end is the head and body part. But out of the two of them I am trying to make a kind of mixture of the human figure and of landscape. One might even use a composite of three pieces. Might even turn to four. . . . I first did some sculpture in four pieces in 1933, I think, or 1934. The new pieces aren't a conscious turning back, but I suppose when you've done a work that has meant something special to you, you are liable to use that experience again." Among that early series is the pynkado-wood "Two Forms," of 1934. "I remember making it, very vividly," Moore has said. "The pieces were in a mother-and-child relationship, although the two forms were entirely separate. I think some of the other several-piece sculptures [of the thirties] came about because it was easier to experiment with the problem of space by moving one form a certain distance away from another, and this distance could easily be changed, giving a freer chance to experiment with the spaces between forms." The separation of parts of a body, where the pieces added up to a Reclining Figure, for instance, was a development of the Hole—a further opening up of space within commonly solid forms. "In doing the present series, it came naturally and without any conscious decision that I made it in two pieces," Moore continued. "After a time, I began to realize that I was simplifying something of the essential elements of my reclining-figure theme. In most of my reclining figures, the head and neck part of the sculpture—sometimes the torso part, too—is upright, which gives a contrast to the horizontal rhythm of the whole sculpture. Also I, very often, have made a sort of looming leg—the top leg in the sculpture projecting over the lower leg, which gives a sense of thrust or power, as a large branch of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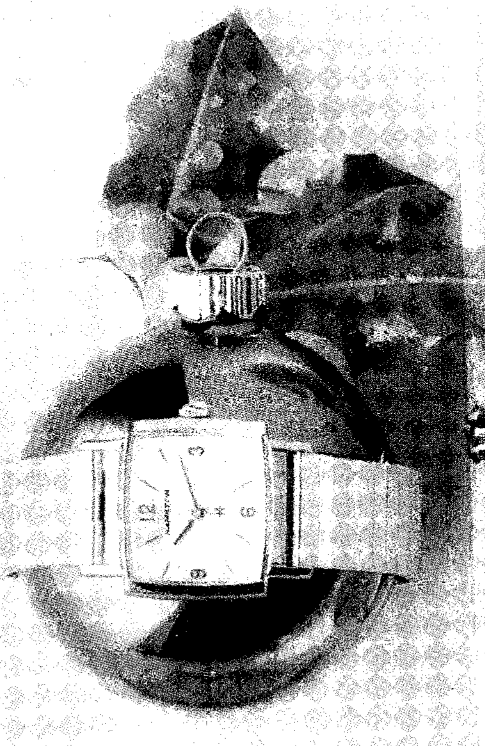
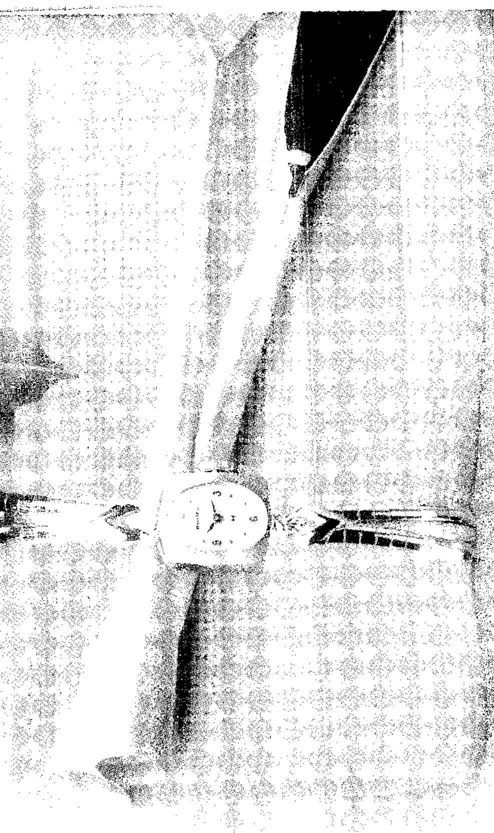


Christmas time



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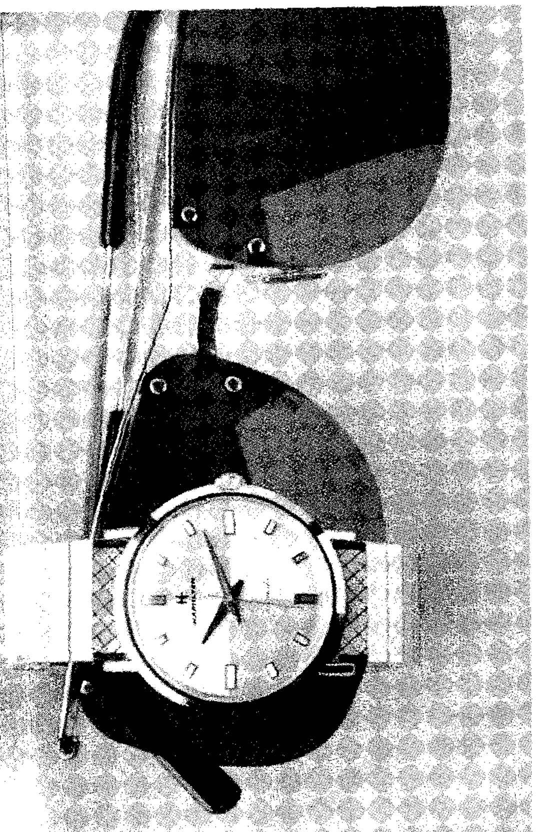

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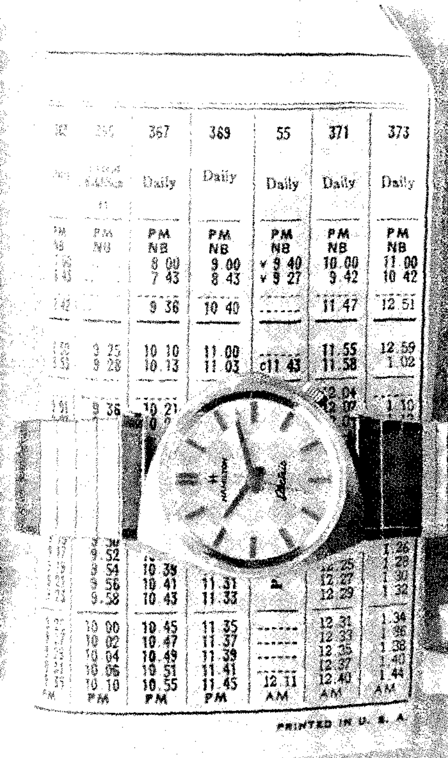

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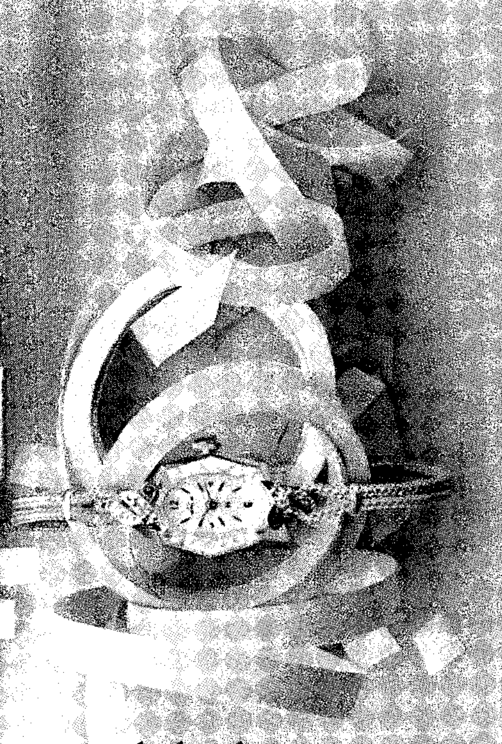

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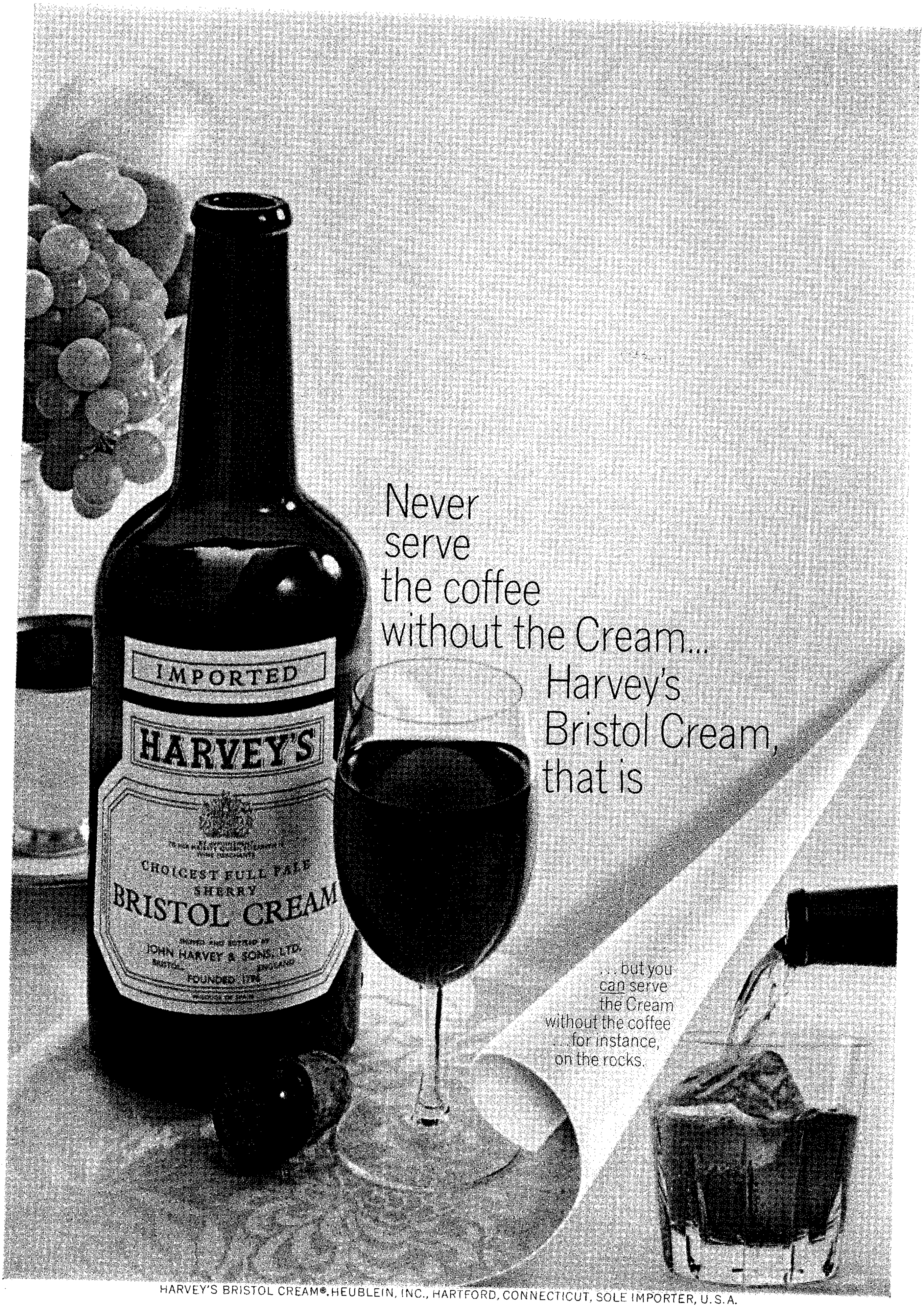
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a tree might move outwards from the main trunk or as a seaside cliff might overhang from below, if you are on the beach." His remarks foreshadow the Lincoln Center piece as clearly as they recall Moore's Leeds "Reclining Figure" of 1929.

The use of two parts allows him to achieve again the monumentality of disproportion, and it also allows him to treat the two parts of one woman as a Mother and Child. Eventually, Moore was to expand to three pieces, as in his "Three Piece Reclining Figure" of 1961-62, a sculpture that is both a woman alone and a family group. He was to use the two-part structure for pieces leaning on each other—the sense of leaning quite kinesthetic—in the "Bridge Figure" of 1964. Other two-parts were to leave the reclining figure behind and become a new series of abstracted heads, like the 1962 "Knife-Edge (Two-Piece)" and the "Locking Piece." But at the beginning of his work on the series he made four large bronze Reclining Figures—one in 1959, another in 1960, and two in 1961. In the first, the leg looms like a hollowed-out cliff, and its massiveness hangs in the air with a sense of arrested motion. In the second, the leg part settles into its base like a sheer cliff, precisely *un*hollowable. All these sculptures express the female and the earthy, and at the same time include a great variety of references. Moore has never made another group of sculptures that so completely fulfills his desire for three-dimensionality. These, though they are massive and monumental, open up and lighten at certain angles as you walk around them, apparently changing their shape utterly. Here is a torso carved out of space, here a mountain, here a Cycladic profile.

One of the sources of this group, as Moore mentions, was the multiple-part series of the thirties. But really only the basic idea of part-sculpture, which Moore found in Arp, connects the two sets. The artistic sources of the second series are paintings by Monet and Seurat: the Monet paintings of the cliffs at Étretat, where the illusion of rockiness is enhanced by holes worn through the rocks, with sea shining beyond them, and the Seurat "Le Bec du Hoc à Grandcamp," which resembles the foot part only. The strangest and most potent source of the two-parts is not artistic at all. When Moore was a boy in Castleford, perhaps nine or ten years old, he and his family visited the village of Adel (pronounced "addle"), a few miles away. They picnicked on Adel Moor, a patch of wild, rocky land a

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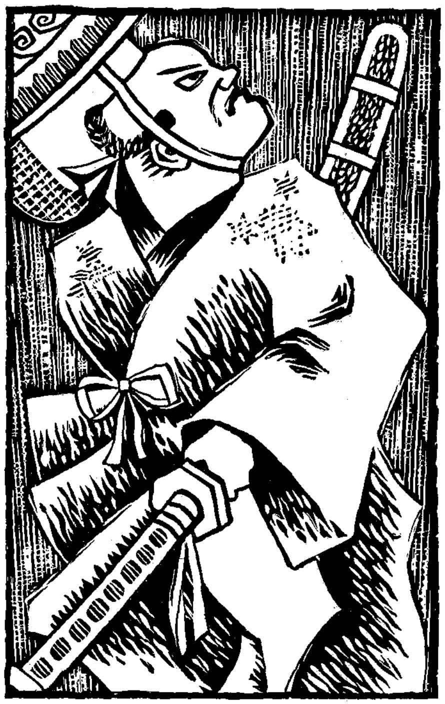

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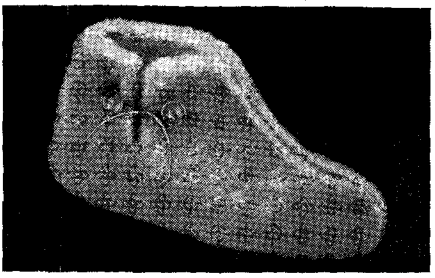
mile from the village center. All that Moore remembers now of his hours there is a large rock, and he is not altogether sure he remembers that. Not having seen it in more than fifty years, he wonders if his memory has tricked him, because he remembers it as huge, like the mountainous slag heaps of Castleford. "Maybe it's no bigger than this room," he said a while back. Actually, if you go to Adel Moor now, you do not see the big stone at all at first. In the scrubby woods are a number of small boulders surfaced with ripples, which produce a fragile effect that looks remarkably like Moore's drapery. Also, a light-green moss turns the stone the color of one of Moore's patinas. Then, when you move more deeply into the tangled wood, you come to what local people call Adel Crag. You realize at once why Moore remembers it and why he distrusts his memory: It is an enormous two-part Reclining Figure that Moore must have made between 1959 and 1965. It does not resemble earlier Reclining Figures or two-parts, but one or another of its features turns up in all the members of the recent series. Of the two huge rocks that make up the Crag, one is narrow and vertical, and becomes the raised, looming knees, while the other, which is split, is enormous and jagged, and provides head and torso. The whole is about thirty feet long and eighteen feet high—even larger than the Lincoln Center sculpture. The depth of the rock, which is of a variety known locally as millstone grit, is constant, but the Crag is sited on a slope, so that the knees are higher than the head, helping to create monumentality. Around it grow silver birch and bracken, and there are gray stone walls at the near border of Adel Moor, with the same green moss softening the stone. At the knees end of the rock is an old oak, the roots built up on the ground and busy with fingers and limbs.

During the years of the two-parts, Moore was doing other forms as well. He has always found it necessary, and stimulating, to work on more than one thing at a time. It allows him to do more, he says, for when he is tired of one set of problems, another may wake him up. An elmwood "Upright Figure" of his that is now at the Guggenheim Museum is dated 1956-60, and the four years represent necessity. The carving is nine feet tall, and the original elm trunk weighed two tons. (About a quarter is carved away.) The wood dried at the rate of about two inches a year, and if he



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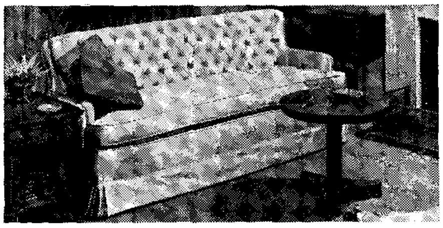

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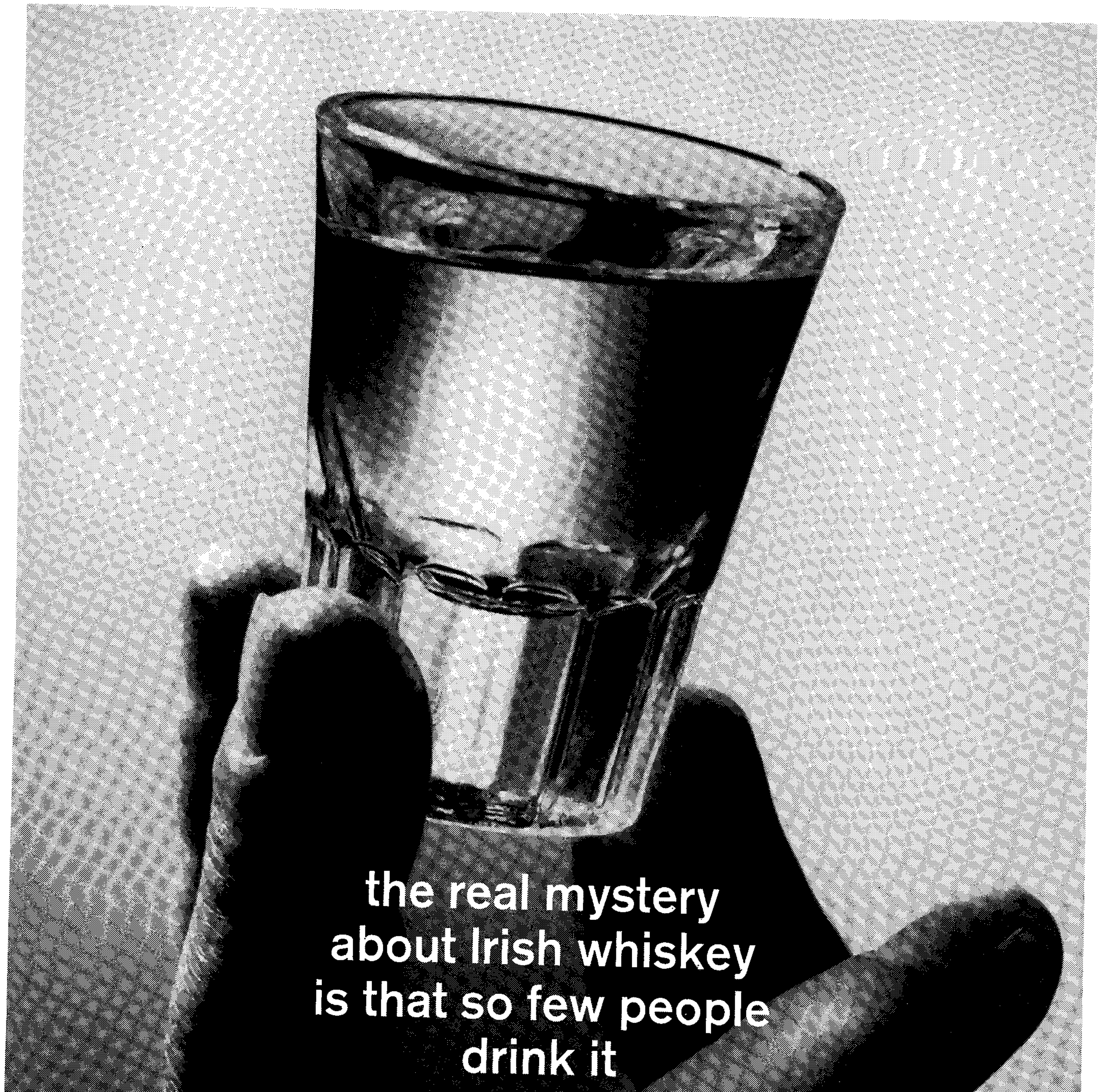

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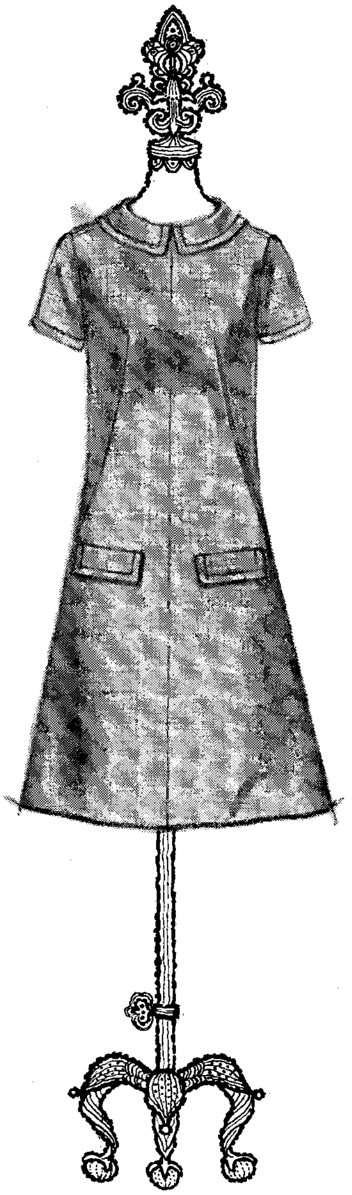

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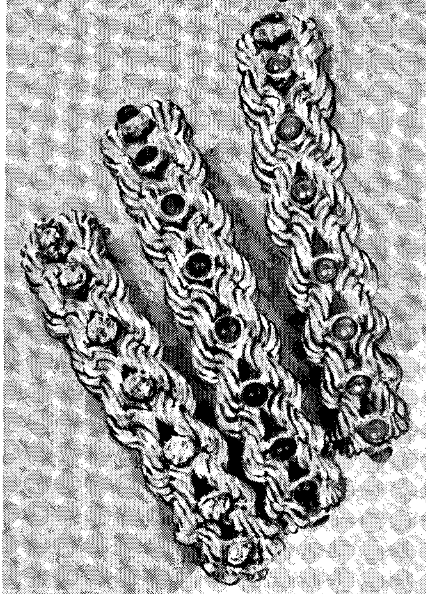
had cut faster than it dried, he would have risked cracks in the wood, which would have spoiled his ideas. It had taken him a long time to find a good elm trunk, but when he did find one he found another almost immediately. So he also carved the elmwood "Reclining Figure, 1959-64." Originally, he planned it for the Tate, which had long wanted a large wooden sculpture, but by the time he finished it he had decided he would keep it himself; he didn't have one, either.

Besides the two-parts, one other theme particularly occupied him at this time. He was exploring the use of the sharp edge. His early work is blunt and stony. When he did tubular lead figures in the late thirties, he kept the edges smooth. The first sharp objects are pieces from cut wax, like some parts of the rocking-chair figures, and like the "King and Queen." But the large "King and Queen" explores thinness, not sharpness. Late in the fifties, he became interested in the sharpness of certain pieces of bone. The "Bone Figure (Knife Edge)" bronze of 1961 was the most direct result—an upright female figure, which stood atop a small hill near the entrance to the Battersea Park outdoor-sculpture exhibition of 1963. Her torso is essentially an immense, thin piece of bone, broken off jaggedly at one edge, the way bone breaks. The plane inclines at the back—a sort of bustle—and veers off abruptly. The head is a thin repetition and simplification of the torso. The figure has grace and dignity, and is also a *memento mori.* No one can deny the expressiveness of knife and bone. In 1962, Moore cast the twenty-eight-inch version of the "Knife-Edge (Two-Piece)." This sculpture and the "Locking Piece," of 1963-64, are heads and are as little representative as anything before them in Moore's work. The "Knife-Edge" is the first coincidence of the two-part theme and the theme of sharpness. When one sees the two pieces of "Knife-Edge" from the thin side, it is space sculpture almost entirely; from any of the uncountable angles at which the two pieces overlap, the bronze conveys a variety of associations. At some of its edges, the sculpture is sharp enough to cut your hand on.

Moore's most ambitious effort in the sixties, the Lincoln Center "Reclining Figure," had its beginning on December 17, 1961, when Frank Stanton, the president of C.B.S., who is a director of the Lincoln Center of the Performing Arts, visited Moore in Much Hadham. He suggested that Moore



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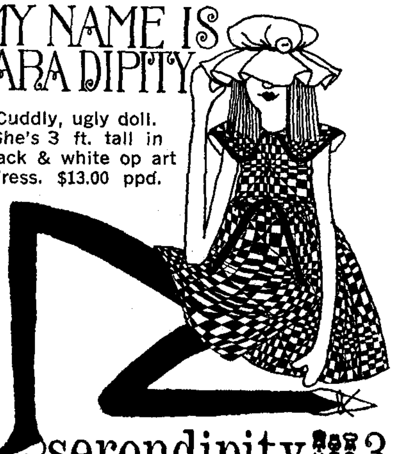

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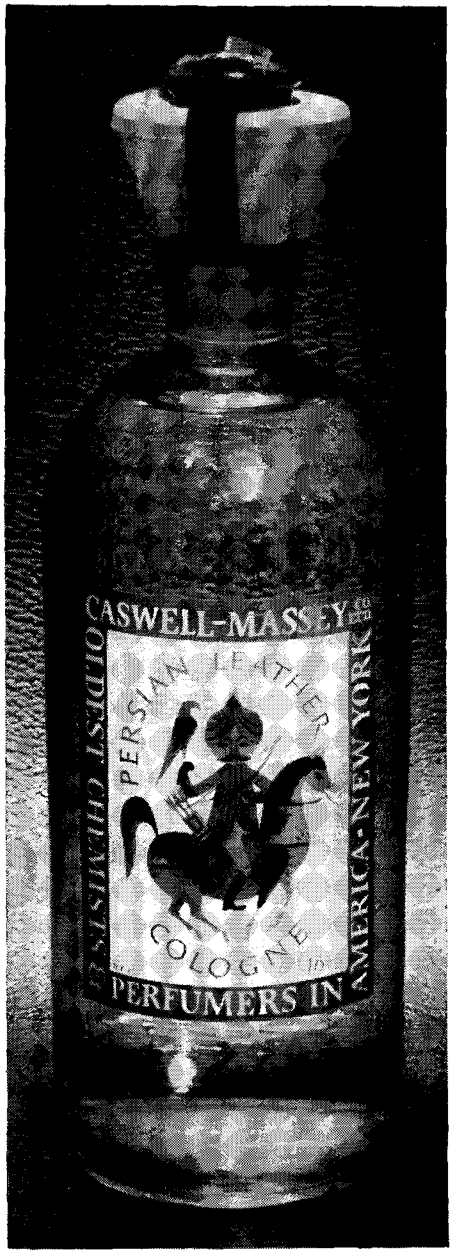

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do something for the pool in the North Plaza, and spread the architect's plans on the floor of Moore's living room. Moore was interested, largely because he would have a chance to make something coming out of water, like Monet's cliffs. The watery base was one source of fascination for him. "You must be able to *think* that it goes down to a bottom, like rocks," he said. When he had finished the plaster model of the full-size sculpture, he threw buckets of water over the zinc-covered platform on which it stood, to see how it looked in reflection. He was not tempted to do anything significant of the site—images of the Performing Arts, for instance—because, he says, he learned his lesson with the UNESCO piece; he wasted a great deal of time trying to think out something related to UNESCO before he substituted criteria based on form. Of the Lincoln Center work, he recalls, "I told them, when I saw pictures of the buildings and the pool, that I was interested in doing a two-part coming out of the water." But, as usual, he did not want a commission. He would do something that seemed suitable to him, and if they liked it, they could have it. Another reason Moore was interested was the necessary size of the sculpture. "To stand up to the scale of the Plaza and surrounding buildings, it has to be even bigger than my UNESCO piece," he wrote while he was still experimenting with alternatives. It turned out to be almost twice the size of that one. "I like the challenge of working to a really large size—much bigger than I would be able to do if the work were just for myself, or just for exhibition," he said.

In the summer of 1962, Moore made a series of maquettes—all two-part reclining figures—in which he tried to cope with both problems—hugeness and the watery site. Two of the maquettes seemed better than the rest, but, because they were very small, he found it impossible to choose between them. In the winter of 1962-63, he modelled both of them half-size, or fourteen feet long. By the time he was fairly well along with the two fourteen-foot plasters, he felt he knew which one would be better. The other, he thought, was not so good at rising out of the water. When both were done, he painted them bronze-color and set them outdoors. Seeing them that way confirmed him in his choice, and he was ready to start the full-size version. While he was working on the plaster of the Lincoln Center "Reclining Figure," the rejected candidate stood on a platform outside his studio. Even-

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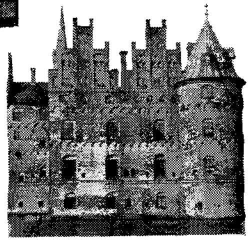

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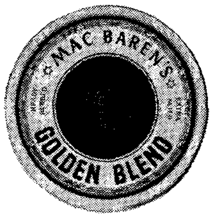

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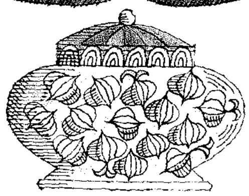

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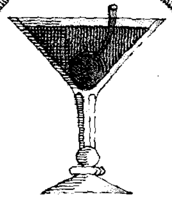

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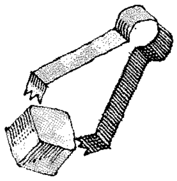

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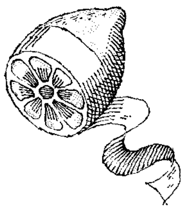

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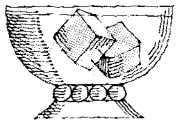

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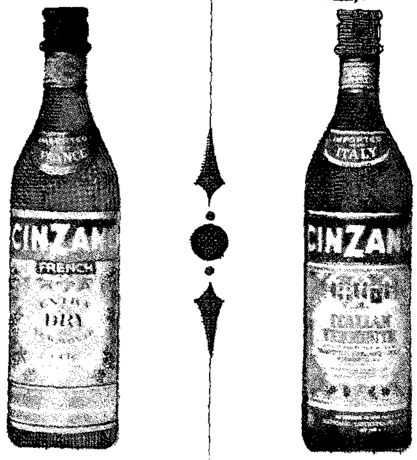

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There was never any question of using stone for the Lincoln Center sculpture, both because of the difficulty of transporting it and because of the severity of New York winters. The work had to be modelled in plaster and cast in bronze, and this created a number of practical problems. First of all, none of Moore's studios was large enough to house anything thirty feet long and sixteen feet high, to say nothing of providing perspective on it. Moore needed a shelter for the sculpture, to protect it from the weather; at the same time, he needed to be able to look at it from a distance and from all angles. The finished work, he said, "must make its point at a considerable distance." He built a structure that looked like a transparent hangar for a small dirigible. It had a skeleton of slotted aluminum strips bolted together in the manner of an Erector set, and this was covered on three sides with flexible sheets of thick transparent plastic that could be rolled up in good weather. The hangar was on a flat patch of ground behind Moore's house. Around it he paced out the shape of the pool (the size of a tennis court) and then of the Plaza itself (eighty-seven yards by eighty yards). Working on the sculpture along with Moore were his most experienced assistant, Robert Holding, and a new assistant, named Geoffrey Greetham. In the summer of 1963, they began the armature, tying boards together with rope and hanging cheesecloth from their extremities. At first, they concentrated on the taller part—the swooping torso. Then, after they had covered it with plaster, and it had begun to look like itself, it was necessary to start the foot part. Any changes Moore might make depended on seeing the two together. He was extraordinarily mindful of the eventual site. "I've turned this sculpture the same angle to the sun that it will be in New York, so that I know that at eleven o'clock in the morning when I'm working on it, the sun will make more or less the same shadows—light and shade," he said.

There were two crises before the end of the year. The assistants applied too much plaster to the top of the torso for the strength of its base. Cracks appeared at the swooping point, and Moore feared that the whole upper part might come crashing down. A heavy piece of timber shored it up. Then, in December, the temperature dropped abruptly and unseasonably, and there was no heat inside the hang-

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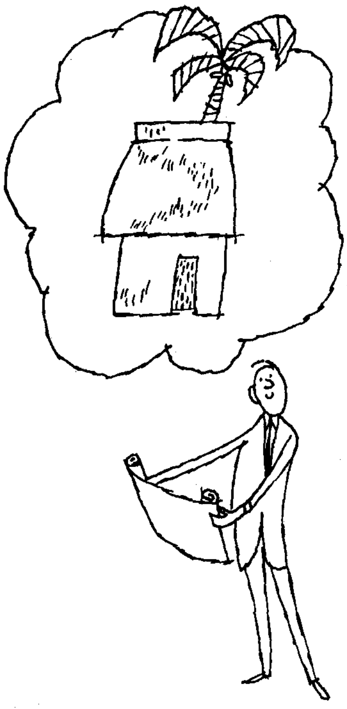

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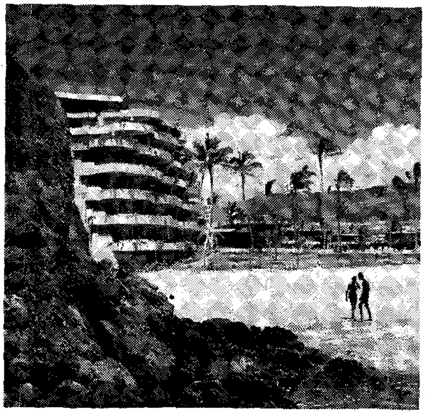
ar. Newly applied plaster is at least half water (when a chunk of dried plaster is dropped in a bucket of water, bubbles come up for hours), and if this water had frozen, the Lincoln Center "Reclining Figure" would have erupted, her skin shattered into thousands of pieces. Moore found a tarpaulin to hang over the one uncovered side of the hangar, and bought a huge old tortoise stove to provide heat. It burned five tall hoppers of coke a night, and the plaster remained unfrozen and intact.

Moore let the sculpture alone for most of December and January. Then, in February, the weather warmed up and work was resumed with all intensity. As spring came, Moore removed the tarpaulin, and later he took out every second aluminum strut, in order to have a clearer view of the sculpture as he walked around it. In a little hut next to the dirigible shed, the fourteen-foot version sat, its bronze paint covered with numbers. Looking at the two versions, one could not believe that they were in a ratio of two to one, for the smaller one looked tiny. When the dimensions of a sculpture are doubled, its volume is cubed. The viewer stays the same size while the sculpture grows. For these two reasons, increasing the size of a sculpture makes for more than the expected changes. "I had to elongate the head and neck, because the perspective from down below made them look shorter," Moore says. "I must have added a foot to what a precise copy would have been." This change made Moore think of Pisano's figures for the top of the Baptistery at Pisa, their necks tilted forward because of the angle at which they are seen. The large size also meant that anyone close to the sculpture would not see it all at once; if you were close enough to see detail, you would have to carry your memory of one part with you when you looked at another. For Moore, this was another problem to understand and solve.

On August 15, 1964, representatives of Moore's founder, Hermann Noack, of Berlin, arrived in Perry Green to begin the long process that would turn plaster into bronze. They spent four days sawing the torso part into eleven pieces for transportation to Berlin and packing it carefully so that it would not shatter. A month later, Moore and his assistants sawed up the foot part themselves and sent it after its torso. In Berlin, the founder cut both parts into sixty-five small pieces for casting. The delicate, perfectionist work of the founder took nearly a year, and in that time Moore was able to turn to other



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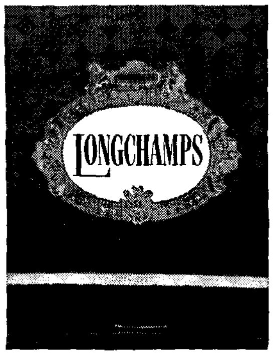

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things. He began the large copy of the "Knife-Edge (Two-Piece)" and finished an eleven-foot version of "The Archer," which was displayed on a turntable at the Globe Theatre in London on June 13, 1965, as part of a ceremonial commemoration of Moore's old friend T. S. Eliot. (There were also music specially composed by Stravinsky, sets by Bridget Riley, and readings of Eliot by Peter O'Toole, Groucho Marx, and Sir Laurence Olivier.) But the biggest job after the Lincoln Center sculpture was the large "Nuclear Energy," which Moore made in the dirigible hangar. (Built as a temporary structure, it is unlikely ever to come down.) The "Nuclear Energy" is another of Moore's recent group of heads. It began with a maquette, which was followed by a bronze about four feet high, and then came a twelve-foot version. As with the "Locking Piece," the largest version is considered the best of the three. The maquette and the four-foot bronze tend to remain skulls. In the large size, the columnar lower half of the piece is released to take on its architectural identity, and the upper part widens out into a polished dome, at once skull and church roof and mushroom cloud.

Last July, the Moores bought a primitive two-room cottage in Forte dei Marmi, the village in Tuscany in which Marino Marini lives, and they spent most of August and the first part of September there. All three of the Moores love the sea bathing on that coast, which they discovered when Moore carved the UNESCO figure at the Henraux quarries, two miles away. They plan to spend part of each summer in their cottage, and Moore plans to take his vacation by carving Henraux stone; he started to carve a small version of "The Archer" for himself in 1965. Meanwhile, the Lincoln Center "Reclining Figure" was progressing. Noack welded the sixty-five pieces into the final two parts, removed the welding marks, and patinated the new-penny bronze a soft green. Then the founder packed the sculpture into two enormous crates, having covered the metal with oiled paper to protect it from salt air, and transported them by barge to the port of Hamburg. The crates, containing six tons of bronze, left Germany on the Finnclipper, a freighter of the Finnlines, on the fourteenth of July, and arrived at Twenty-first Street, in Brooklyn, on July 30th. Trucks deposited them in the uncompleted North Plaza of Lincoln Center on August 3rd, where they awaited Moore's arrival. The sculpture had

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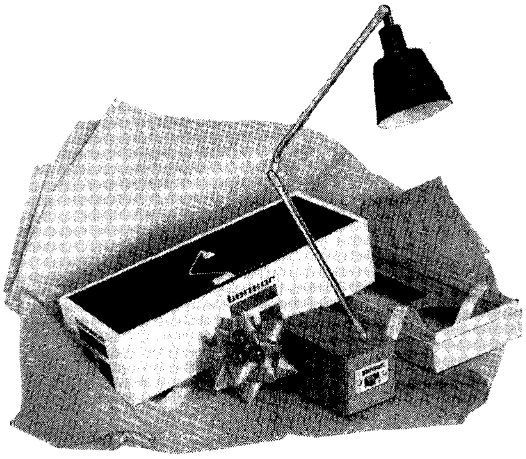

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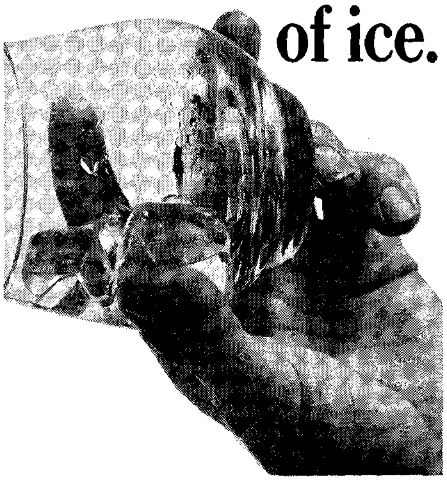

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earlier survived an attack by City Parks Commissioner Newbold Morris, who tried to prevent its installation, and also the installation of an Alexander Calder two hundred feet away. (A Lippold looks out of Philharmonic Hall at Moore's "Reclining Figure;" elsewhere in Lincoln Center are sculptures by Lipchitz, Bourdelle, and Rodin.) The city's Art Commission approved the sculptures by a vote of five to four.

Moore flew from Rome to New York on Monday, August 23rd, only to find the pool unprepared. To make the water look deeper, black tile was to cover the bottom of the pool, which was lined with lead, but the tiles had twice been laid and twice removed, for water had leaked through both tiles and lead into offices underneath. Since the bottom of the pool was now merely lead, which is soft and easy to puncture, the sculpture and the superstructure for lifting it had to rest on broad slats of wood. Tuesday and Wednesday, Moore—and Hermann Noack, too, who had flown over from Berlin—had virtually nothing to do. Thursday afternoon, interviewers and photographers and officials buzzed around him at a camera session. Moore attended a dinner that evening with more officials and the donors (Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. List), and returned to the North Plaza at about ten o'clock, to find the sculpture just about in place, with lights playing on it from the buildings on each side. He was delighted, and walked around and around the sculpture, smiling happily. "Yes, I think that will *do*," he told a friend. Earlier in the day, he had been worrying that the sculpture wasn't going to be big enough, and had arranged to have it raised a little higher in the water. (The bronze goes only four inches below the surface; concrete supports, tiled black, take it the rest of the way—eight inches—to the bottom.) "It will be a piece of landscape in the middle of New York," he said. He climbed a staircase at the corner of the Plaza to see how it looked from there, and exclaimed, "Yes, it *does* look like a rock!" Moore spent the weekend in East Hampton with Gordon Bunshaft, one of the architects who designed the theatre next to the pool, and on Monday, after another look at the "Reclining Figure," he flew back to Italy.

On the afternoon of September 21st, only a few days after his return from Italy to Much Hadham, Moore arrived in New York again, for the dedication. The city was in the middle of an unprecedented drought, but water was necessary to the sculpture as Moore had conceived it, so, for eight hundred

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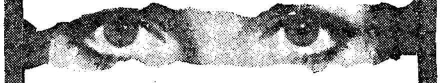
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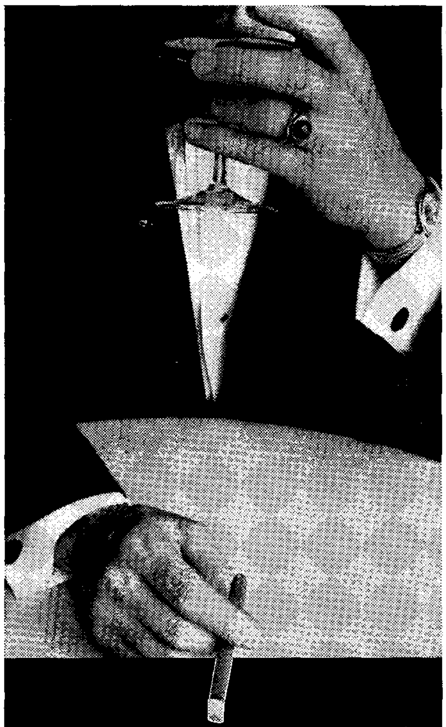

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dollars, the Lincoln Center authorities trucked in enough water from out of town to provide the "Reclining Figure" with a reflection. When Moore arrived at the Plaza, he was pleased to see the culmination of the work that had begun nearly four years before in Much Hadham. The water around the sculpture was stagnant, but it gave the sculpture back to itself, and doubled the semicircular space at the bottom of the torso, turning it into a circle. Soon, musicians gathered at one corner of the Plaza and began to play, while some five hundred invited guests assembled. Cameras clicked around Moore, and interviewers thrust microphones at him. Several old friends were in attendance—Sir Kenneth Clark and Harry Fischer and Joseph Hirshhorn, who kissed him on both cheeks. A few minutes after four, Moore stepped onto a platform at one end of the pool, together with Mr. and Mrs. List and numerous other dignitaries. Other guests sat on folding chairs at the sides of the pool. An address by William Schuman, the president of Lincoln Center, opened the program, which he called a launching rather than an unveiling. Platform-sitters who were not speaking—they included John D. Rockefeller III and also Newbold Morris—were introduced and stood up. Then Frank Stanton spoke briefly, and Mayor Wagner, accepting the gift of the sculpture on behalf of the city, which owns the Plaza, presented Moore with a medallion "for distinguished cultural achievement." In accepting the medallion, Moore made the briefest speech of all; it lasted about twenty-five seconds. Then everyone retired to the air-conditioned Philharmonic Hall to drink champagne under the golden spars of Lippold's "Orpheus and Apollo." Newbold Morris, who by this time had had a good view of the "Reclining Figure" from the platform, announced that he was converted to it.

As the sculpture swoops out of the pool in the North Plaza, it is a composite of Moore's recent discoveries in respect to form. The looming strong torso began with the looming leg of the "Reclining Figure" of 1929, and the metaphor of woman as landscape is at least as old as 1935, but the Lincoln Center "Reclining Figure" is not merely a composite Henry Moore; it is the logical development, and the culmination, of the ideas of the years preceding it. In the sharpness of the swooping, rising torso, it is like the "Bone Figure" of 1961. The two parts are in a mother-and-child relationship, the torso protecting the legs, but they

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are, more dramatically than any other Moore sculpture, an image of huge, distant landscape—the torso coming out of the water like a cliff, the legs rising like a stone island. The two pieces allow him "to relate the sculpture not more obviously but more *naturally* to natural forms," as he said of its immediate ancestors in 1959. "It separates itself more easily, say, from being only a reclining figure." Yet it is clearly female as well. The hipbones and pelvis of the torso are crags and a hollow cave, but they retain their sexual identity. If one looks for sources of the forms, one can discern Monet and an ancient Mayan rain god and the waves of the sea and the rocky shore of Kent and a piece of bone and Adel Crag. What happened in the mind over sixty years of form experience rises from the shallow pool. And it is the experience not only of forms but of mothers and of all women, of sheltering and of suffering, of the creation of life in the womb, and of the decay of the body in death. The sculpture *includes*, and changes as the light changes. By night, lighted from the new Metropolitan Opera, it is another sculpture, or another series of sculptures. In any light, there is the abundance of forms revealed as the observer walks around it, the protean nature of the shapes—here a thigh, there a horizon. The eye flows from association to association, from a claw to a root to a face. Strange disparities grow from these associations: the reclining figure is a whole body in the grave; her torso is the single bone of a huge body. She is an immovable cliff and she is a running figure. She is a piece of nature, as inclusive as nature. Like all the greatest artists, Moore has the ability to reach in himself something like the mind of the baby, for whom all things are one thing, and for whom miraculous transformations constantly occur: a breast turns into a yellow cat turns into a pillow turns into a sister turns into a tree. The psychically primitive has its parallels in the historically primitive; both include the conflicting extremes of love and death. This inclusiveness is the essence of Henry Moore's genius.

—DONALD HALL

(*This is the second of two articles on Henry Moore.*)

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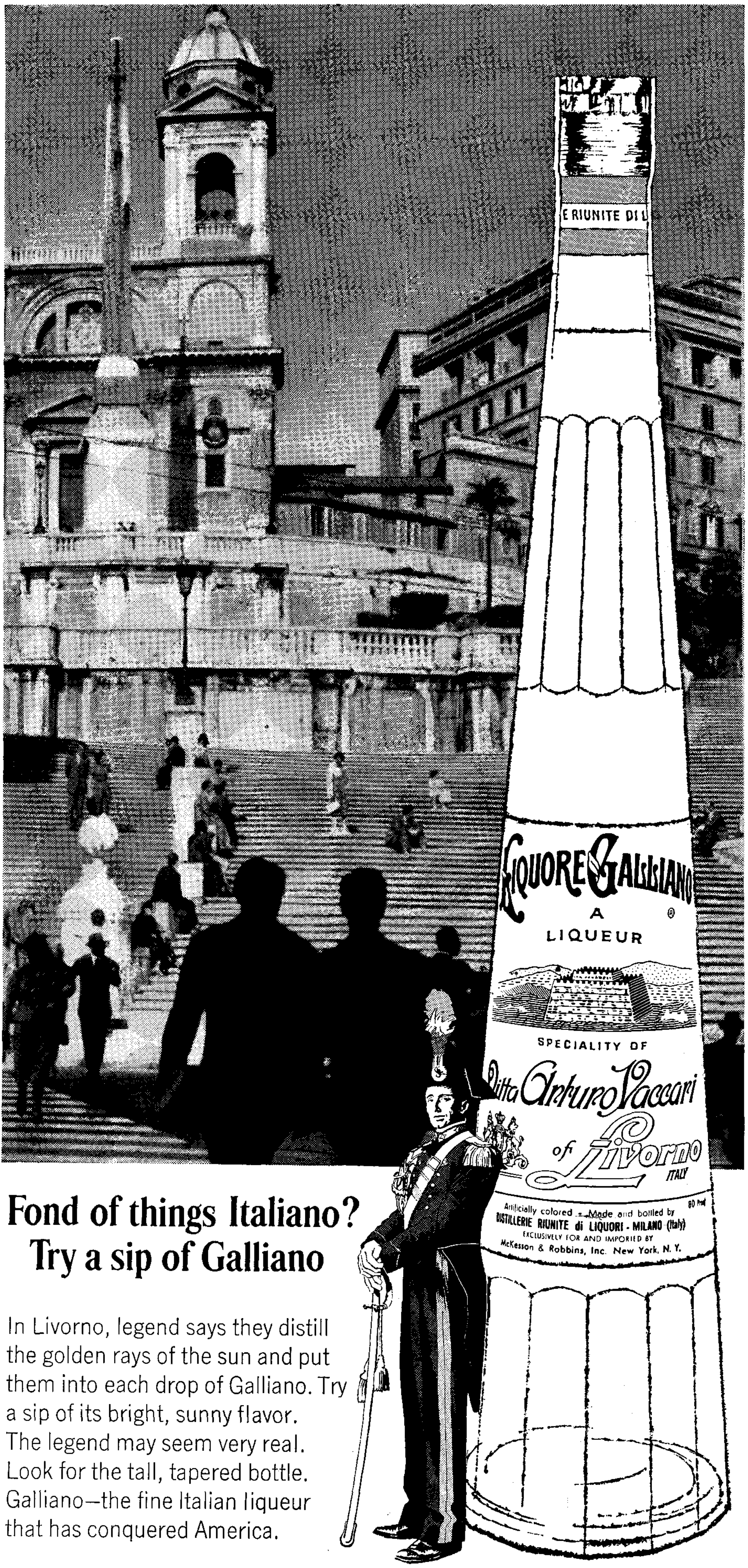
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THE THEATRE

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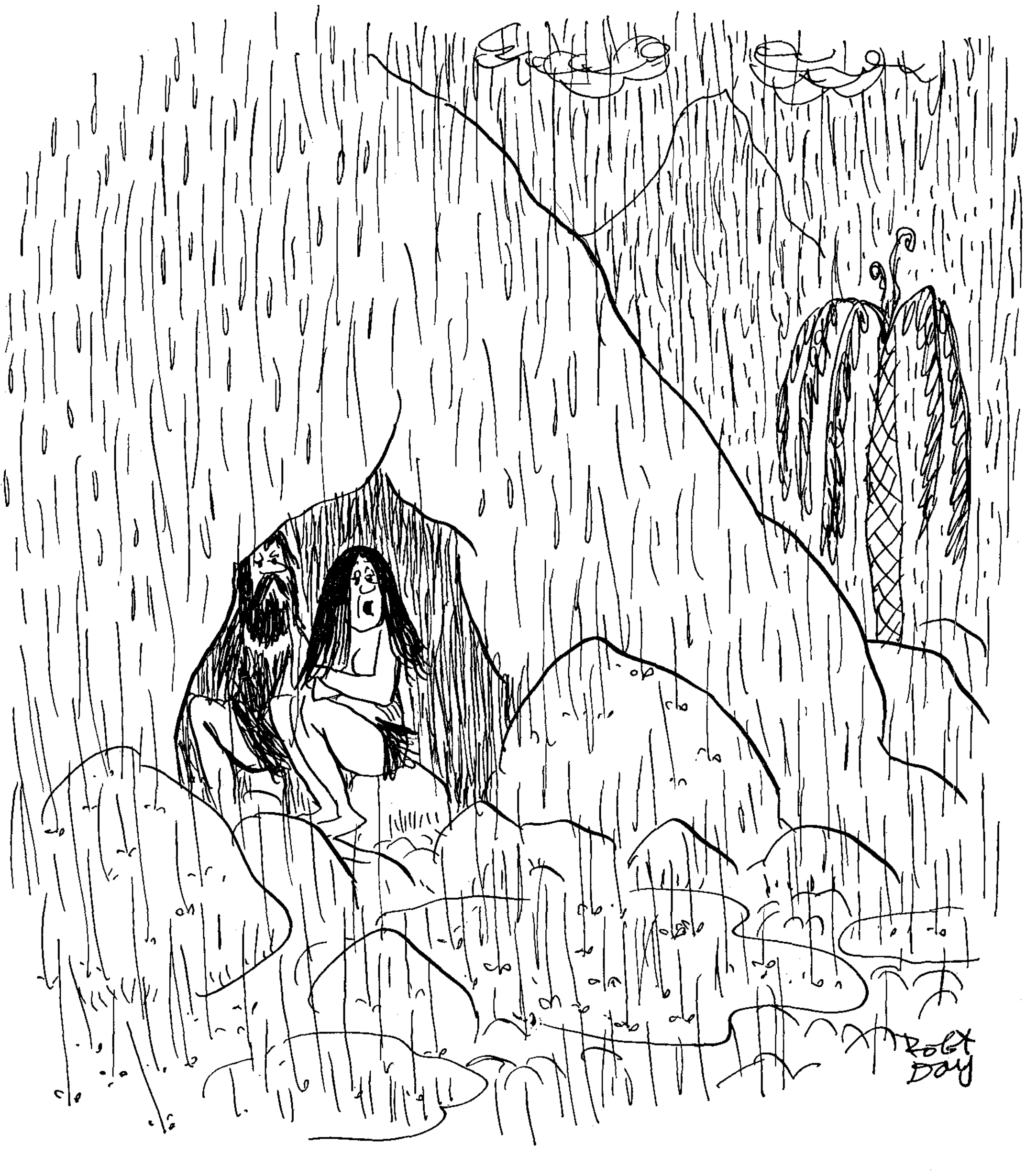
OF the five plays that arrived on the theatrical scene last week, only one—"Cactus Flower," at the Royale—has any real merit. Written and directed by the resourceful Abe Burrows, who got his inspiration for the piece from a French farce by Pierre Barillet and Jean Pierre Gredy, "Cactus Flower" is highly implausible in content and a bit rickety in construction, but it is suffused with amiability, and as it goes along, it persistently provokes laughter. Having changed the locale of the original comedy from Paris to Manhattan, Mr. Burrows has seen to it that the humor of the affair has an American rather than a Gallic accent and that the characters who appear are unmistakably local in origin. The plot that keeps these characters in motion is simple-minded but serviceable, and it affords Mr. Burrows all kinds of opportunities to work up comic situations. The action revolves around a philandering dentist who deceives his mistress of the moment into thinking that he is married, in order to keep her from entertaining any notions of making their liaison permanent. Then, when he fails to show up for a date, his cutie attempts suicide, and this moves him so much that he decides to lead her to the altar, but after he has declared his honorable intentions, his girl friend insists on meeting his wife, just to make sure that the marital breakup will be attended by no ill-feeling. And so our dentist calls upon his starchy secretary (who secretly loves him) to pretend to be his spouse. This results in endless complications, which won't be gone into here, and an assortment of droll contingencies that help the strait-laced secretary (our cactus flower) to blossom unexpectedly and snare the dentist of her dreams. I shouldn't like to see anything as fragile as this comedy fall into clumsy hands, and I'm glad to say that at the Royale it is being treated with loving care by a cast that is utterly beguiling. As the passionate dentist, Barry Nelson faces up to his various dilemmas with a combination of bravado and mendacity that is consistently diverting, and as the secretary Lauren Bacall exploits her comic opportunities to the hilt. Among the others in this most agreeable company we have Brenda Vaccaro, Burt Brinckerhoff, Robert Moore, and Arny Freeman. Miss Vaccaro, as the dentist's gullible playmate, is especially amusing—which in the circumstances is saying a good deal.



"Well, whatever it is, into each life a little of it must fall, apparently."

MARY DRAYTON, the author of "The Playroom," at the Brooks Atkinson, evidently had a difficult time deciding whether she wanted her drama to be a sociological inquiry into the habits of contemporary adolescents or a hair-raising thriller. As it stands, it is a kind of compromise between the two. Miss Drayton is concerned here with five obnoxious spoiled brats, devoted to drink, dope, lewd chatter, rackety music, and dull jokes. They are all from well-heeled families, but Miss Drayton indicates along the line that they have been deprived of parental love. One of the young horrors is a girl who is sore because her father has married again and begun to devote a lot of attention to his new wife. When this seething miss learns that her stepmother's ten-year-old daughter, who

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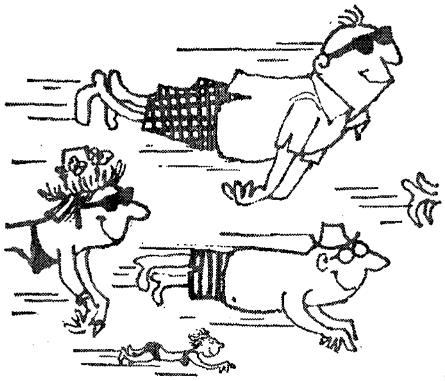

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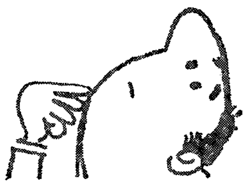

lives in the West, is about to join the family circle, she dreams up a scheme to kidnap the child. You may be sure that her chums—they call themselves the Filthy Five, and have a clubroom on the top floor of the apartment house where they all reside—join most willingly in her plan. But after the kidnapping has been successfully accomplished and the victim ensconced in the clubroom, the stepmother spoils the fun by calling in the police, over the objections of her husband, who feels that they ought to pay the ten thousand dollars the kidnappers are demanding, and say nothing about the matter to the authorities. Once the police begin their investigations, the Filthy Five have to give some thought to getting rid of their captive, and the consensus is that murdering the little one will expedite moving her from the clubroom. The adolescents assembled here are hard to stomach, but the enterprise does have its scary moments, and a small girl unexpectedly named Christopher Norris portrays the kidnap victim with a charm that the other youngsters on view signally lack. Under the direction of Joseph Anthony, "The Playroom" occasionally becomes a very shrill business; Karen Black, as the plotter, might have been a little less vehement in expressing her frustration in the opening scenes. However, there haven't been many thrillers around of late, so perhaps this one partly fills a need.

THE second production of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center can now be seen at the Vivian Beaumont. This time, the company is reviving "The Country Wife," by William Wycherley. To make anything of the old Restoration romp, an acting group has to have a lot of style, wit, and experience, and these, I'm afraid, are currently in short supply at the Vivian Beaumont; although "The Country Wife" has been elegantly mounted, its jovial bawdiness is presented as if it were material for a burlesque skit. I keep hoping that with time things will start going better in the theatrical area of Lincoln Center; Lord knows, that's the only direction they can take.

"ME AND THEE," which opened at the John Golden, and "The Yearling," which opened at the Alvin, both departed hurriedly last week when it became obvious that no empathy was likely to develop between them and their audiences. The first was about a married pair who were advised by a

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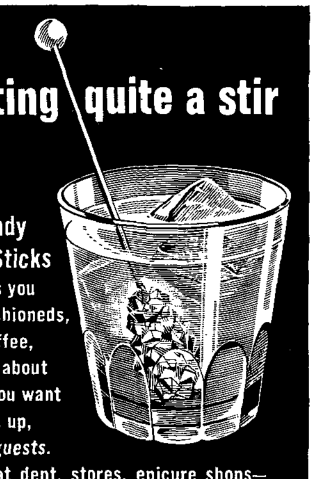

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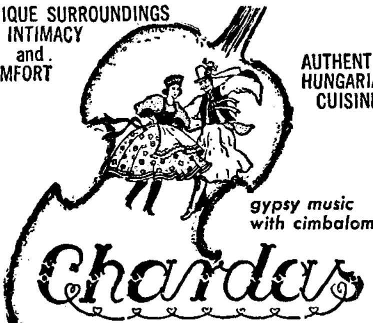

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psychiatrist to cut a few unorthodox capers. One of the capers involved getting the husband involved with a female beatnik whose morals were a shambles when she was sober but quite rigid when she was drunk. This joke went on and on, and so did one having to do with the husband's trick knee. If "Me and Thee" was pretty annoying, "The Yearling," which concerned a youth growing up in a poverty-stricken area of Florida, was simply limp. It had music that was undistinguished and clog dancing that was monotonous. Few of the actors who participated could sing, and the direction was laggardly.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Opinion of Judge Pfaff of the Indiana Appellate Court, Miller v. Alvey, 194 North Eastern Reporter*]

The alleged prejudicial remarks of the court were to the effect that the court, in referring to the authenticity of the document in question (exhibit No. 4), made remarks that appellant *signed* the document rather than stating that the signature on the document was that of the appellant.

There was no evidence presented by appellant denying that the signature on the document was her own. In fact, appellant admitted the signature to be her own. She said she did not recall *placing* her signature on the document. There was no evidence presented that the signature was a forgery. Assuming the signature to be a forgery, then, as a matter of logic, it would not be the appellant's signature. Therefore, the fact that appellant stated that the signature was her signature, it is an undisputable fact that appellant had to put the signature on the document herself in order for it to be her signature.

Therefore, we find no error in the trial judge stating that appellant signed the document.

•

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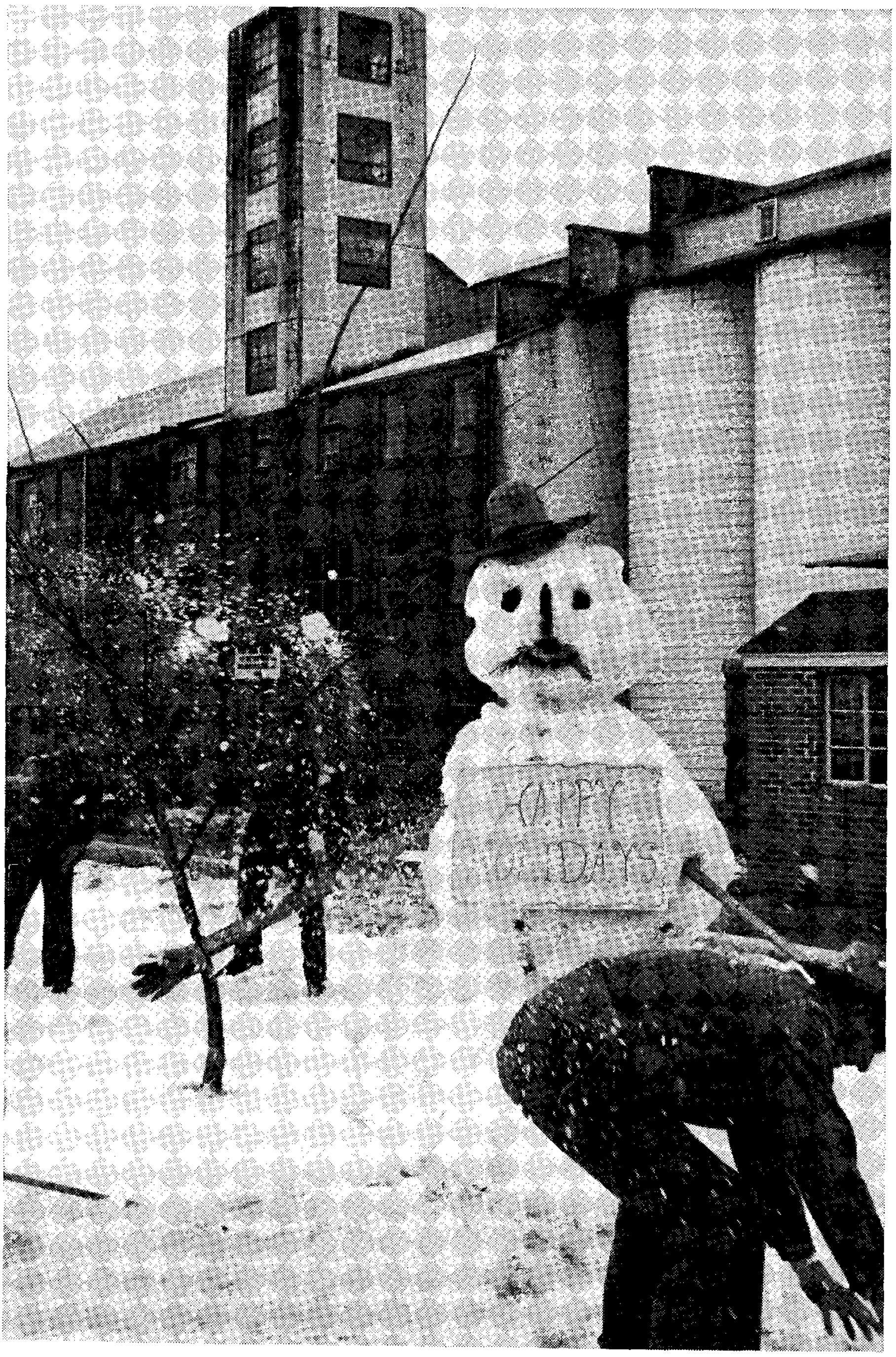

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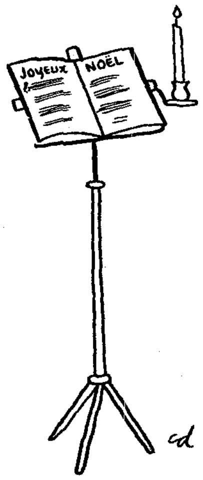
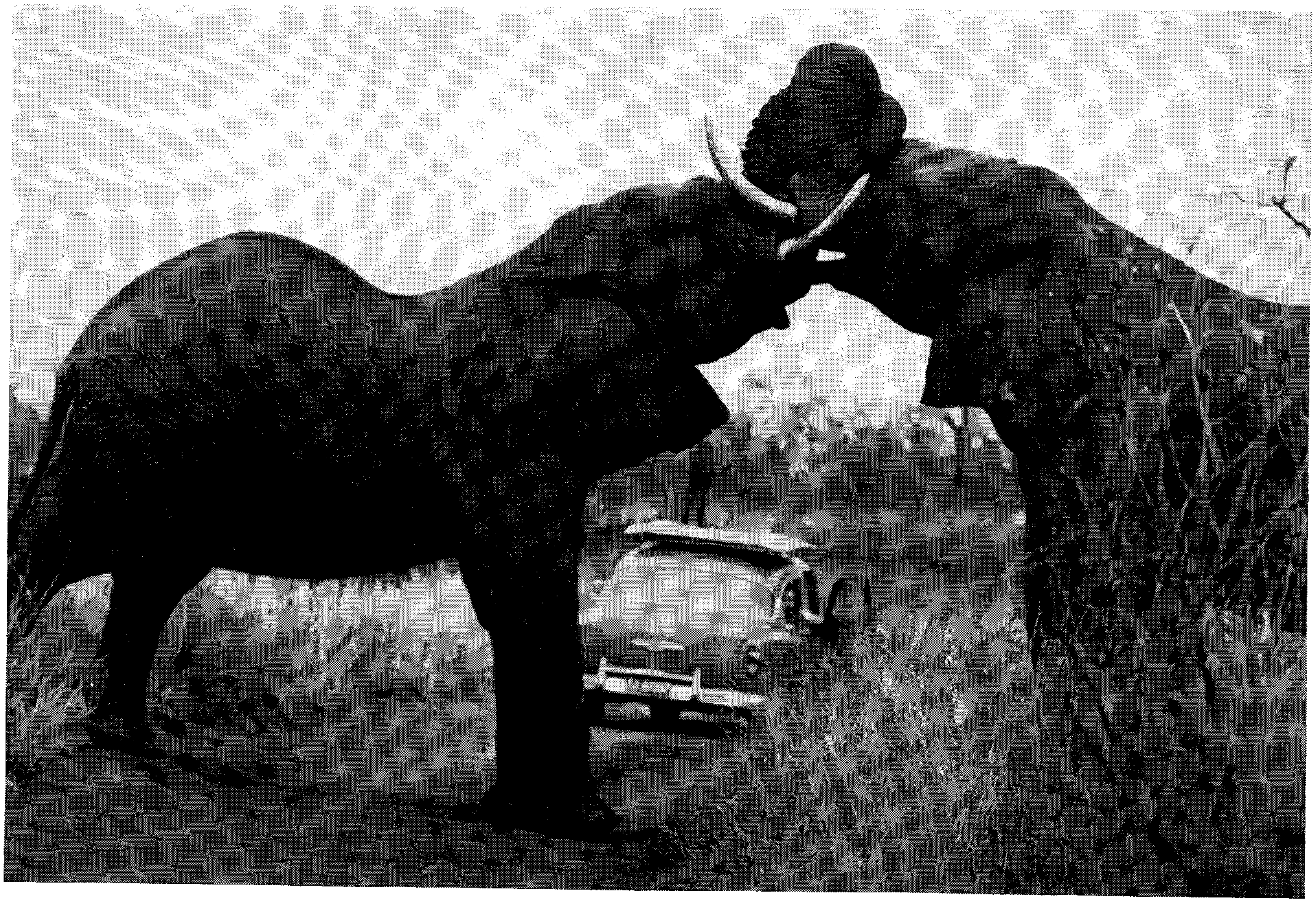
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Big Beat



Gustav Mahler was, as all good Mahlerites know, basically an autobiographical composer, and his personality was basically a dark, brooding, plaintive one, though these characteristics were occasionally relieved by humor (sometimes bitter), a sense of the grotesqueness of life, and a habit of entering a nostalgic dream world in which both the joy and the spooky imaginings of childhood and adolescence appeared, off and on, like visions of a better or more fantastic world. In his enormous Eighth Symphony (the one that is frequently referred to as "The Symphony of a Thousand") he departed from this customary subject matter to write a tremendous hymn of praise to God and the angels—the sort of thing Anton Bruckner has done better than any other composer since Bach. The Eighth is thus Mahler's most optimistic work, and it is slightly out of character—as if Kafka had written Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe." It is, of course, famous for its mammoth proportions. It is in two huge movements, the first of which (with choral and solo singing to the text "Veni, Creator Spiritus") lasts about twenty-five minutes, and the second of which (a setting of the concluding scene of Goethe's "Faust") lasts nearly an hour. And it employs a vast array of music-making machinery, including a greatly expanded symphony orchestra, an adult chorus, a children's chorus, eight vocal soloists, and a band of trumpets and trombones pealing from the gallery. The sheer size of this machinery, making a splendid racket, is bound to be imposing. Berlioz used this sort of thing to advantage, and, in a more profane way, even bigger aggregations were once used by Louis Moreau Gottschalk and his contemporary the Irish-American bandmaster Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, the last of whom specialized in leading choruses of thousands and instrumentalists high in the hundreds, not to speak of real cannon for Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture." (I was once told by an old-time musician who played with Gilmore that on one occasion his cannon accidentally blew a large hole in the wall of an auditorium—in Boston, I believe it was.) Well, I am not comparing the redoubtable Mr. Gilmore with Mahler, but the fact remains that if you use a large enough number of people—especially large enough choruses—the result is bound to create an air of the greatest majesty, no matter what you are performing. Mahler's Eighth uses the natural dignity of the gigantic, but it is not, to my mind, among his finest compositions. It is, however, a unique and interesting work, and one that is so seldom done that any performance of it becomes a noteworthy event. (Up to last week, it had had only two productions here, both under Stokowski—the last of them in 1950—and I once made a trip all the way to Cincinnati to hear one conducted by Eugene Goossens.)

On Thursday night, Leonard Bernstein presented the Eighth in Philharmonic Hall, with the Philharmonic, the usual augmentation and gallery effects, the Westminster Choir, the St. Kilian Boychoir, and a sterling group of vocal soloists, including Saramae Endich, Ella Lee, Jennie Tourel, Beverly Wolff, George Shirley, John Boyden, Ezio Flagello, and a young singer named Ernestine Lazenby, who rose in the ranks of the chorus to do a small bit. Occasionally, the chorus sounded muffled and its diction indistinct, but the soloists all did nobly, especially Miss Endich and Mr. Shirley, who had fearsomely high phrases to sing. Mr. Bernstein was very much in his element, giving cues, bending at the knees, crouching, and even sometimes stamping his feet in his enthusiasm. When it was over, I tried to sort it all out. There are some beautiful liederlike songs in the second part; there are some hauntingly lovely choruses in this part, too, and some striking and very Mahleresque orchestral interludes. I found that I could take or leave the first part—at any rate, as it was presented by Mr. Bernstein. It seemed pretty noisy on the whole, and—perhaps owing to slightly inaccurate intonation in the chorus—sounded a shade like the cheering section at a football game. I am, as I have often said, a fervent Mahlerite. I found Thursday night's performance absorbing, and I am glad I heard it, but I shall be equally glad not to hear it again for quite a while. In the Ninth Symphony, which Mahler wrote just



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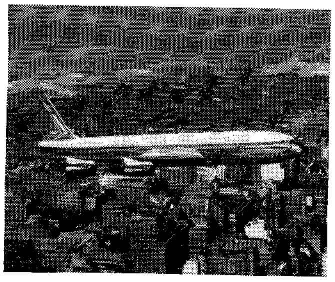

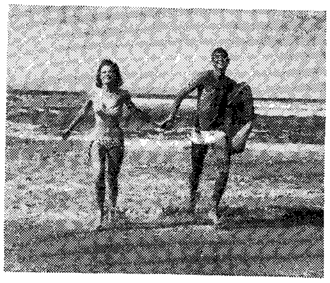

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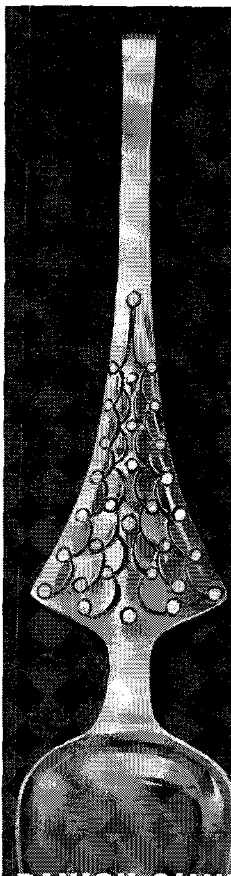
afterward, he resumed his old, less pretentious, and profoundly personal manner, and created what I think is a masterpiece.

THE Royal Danish Ballet seems to have been using a soft-sell approach here, gradually unrolling its admirable points and saving some of the best things for later. One of these best things is the ballerina Margrethe Schanne, whom I encountered on Wednesday night of last week in that venerable romantic ballet "La Sylphide." The ballet (not to be confused with "Les Sylphides") is generally regarded as the first of all the romantic ballets, and is one of the oldest ballets currently surviving in any company's repertoire. Its scenario is by a Frenchman named Adolphe Nourrit; it was first performed in Paris in 1832, with choreography by the famous Philippo Taglioni and music by one Jean Schneitzhöffer, but in 1836 the Danish choreographer August Bournonville rechoreographed it to a new score by the Norwegian composer Herman Løvenskjold, and the Danes have been doing it ever since. So much for history. The more pertinent facts are that "La Sylphide" is in no way dated, that it is quite charming, and that though it is the grandfather of "Swan Lake" and the father of "Giselle," it can still hold the stage in competition with either of them. The Danes, who have been more devoted to it than anybody else, do it with great elegance, respecting the general style of its period and using it in the manner in which great ballets should always be used—that is, as part display piece and part serious, though fantastic, drama. But to get back to Miss Schanne: here at last is the company's reigning ballerina, a dancer capable of everything technical and at the same time of dramatic projection of the subtlest and most touching sort. Often she reminded me of Alicia Markova. Her dancing is restrained, understated, and delicate. Taste is evident in every step. There are prodigies of bravura to be found, but you have to seek them out; Miss Schanne never throws them at you. As her partner, the Scotsman who falls in love with the Sylphide and brings her to a tragic end, Flemming Flindt was at least pleasingly athletic. The ensemble work of the corps de ballet was, as always with this company, precise and graceful. Earlier in the evening, I saw "The Private Lesson," a macabre but very effective short ballet choreographed by Mr. Flindt. It deals with a mad ballet master who enjoys

the Christmas spoon



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strangling female dancers, and it was vigorously and convincingly set forth by Mette Hønningen, Henning Kronstam, and Mona Kiil.

THE appearance of Donald Johanos at the head of the Philadelphia Orchestra in Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday evening of last week again proved that he is one of the exceptionally gifted young American conductors. His program, neatly divided among classical, romantic, and anti-romantic, told us something more about Mr. Johanos. Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, K. 385, was performed with immaculate precision; Stravinsky's Symphony in C was given a reading that was slightly lush and eloquent, by some standards; and Rachmaninoff's Symphonic Dances, Opus 45, seemed to find Mr. Johanos in his most congenial environment. All three works were well done, but it was obvious that at heart Mr. Johanos is a romantic.

LAST Friday night, I listened to pianists. John Browning's performance of Prokofieff's First Piano Concerto with the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf, in Philharmonic Hall, was a stunning affair—brilliant in technical polish, grand in sweep, and with just the right mixture of steel and velvet. Afterward, I went to Carnegie Hall to hear most of a Beethoven recital by the veteran German pianist Wilhelm Kempff. Mr. Kempff played several sonatas, including the "Appassionata," as well as the late "Six Bagatelles," Opus 126. He did all of his program with a degree of authority that has long since placed him among the finest Beethoven interpreters of our time, and this authority was accompanied by an agreeable air of self-effacement. Mr. Kempff is basically a classical and restrained Beethoven player rather than a thunderer, although he can thunder away when thunder is absolutely necessary. As Beethoven stylists, very few of today's pianists excel him.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

With much the same adventurous spirit, he opened an electronics business machine company a year later. Yesterday Dashew Business Machines, Inc., of Culver City, Calif., called a press meeting to discuss its place in the field and cuss its latest new machine.—The Times.

Adventurous, but petulant.

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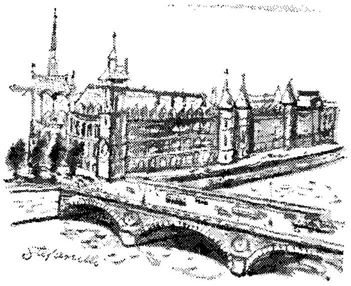
LETTER FROM PARIS

DECEMBER 9

NEVER in the electoral history of France have the French voted as heavily as they did last Sunday—eighty-five per cent of the enrolled voters. Yet they gave President de Gaulle so light and insufficient a tally (just under forty-four per cent) that he will have to stand on a runoff second ballot the Sunday after next, and obtain from it at least a fifty-one-per-cent dominance over his Communist-supported rival, Deputy François Mitterrand, who won just over thirty-two per cent of last Sunday's votes—a high victory for the left. In the last fortnight, de Gaulle's reputation has been shaken like a statue loosened on its pedestal by time and weathering. It may be that a seven-year Presidential term is too long for France, where a third of the voters are thirty-five years old or less; to them seven years seems a long political mortgage on their future, rather than an enticing investment for tomorrow and tomorrow. It may be that de Gaulle at seventy-five is too aged to have competed easily against the TV surprise of the campaign—Jean Lecanuet, thirty years his junior, young enough to be his son, with pro-European ideas that are appropriate to his generation and are anathema to the General, who saved France with his chauvinistic nationalism.



The unexpected outcome of last Sunday's election astonished France, shook it, and delighted de Gaulle's bourgeois French enemies—at least until they began worrying about Mitterrand, with his third of the nation's vote. For he turned the long-sought *ouverture à gauche*, or opening to the left, into reality by coming in on the cardiac side of the French body politic—the emotional, physical side, which is still a residue of the French Revolution, being composed of the French workers and masses and poor. It is taken for granted that in the December 19th runoff de Gaulle will obtain far more than the needed absolute majority, owing to the repentant bourgeoisie's voting loyally for him this time (instead of for Lecanuet, of the Demo-Christian M.R.P. Party), through fear of Mitterrand and his left—both of which, ironically, will be de Gaulle's aids in victory. It is now figured that de Gaulle was defeated Sunday not by the left's voting against him but by the right's failing to vote for him. It was all along taken for granted that de Gaulle would face up to the humiliating second vote, rather than retire once more to his country house at Colombey-les-Deux-Églises to brood and continue writing his memoirs instead of living them, like an unpleasant postscript. The vote for the office of President by direct suffrage, which de Gaulle must have thought would aid in perpetuating his Gaullist system, was his unique democratic creation for modern France, and for him not to have abided by its statutes would have seemed *lâche*, or cowardly, as the French said, and would have been the suicide of his myth and of his claims to honorable glory.

THE voting for President seemed to the French like a political picnic, as if, after seven years, they had finally been invited to step out-of-doors and decide which path they would walk down next, and with whom. Only three of the six candidates were consequential enough to be worth voting seriously for—de Gaulle, Mitterrand, and Lecanuet, who now plans to found a centrist pro-European party of his own, to be called Le Centre Démocrate. Tixier-Vignancour, the extreme-right ex-Vichy candidate, who received only a handful of votes, mostly from the refugee *pieds noirs*, or white Algerian newcomers of O.A.S. persuasion, has offered to transfer his votes to Mitterrand, in a last effort to injure de Gaulle. "My only aim was to put de Gaulle into the runoff vote," he has just said with coarse candor. "And there he is! I am delighted. If he runs, I shall do everything to assure his defeat. The French have shown their hostility to his regime—that's the main thing." The eccentric suburban candidate, Marcel Barbu, gave most of his precious last-minute TV speech to explaining how de Gaulle had refused to receive him at the Élysée for a private talk when he wanted to tell the General about the bad housing for the French poor—Barbu's special political concern. Of all the six candidates on that final pre-election TV show, de Gaulle included, Barbu seemed the only pure spirit, without worldly ambition except for others.

It must be noted that this election was influenced by de Gaulle's seven

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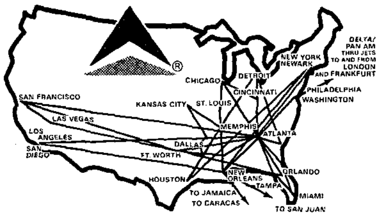

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long years of contempt for France's multi-party political system, surely the curse of republican France. In the election, the parties for once played a subsidiary role. It was less the M.R.P. Party that supported Lecanuet than it was a segment of public opinion that, like him, felt the Common Market must not be allowed to fail. True, the Communist Party obediently supported Mitterrand, though with many defections, but the Socialists voted for him not as Socialist Party doctrinaires but as individuals sharing Mitterrand's Socialist views.

Le Monde's front-page editorial on Wednesday, three nights after the election, was entitled "Un Choc." In part, it said, "Rarely has an election result so surprised international opinion. Whether one liked him or not, General de Gaulle was deemed to hold such authority over the French people that it seemed unimaginable that the majority of them could have inflicted on him what is difficult to interpret otherwise than as a disavowal. The reasons are multiple, and even contradictory, but it was a disavowal just the same. Democracy is not so widespread around the globe that there exist many countries where the people can offer themselves the luxury of forcing into a run-off vote a chief of state who is in the image of a national hero. . . . In fact, there are many people, even among his strong adversaries, who are moved to a moment's compassion for this new blow in the evening of his life, inflicted on him by destiny." —GENÊT

•

The Shah himself once owned more than a thousand villages, but he has given almost all of them away to wealthy families as an example so far unheeded.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Well, why make a big thing of it?

•

To remove stains from peaches, pears, plums or cherries sponge well with cool water and work glycerine into the satin. Let stand several hours, add a few drops of white vinegar, rinse thoroughly and launder as usual.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

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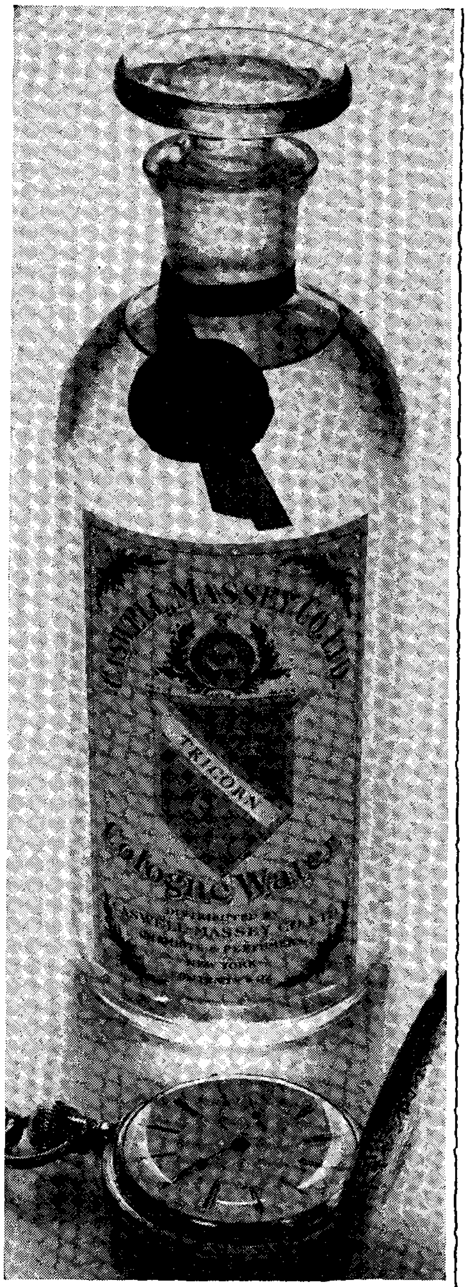

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mavericks

"A Thousand Clowns" is a pleasant surprise. Most successful plays turn into unsuccessful movies; moreover, it's a safe rule of thumb that the better the play, the worse the movie that is likely to be derived from it. One reason for this is that the problems of make-believe that have to be solved on the stage by a hundred artful dodges simply don't exist for the camera, which can go anywhere and reproduce any reality, and while the skill with which these dodges are worked out provides much of our pleasure in a play, nothing could be more irritating than to come upon them, conspicuously superfluous, in a movie. (A corollary rule of thumb is that the more faithful a movie is to a play, the less effective it will be; the very piety with which "Long Day's Journey Into Night" was translated to the screen guaranteed its failure.) Luckily for us, Herb Gardner, the author of both the play and the screenplay of "A Thousand Clowns," has had the good sense to take the carefully fitted together, practically hurricane-proof structure of his Broadway hit and, for movie purposes, break it up into scores of odd-shaped, sharp-edged fragments; Fred Coe, the producer and director of the picture, has abetted his author by scattering these fragments in festive disorder not to four winds but to forty. As far as the skimpy plot of the movie is concerned, we are still largely engaged in listening to wry and occasionally very funny badinage, but much of it is exchanged out-of-doors, under the sky, which lends it an airiness more than literal. If we are often inside a grubby, Collyer-brothers-like apartment, stuffed with suffocating trophies of a lifelong hunt for junk, we are nearly as often out among the streets and docks and rivers and parks and skyscrapers of our incomparable Manhattan, marvellously photographed by Arthur J. Ornitz and Joe Coffee; on film, as in life, it is a fine place to be.

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You will already have guessed that I consider the movie version of "A Thousand Clowns" a far more engaging comedy than the original work, in part because we are so much less at the mercy of the tiresome philosophizing of its hero, a TV writer, who, having understandably tired of providing continuity for a children's show called "Chuckles the Chipmunk," assumes, in a non sequitur characteristic of his kind, that everything else in the world is like the world of TV and therefore chooses to drop from the universal line of march. Living off his unemployment insurance and rebuking his neighbors with crude wisecracks for continuing to shoulder the conventional burdens of life, he is to me (though not, apparently, to his creator) a repellent figure, but since almost everyone he comes in contact with demonstrates the folly of his misanthropy, I found it possible to put up with him. Jason Robards, who plays the hero, struck me as miscast—his face and voice seem those of the misfit who suffers and goes under, not the misfit who is merry and survives—and I'm afraid I didn't like the performance of Barry Gordon as the illegitimate nephew whose fate at the hands of the child-welfare authorities is the hinge on which the action of the movie turns, but the rest of the cast is sensationally good. Barbara Harris makes a stunning screen début as Sandra Markowitz, a warmhearted fledgling employee of the Child Welfare Bureau; William Daniels is superbly shirty and upsettable as her associate and fiancé; Martin Balsam hurls himself with relish into his role as the hero's loving and despairing brother; and Gene Saks makes a memorable tour de force (and I *mean* memorable: test me in twenty years) of his small part as the fatally unlovable Chuckles. Having assembled an exceptionally gifted and attractive group of actors, Mr. Coe has encouraged his camera to swoop up to within inches of their faces and dawdle there, with a persistence that amounts to wit; I don't know when I've encountered so many and such welcome closeups.

"Life at the Top" is—and with that title would scarcely dare not to be—a sequel to "Room at the Top," both movies being based on novels by John Braine, but I'd better note at once, as publishers are wont to do, that the sequel is complete in itself and doesn't require you to be familiar with the earlier work. "Room at the Top" caused a considerable stir when it reached us back in 1959; among other things, it gave Simone Signoret her first national fame, made the reputation of its director, Jack Clayton, and introduced to stardom a young actor named Laurence Harvey. If the cruel truth be told, Mr. Harvey subsequently did time in such penitential Hollywood hokum as "The Alamo," "Butterfield 8," and "Summer and Smoke," but he came to life in John Schlesinger's recent "Darling," and in "Life at the Top" he is admirable; I am ready to believe that his vocation is, after all, acting. In "Life . . ." he plays the same Joe Lampton as in "Room . . ." That self-serving young Yorkshireman-on-the-make is now some ten years older and, if not wiser, more worldly-wise; having fought his way up out of the depths by the not very arduous device of getting the boss's daughter pregnant and thus securing her hand in marriage, he has begun to perceive that he has been the boss's son-in-law too long. He attempts to become his own man at last, and it is the bitter and comic purpose of "Life at the Top" to dramatize the hopelessness of one's ever finding a better self inside the rags and tatters of the self one has invented merely in order to succeed. The director of "Life at the Top," a young Canadian named Ted Kotcheff, has had the benefit of an unusually well-written screenplay by his fellow-Canadian Mordecai Richler; of a sympathetic producer, James Woolf; of a cast that includes, besides the reborn Mr. Harvey, Jean Simmons, Honor Blackman, Donald Wolfit, and Robert Morley; and of authentic settings in and about the famous wool town of Bradford, Yorkshire. The moral of "Life at the Top" is grim indeed, but I think you will be continuously entertained in the course of reaching it, and if you are, like me, an amateur of architectural history, you will rejoice in the lagniappe of a scene laid in the wool exchange in Bradford. This Victorian Gothic masterpiece was built in strict violation of the Biblical injunction that one cannot serve God and Mammon. If ever I saw a building that served both—! —BRENDAN GILL

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ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

AN IDEA WHICH WE HAVE CALLED NATURE

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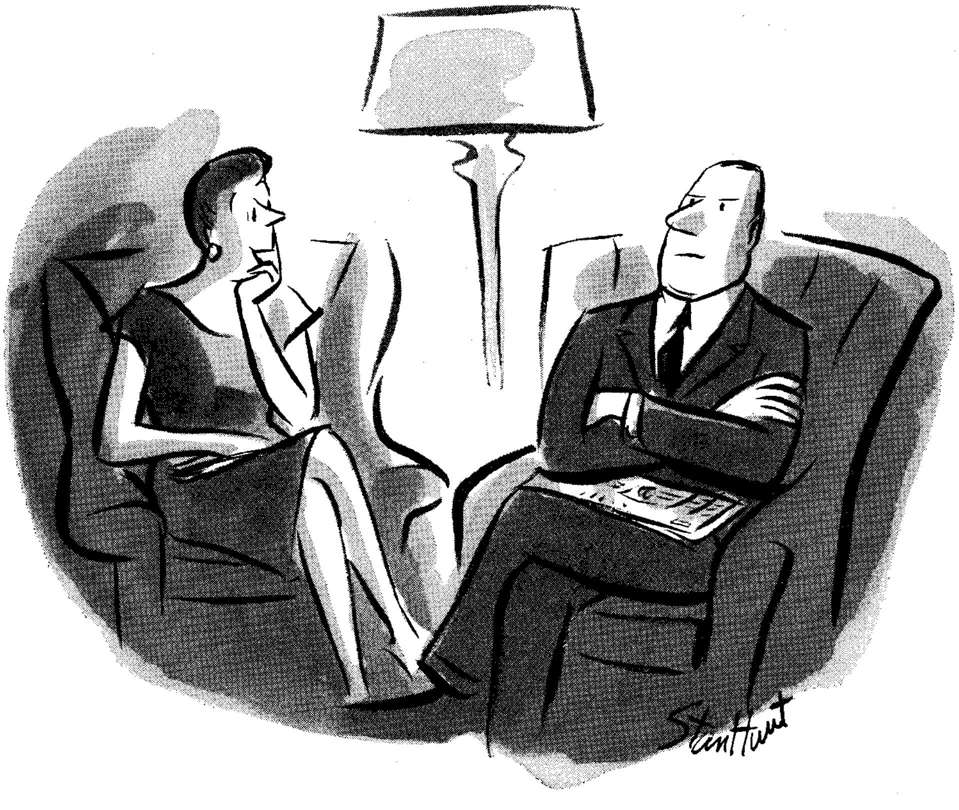
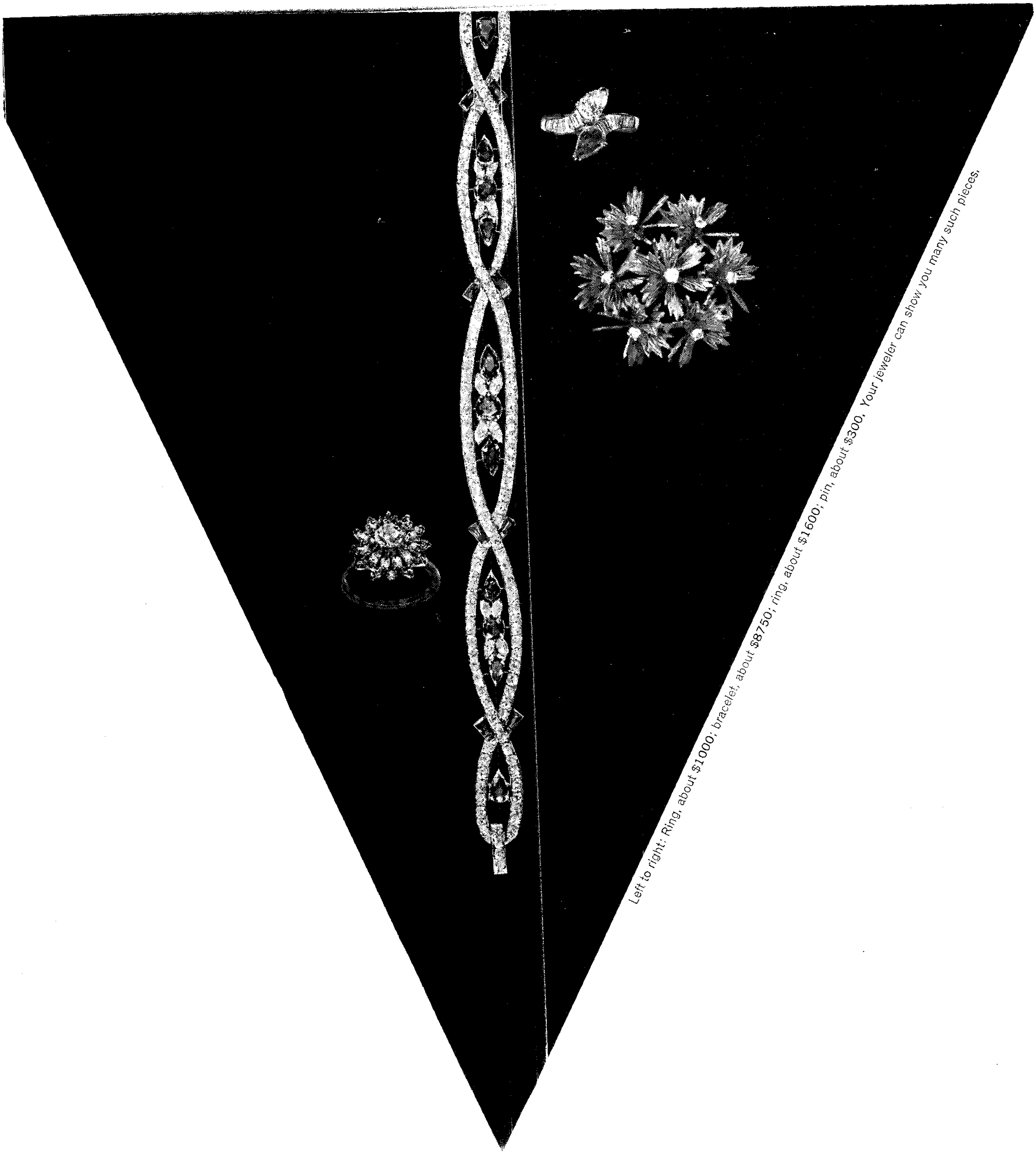
>
> —Sir Kenneth Clark

HOW we are re-creating in our imaginations Sir Kenneth's list of our objects of delight in this age of modern architecture, crowded cities, and sprawling suburbs is the theme of "Modern Gardens and the Landscape," by Elizabeth B. Kassler, who introduces her book with Sir Kenneth's words. This slim but rich volume of ninety-six pages is a publication of New York's Museum of Modern Art (it is distributed by Doubleday) and consists chiefly of excellent photographs, most of them black-and-white, five in color, each described and commented on in some detail by Mrs. Kassler. It is, however, her preface that I value the most, for it contains some of the wisest thoughts I have read on the philosophy of landscaping and gardening and on how the aesthetics and pressures of our time have affected the modern landscape artist. After giving us our relationship with the past—our direct inheritance from Europe and England, the influence of the ancient gardens of China and Japan (where rocks were sculpture and plants were trained into animate sculpture), the Moslem contribution of water (flowing, leaping water for action, placid pools for reflection, or water cunningly contrived to irrigate arid land)—she concludes that the contemporary designer must create in terms of the present. Planting "must appear to be of its place, not on its place," and she warns the artist that he must, when he takes hold of earth, water, and plants, beware lest he "destroy through his act of possession the genius of that which he has sought to possess."

Roberto Burle Marx, of Brazil, is the leading modern landscape architect of our hemisphere, and a number of the photographs in Mrs. Kassler's book illustrate his skill at combining native plants with modern buildings in South America. A fuller sample of his style is given in a large picture book (too big to read in bed), "The Tropical Gardens of Burle Marx," by P. M. Bardi (Reinhold; fifteen dollars), with photographs in color and black-and-white. Mr. Marx's style is varied to suit the locale, and his favorite, when he has space enough, seems to be compositions of "well thought out masses: now a contrast volume, now an isolated complex, marginal arabesques, and always strict control of the color scheme." His two most frequent devices are undulating curves of contrasting mass plantings—for example, wide swales of white plants, magenta plants, light-green plants, and grass-green plants in adjoining strips that swirl like the contour rows of our modern farms—and mass plantings in beds of free-form modernistic shapes that form an abstract design. Seldom is there a mixture of color in any one bed. It is all very effective and very, very up-to-date, yet an odd thought struck me as I looked at the illustrations. Had we come full circle, to a modern version of the now despised Victorian gardens, where plants were "bedded up" or "carpet-bedded" to make patterns on a lawn? The Marxian formality, with its massing of plants in curves of contrasting colors to make a pattern, is a sort of carpet or tapestry work of another kind, and it can sometimes bore me as much as the naïve Victorian formal circles and triangles of bright-colored plants set in little beds on green turf, even though, with Marx, the beds are asymmetric and the swales curve in fluid lines. I even wondered whether, if I were a patient in the Larragoiti Hospital in Rio de Janeiro, looking out my window at Marx's beautiful modern garden below me, I might not tire of the formality of its circular cream-color cement space, with blue tile wall and pure-white cobblestone curving paths, and its masses of magenta, gold, and green plants. Wouldn't I prefer to look down, as I have during a long hospital stay, on a haphazard, unpatterned old-fashioned shrubbery and a few formal beds of roses or of spring bulbs, to be followed by summer annuals among which, one by one, the shrubs or flowers would come into blossom and offer me a new surprise for every week of a long convalescence? The very thought is lèse-majesté in the aesthetic code of today, yet I have to admit I had it. Too much fixed form in a garden, however abstract and imaginative, can be tedious, and to me it doesn't always contribute to "an idea which we have called nature." Many of the Marx mass plantings are colored by their foliage, not their flowers, though some have blos-



"What is it that you're most pleased with about yourself, Bradley?"



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soms. What happens, I also wonder, to Mr. Marx's Picassian tapestries when some of the bright-colored flowers go to seed? Perhaps they are uprooted and replaced? Ah, well, labor is cheaper in Rio than it is in New York.

In spite of these doubts, I greatly admire Burle Marx for his originality and for the ferment he has started in the world of landscape architecture. I admire him, too, because he is a horticulturist and plant explorer, a gardener and botanist, as well as a designer of gardens and landscapes. He has sought out in the tropical forests of his continent trees of unusual form, studied their habits, and transplanted them to where they will thrive and become plastic forms that tie in with the buildings of Niemeyer and other modern architects. And Marx's small, intimate gardens can be just that—lush, private tropical retreats, with lotus in pools, or small made ponds crossed by stepping stones in the Japanese manner, surrounded by a fascinating variety of tropical trees and plants. No carpeting here, no intrusion on the genius of the place. Professor Bardi, the director of the Museum of Art in São Paulo, has done justice in his text to Mr. Marx's versatility, for this astonishing man is not merely an artist using growing things as his medium; he is, as well, an abstract painter, an architect, a stage designer, a jewelry designer, a planner of cities, parks, and zoological gardens—a mover and doer all over the world. The Bardi text is in English in this edition; the picture captions are also given in German and Italian. The book unfortunately lacks both an index and a table of contents, so a photograph or reference can get badly lost if a reader wishes to study it again.

If Burle Marx appears, in the color plates of this volume, to use more magenta, red, and purple than I care to see en masse, these sometimes grating colors could be a mere matter of poor color reproduction. I am not well enough acquainted with the tropical vegetation of Brazil and Venezuela to know how true to life the colors are, and none of my North American reference books can help me out. Reproduction of color photography is always tricky, as is shown by another huge, de luxe volume brought out in the past year—"The Odyssey Book of American Wildflowers" (Odyssey; twelve dollars and ninety-five cents), with photographs by Farrell Grehan and text by H. W. Rickett, who is the Senior Botanist of the New York Botanical Garden. The text is exemplary, but the color plates are an instance of

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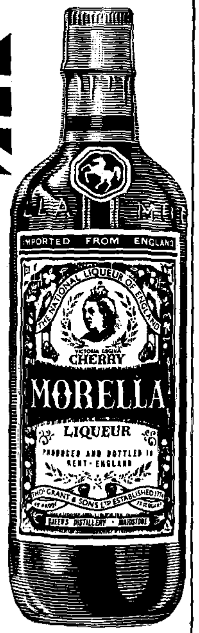

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how things can sometimes go wrong in color printing. Many of the three hundred color plates are breathtakingly lovely, yet a reader trying to identify a wild flower could be sadly misled. Mountain laurel comes out a baby blue instead of the white or pale pink it is; bunchberry has acid-green leaves instead of the good grass green of nature; the pale pink-blue-white of the delicate bluet is almost aquamarine; the violet blue of the wild blue flag is falsely shown as a harsh royal blue. These few examples of many distortions are clearly faults of the color printing, but the photographer, whose efforts to make his pictures works of art and not merely literal are praiseworthy, can also be misleading. I do not know how he achieved his lighting effects; some of them are very queer. The shy wild columbine of the East (*Aquilegia canadensis*), with its modest red-and-yellow flower, which grows in wooded rocky areas, is photographed in a blaze of orange red instead of against the green or gray or brown forest floor of its shaded natural habitat, and the wild larkspur of Oregon and Washington appears to be blooming on the edge of a forest fire.

I finally found Mr. Grehan's backgrounds and modern photographic effects so distracting that I turned for relief to the clear, pleasant, and quite literal photographs, taken for the State of New York in the early part of the century, that illustrate Homer D. House's famous book "Wild Flowers," which is still the classic reference book for the wild flowers of our region, even though it was first published in 1918. In 1934, Macmillan brought out a popular one-volume edition, and in 1961 it reissued this useful, rewarding book, with new plates made from the original illustrations in the State Museum in Albany. All the flowers are shown not in natural settings but against a pale-gray background. Even so, how charming and true to life they seem! Whatever the recent progress in photography and color reproduction, it counts for little if it doesn't work.

SOMETIMES it *does* work. Almost any book issued by the Sierra Club proves this. Many by now must be familiar with the series of luxurious volumes, in what the jackets call "exhibit format," ten and a quarter by thirteen and a half inches, that is published by the Club and sold without profit. The books are expensive at that; the two I shall discuss are twenty-five dollars apiece. Most of the Sierra publications are dedicated to photographing

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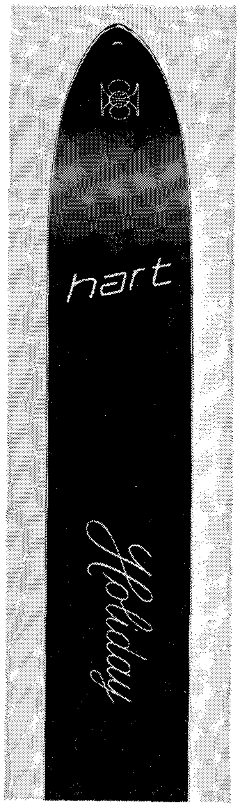

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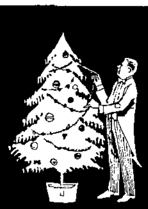

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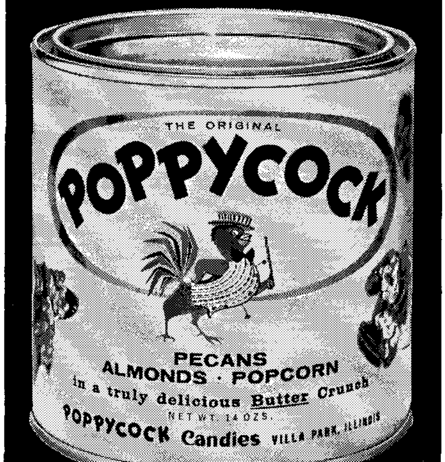
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nature—particularly the wilderness—in color, as exactly and beautifully as possible. I have not seen all twelve of the volumes issued thus far, which represent many different authors and photographers and many locales, from New England to the Pacific. Of the two I now have before me, which I bought because they deal with land I know, my favorite is "In Wildness Is the Preservation of the World," with text by Henry David Thoreau, a preface by Joseph Wood Krutch, and photographs by Eliot Porter, who also made the excellent selection of quotations from the twenty volumes of Thoreau's work. Mr. Porter and Thoreau seem to be particularly attuned to each other; every short selection is apt to its accompanying picture, and vice versa, and each selection is a perfect thing in itself, whether descriptive, philosophical, satiric, or funny. Many of the photographs have the quality of a classic representational painting, something one could hang on the wall and live with in comfort—feathery elms in a snowy meadow against a gray winter sky, with weeds and low shrubs thrusting their brown stalks through the deep snow of the foreground, accompanied by Thoreau's wonderfully witty comparison of elms and politicians; a closeup of pond lilies photographed just as Thoreau described the ones he found in a muddy inlet of a meadow in 1853, perfect and gleaming white-and-gold, before the insects had discovered and invaded the blossoms ("It is remarkable," wrote Thoreau, that "out of that fertile slime springs this spotless purity"); barn swallows in their nest being fed by the mother bird, with Thoreau's observations on the musical-chairs process of swallow feeding by which each baby shifts in turn into the position to receive the next insect or is chastened by the mother if it tries to cheat. Only a few of the photographs lack the verisimilitude of nature; even with all the painstaking care in color printing and this photographer's skill, some of the greens—always difficult to reproduce—are a trifle off.

My second Sierra Club volume is "Gentle Wilderness: The Sierra Nevada," with a condensed version of John Muir's "My First Summer in the Sierra" as text, and photographs by Richard Kauffman, who, like Porter, is an extraordinary cameraman. He has ranged the Sierras since he was a child and knows how to photograph their bold crags and azure lakes, their towering or twisted trees, and their delicate flowers. He includes several placid snow pictures but seems deter-

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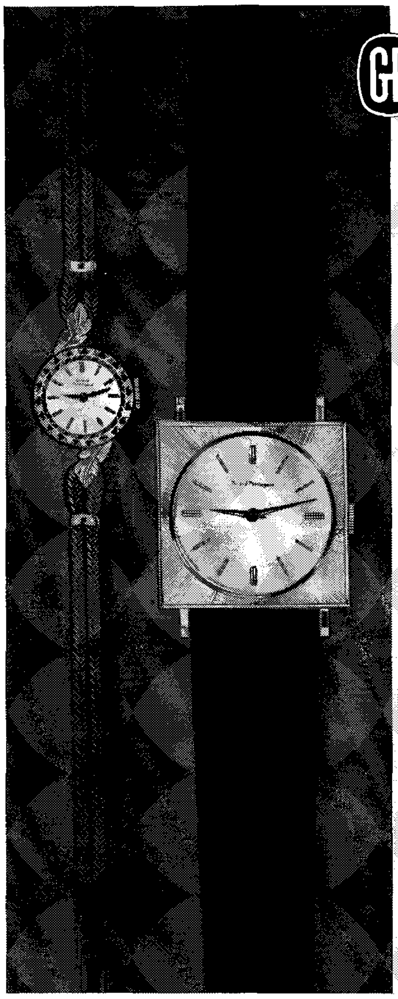
mined to emphasize the gentler qualities of this rugged range. Perhaps the Sierras *are* the gentlest of our higher ranges, though those mountains are not so gentle, after all, as the survivors of the Donner party could testify. I longed for a Sierra blizzard. The greens are better in the Kauffman volume, which is No. 9 in the series; Porter's is No. 4. Thus, painstaking care in the color reproduction is paying off. Still, Kauffman, for all his virtues (new techniques, new photographic and printing processes), seems to me more of a literal photographer and less of an artist than Porter. Some of his pictures, however, do what hardly any painters can in showing bold, miles-wide sweeps of rugged landscape. It could be that my preference for the Porter photographs is purely a matter of personal prejudice, just because I know better and love more the quieter natural world of New England.

Another hefty, enormous book illustrated by photographs is the already well-known "Great Gardens," by Peter Coats, with an introduction by Harold Nicolson, which was published in 1963 in England, and in this country by Putnam (twenty-two dollars and ninety-five cents), which has changed the title to "Great Gardens of the Western World," a title that describes more accurately the limits of Mr. Coats's thirty-six famous gardens of Europe, the British Isles, and America. The photographs, the work of many, are spectacular. I especially like the black-and-whites, though with a few exceptions the numerous color photographs—at least in the English edition, which is the one I have studied—are true in color and expert in photography. The text, descriptive and historical, is interesting, but I did feel that Mr. Coats was more at home in England and Europe—even in the Peterhof Garden, in Leningrad, his only Russian example—than in America. It is a peculiarly insular and English volume, all in all, often to its advantage. The author, though, has an unfortunate tendency to use superlatives in his chapter subheadings. The courtyards of the gardens of the Alhambra "form the oldest gardens in the world," a dubious statement if ever there was one; Chatsworth is England's "finest country house," and Versailles is the "greatest garden in the world." Well, perhaps, but some of these superlatives depend on an individual's taste in gardens. These are Mr. Coats's own very British enthusiasms, which is quite all right except when he exaggerates. Anyway, the book is a luxurious illus-



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trated tour through France, Great Britain, Ireland, Holland, Portugal, Germany, Italy, Spain, Russia, and the United States, and the text reads like the spiel of a loving and knowing guide. Here you can see the panorama of Western taste over the centuries, from the most formal gardens of statuary, clipped trees, and architecture to the more informal landscape gardens of England and of Charleston, South Carolina.

PHOTOGRAPHS, whether in color or not, are useful for illustrating broad-scale scenes of large gardens and landscapes, but the question remains whether the camera can ever really convey the essence and true beauty of an individual flower. I myself don't think so. There is something extra that the best of the flower painters add—the artist's subjective touch that makes his picture a work of art and yet shows its detail even more accurately than photographic color plates have thus far been able to. Compare the color plates of Pierre Joseph Redouté's famous paintings of the ancient roses with the hundred and twenty-eight pages of photographs in Bertram Park's "The World of Roses," a big picture book published in 1962 by Dutton; fifteen dollars. Mr. Park's color plates were made in England and almost all of them are quite good, at least for the roses I know and have grown. Only a very few seem to misfire. To my eye, his Michèle Meilland, my favorite light-pink rose, has the yellow-pink tones of Confidence rather than the pure, pale china pink of Michèle; his Sutter's Gold fails to catch the character of this fragrant, tawny-yellow, and slightly undisciplined rose; his Charles Mallerin almost but not quite gets the black heart of this darkest of red roses; his two-toned Duet isn't half as lovely as the real one on my terrace, and so on. Part of this may be a matter of climate and soils, since rose colors vary in different climatic conditions and soils. Mr. Park's is a useful book, however, showing a wide variety of roses, new and old-fashioned, and I recommend it as a guide to anyone who is just starting a rose garden. You can see what you'll be getting far better than in most rose catalogues. It is not, however, a book I want to go back and study again and again as I do to the various Redouté folios. The pictures are sometimes quite lovely, but the total effect is loud and the photographs never convey the total personality of a rose in the way an artist can. Lay the Park volume open alongside a Redouté volume and the comparison is devastating.

Happily, Graham Stuart Thomas's latest book, "Shrub Roses of Today" (St. Martin's), shows that the art of painting the rose is not entirely lost. The book contains eight watercolors of moderate size and eight pencil drawings by the author, as well as photographs. Mr. Thomas is the acknowledged authority on old-fashioned roses and shrub roses, and has done much to revive an interest in growing these more natural, subtler, and less showy roses in an age when the modern hybrid tea rose engrosses most gardeners. He is a man of many parts. Gardens Adviser to the National Trust in Great Britain, he also has in his care, at Sunningdale Nurseries, of which he is the manager, probably the most nearly complete collection that exists of shrub roses, both old and new. Added to all this are his gifts as artist and writer. "Shrub Roses of Today" is a pleasantly written and informative book. It is a sequel to his "Old Shrub Roses" and takes up where that one left off in the history of shrub roses. The new book has a chapter on wild American roses and includes American hybrid shrub roses in its descriptions and lists; it is the best history there is of the development of modern shrub roses from their early forebears. I relish Mr. Thomas's complaints about the increasing garishness of color in the new hybrid teas and his objection to the blatancy of the scarlet, orange, flame, and yellow-toned reds that are now so fashionable. As he points out, these colors are not natural in roses and fit badly into any garden scheme because, being at the opposite end of the spectrum from green, they look harsh against the green background of every garden. He also has a fine chapter on fragrance and a practical one on the pruning and cultivation of roses as shrubs. As a floral artist, he is no Prévost or Redouté, but at least he does not imitate them, as so many more pretentious modern artists do when they paint roses, and his watercolors are accurate and pleasing. I particularly like his pencil drawings, which, in the very palest of grays, manage quite astonishingly to catch the luminosity of a rose blossom and the intricacy of its buds, leaves, and thorns.

NOW that good flower painting is on the wane, it is not surprising that we are turning back to the Old Masters of the art, who flourished in the golden age of botanical art—1730 to 1830. What *is* surprising is to stumble on a master of this period one did not know of, which I was recently lucky enough to do. Presumably the name and paintings of Moritz Michael Daffinger are entirely familiar to most Europeans, for he was a noted miniaturist in Vienna in the first half of the nineteenth century. Doubtless, too, his less well-known aquarelles of wild flowers are prized by most Austrians. I never, however, have happened to see them mentioned in an English or American book. They are not reproduced or even listed in Sitwell and Blunt's huge bibliographical record, "Great Flower Books—1700-1900," possibly because they have never been published in a well-produced book. I came to know of Daffinger because a friend who lives in Vienna brought me two of his flower prints made from watercolors now in the possession of the Akademie der Bildenden Künste, in Vienna. Some of the five hundred flower paintings are privately owned, some are lost; most of them were bought from his descendants by museums. My two prints are not large—they measure fourteen and a half by eleven and a half inches, including the white background—but neither were the wild flowers he painted. One print is of two wild anemones, *Anemone grandis* (lavender to violet) and *Anemone vernalis* (white). The entire plants are shown—flower, leaves, roots and all, exquisite in the detail of delicate root structure and slender green leaves, brown stalk, and gold center of the half-opened flowers. It is as if you had just dug up the two intertwined plants yourself in the woods and brought them into the house. The other is of a *Schneerose* (we call it the Christmas Rose), the white-flowered, gold-centered *Helleborus niger*, showing blossom, unopened bud, and stalwart green peonylike leaves. In spite of the careful detail, these are not literal illustrations for a botany; the instant you walk into the small room where they hang, you know you are in the presence of works of art—portraits of flowers. Though the colors are quiet ones, they glow from the wall.

Thanks again to my friend, I am now in possession of a second-hand copy of a book in German full of reproductions of Daffinger's art from beginning to end—painting on china, miniatures, costume designs, and flower paintings—with a brief biography of Daffinger by Emil Pirchan. The book was published by Verlag Wallishausser, Vienna and Leipzig, in 1943. Daffinger's life was a strange one. Born in a poor

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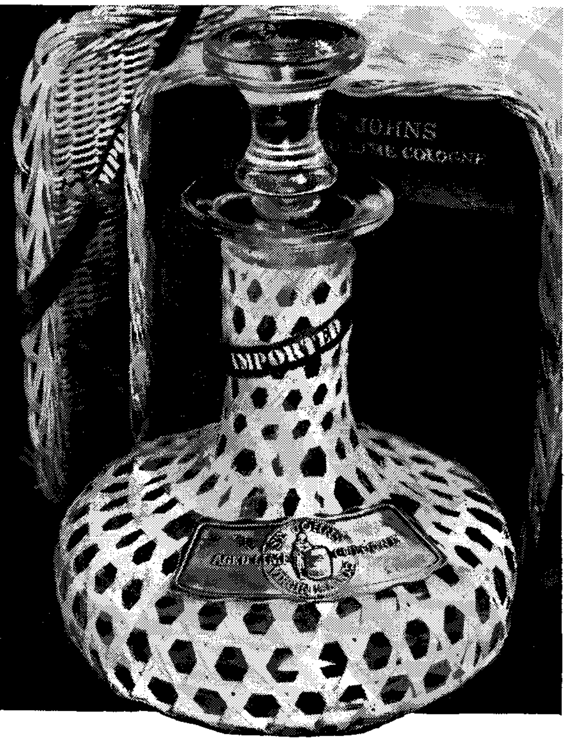

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section of Vienna in 1790, he was the son of an impoverished porcelain painter in the Imperial and Royal Porcelain Factory. The father died when the boy was six, and although his mother soon remarried, she had to eke out the family income by doing fine embroidery for the noble ladies of Vienna. From his earliest childhood, Moritz Daffinger drew pictures, and by the time he was ten he was designing delicate patterns of plants and flowers for his mother's embroidery. This, and his work as apprentice in his father's factory, to which he went at the age of eleven, led to his being given a scholarship to study at the Imperial and Royal Academy of Art. He studied for seven years, and he stayed on in the factory for eleven years, where he continued until he was commissioned to paint a miniature of the Empress on ivory. This launched his career as a miniaturist, and he plunged into a whole new world—of the Court and of the theatre, in which he was much interested and for which he designed both costumes and sets. When he was still in his twenties, he fell wildly in love with the famous tragedienne Sophie Schröder. They never married, but she bore him two sons. A decade later, his friend Franz Grillparzer, the dramatist, introduced him to the beautiful Marie von Smolenitz, whom he married when he was thirty-seven, and by whom he had a daughter, Mathilde. When Napoleon's court painter, Jean-Baptiste Isabey, came to the Congress of Vienna to do miniatures of the assembled notables, Daffinger sat for his portrait in order to study Isabey's special techniques for increasing the luminosity and depth of flesh tone painted on ivory—techniques he was to adopt himself. Soon he became the most sought-after miniaturist in Vienna, and he demanded and got high prices. He would refuse to paint a face that he thought ugly or that did not interest him, and he was noted for his bad manners and high-handed ways; he even dared to reprimand members of the imperial family if he considered their conduct or dress improper. Perhaps he was already tired of the finicking art of the miniaturist, but it was the death of his daughter, at the age of fifteen, that gave his life a whole new turn. His sorrow was so great that he fled to the woods, where he roamed alone for days on end. Finally, he began to paint what he saw there—small flowers, butterflies, beetles—and for the first time he lost all interest in material values and large earnings and became friendly and mild-mannered, at

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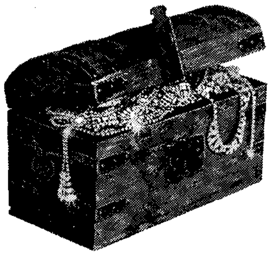

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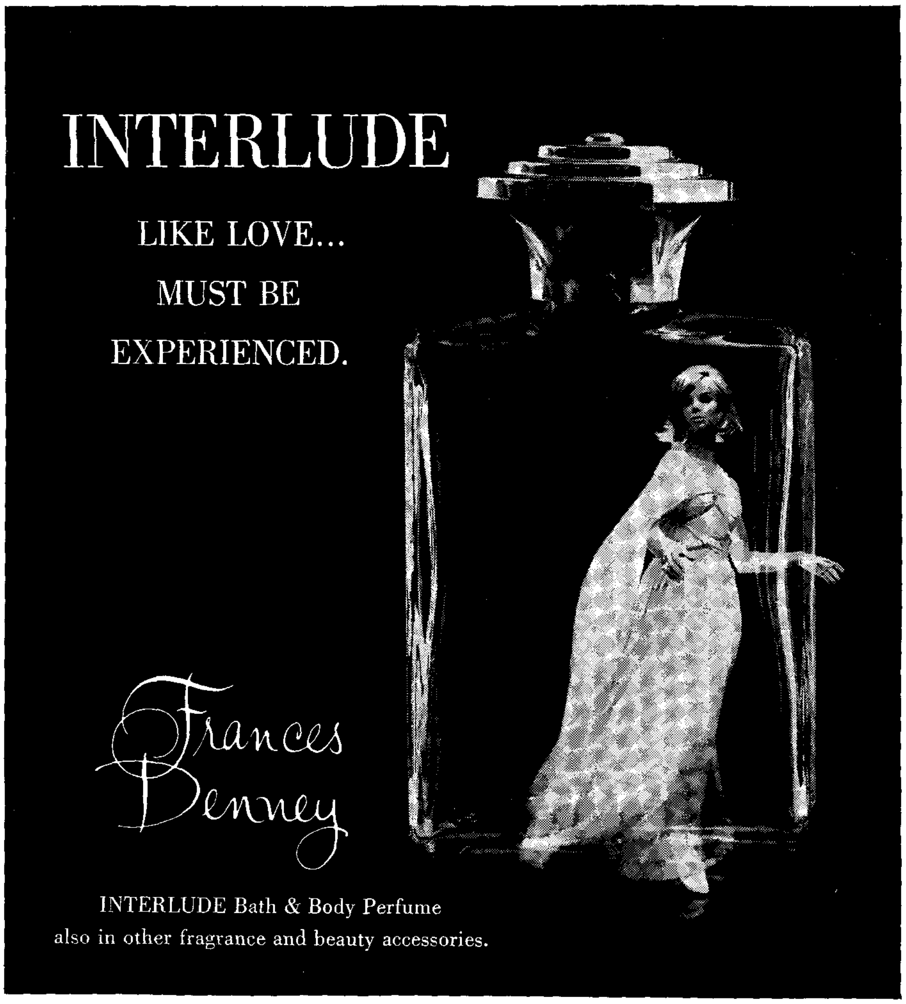
last at ease with the world. In the next five years, he painted his five hundred watercolors of wild flowers. In 1849, he died, a victim of the cholera epidemic in Vienna. The illustrations of the Pirchan volume concentrate on the miniatures, of which he left a thousand. Many of them are rather florid and fancy, and some seem to show a distaste for his subject, as Sargent occasionally did; others, particularly those of children and of his wife and daughter, have great charm.

The Pirchan book includes five not very good reproductions in color of his flower paintings, and sixteen in monochrome, but even in poor reproduction the pictures of such wild flowers as hardy cyclamen, primrose, gentiana, and saxifrage make me long for an album of the best of them, well reproduced in full color. It occurs to me that Daffinger's unhappy years of painting miniatures with a fine-pointed marten-hair brush on ivory leaf smoothed to a high polish with pumice, and of catching the luminosity of flesh tones or the glint of an eye or a jewel, may be in part responsible for his success in painting in watercolor the tiniest detail of a small flower and making the whole plant live and glow on paper as it had in the woods.

THE beloved wild-flower book of my childhood, Mrs. William Starr Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers," has become a classic, and at last it has been revised and brought up to date on nomenclature to conform to the latest edition of Gray's "Manual of Botany." It has now been published as a paperback by Dover Publications. The Dover paperbacks are long-lasting because of their stiff covers, their good paper, and their sewing, which is like that of any well-made hardcover book. Bindings will not split or pages fall out, as do those of the average glued paperback book. This one costs two dollars and is well worth it. She did not group her flowers by flower family, as most botanists do. Instead, Mrs. Dana was the first to follow the sensible if unscientific method of grouping flowers by *color* suggested by John Burroughs, which is so much easier for a child or for an adult amateur with no knowledge of botany. Marion Satterlee's excellent line drawings of the original edition are retained, and so is all of Mrs. Dana's text except for a few passages that had become obsolete. One of the pleasures of the book is the lively literary quality of the writing and the author's supplementary material on such matters as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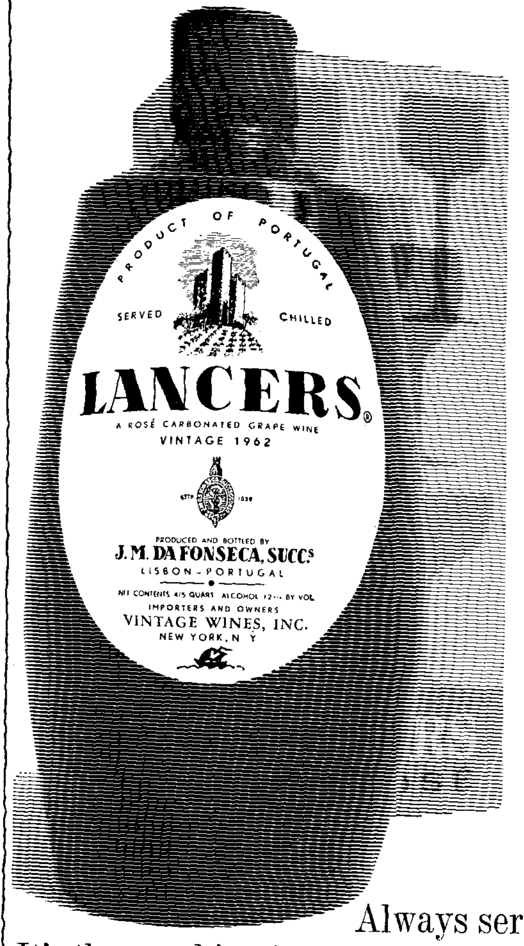
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the uses of the plants in the past and the myths attached to them. Even in late years I have often been able to identify a wild flower in the original Dana book, published in 1893, far faster than I could in the more modern ponderous and scholarly tomes. This new edition is the flower book par excellence to give a family of children. Mrs. Dana, if popular and old-fashioned, was no slouch as a botanist. Her small botanical summaries, given in italics at the start of each entry, sum up every feature a child needs for fairly accurate identification, and her introductory chapters explaining botanical terms and describing the "notable plant families" are instructive and clear. Clarence J. Hylander is the appreciative editor and reviser.

A BEAUTIFUL but highly specialized book, yet to me a most appealing one, in its Oriental version of our garden "objects of delight," is "The Art of the Chrysanthemum," by Tameji Nakajima, "with the collaboration of H. Carl Young." Obviously, though, Mr. Nakajima, with his long beard and ascetic, spiritual face, who in the photographs has the dedicated look of a Buddhist priest, is the genius of this unusual book on the art of growing and training chrysanthemums. The volume, published by Harper & Row, was printed in Japan, which may explain how it can be sold for less than ten dollars in spite of its handsome format, its forty-four plates in delicious color, and its many more black-and-white photographic plates, drawings, diagrams, and decorative "spots." These last are based on traditional Japanese family chrysanthemum crests, some of them belonging to members of the imperial family. (The Emperor's chrysanthemum crest is omitted—I suppose out of deference.) The first section of the book is a treatise on how to raise superior chrysanthemums both indoors and out. The second, and most interesting, concerns the intricate art of bonsai as it applies to chrysanthemums. The third explains how to train the larger potted styles that make Japanese chrysanthemum shows a marvel to Western eyes. I think these showy styles—"cascade," "cursive," "apron," and "thousand-bloom"—too artificial and even sometimes quite hideous, but if I ever had the time and patience and the chance to stay in one place long enough to attempt a bonsai (one can't desert a bonsai for even a day), chrysanthemums would, on the basis of this book, be my preferred medium. I would also give much to own one of

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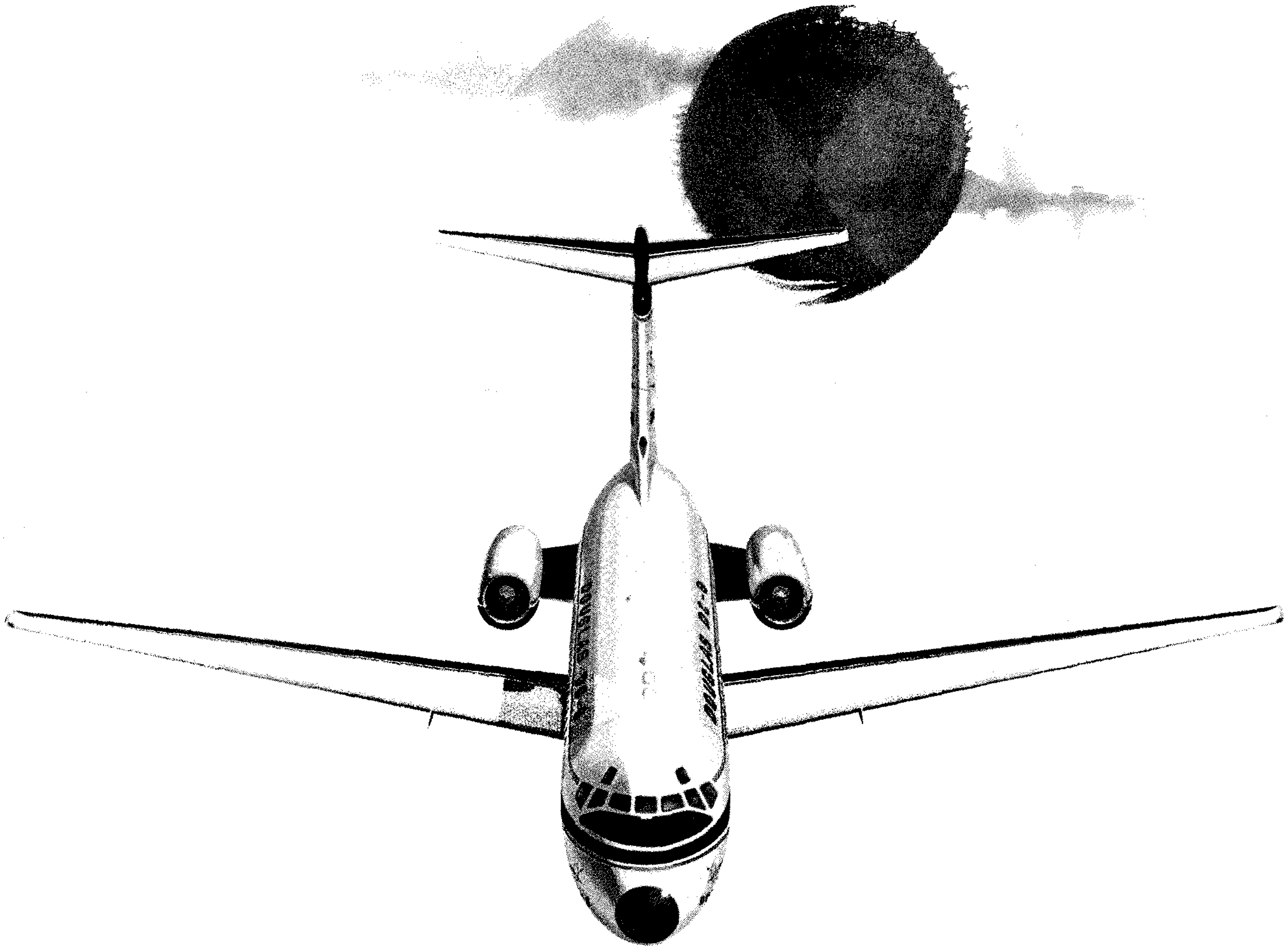

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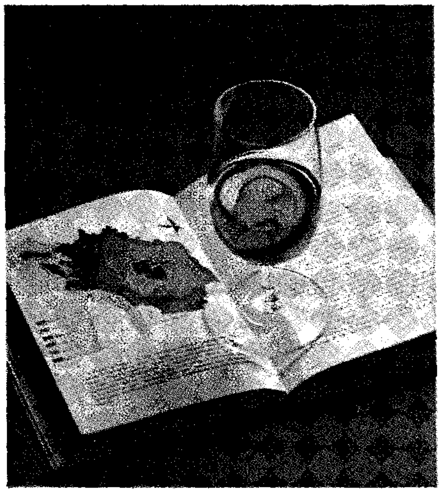

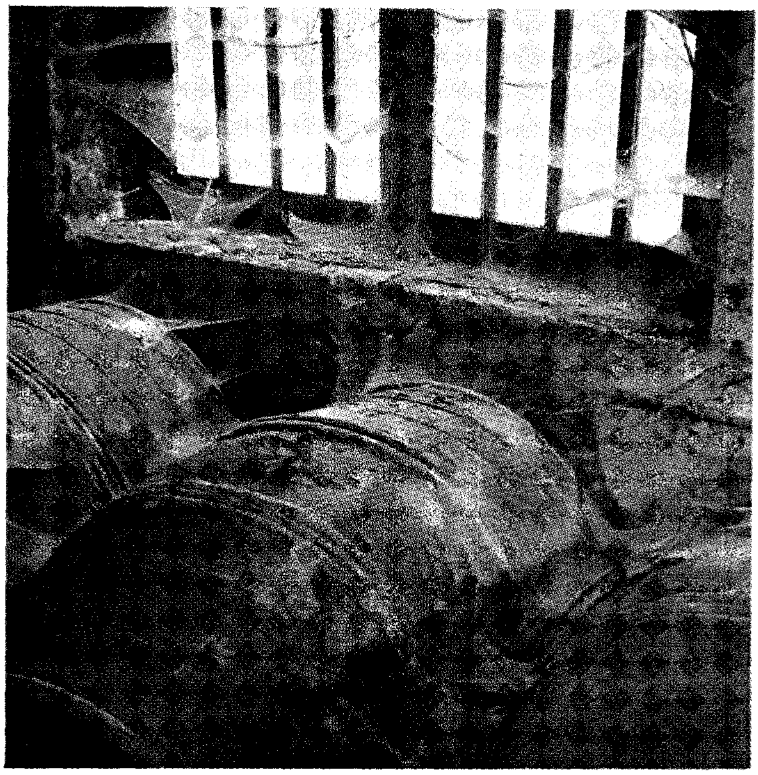

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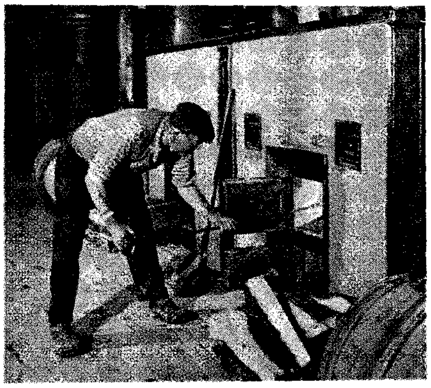

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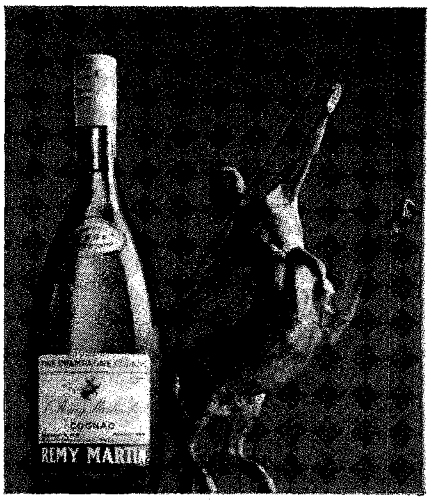

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Mr. Nakajima's tiny, crooked chrysanthemum trees covered with miniature blossoms, or one of his windswept chrysanthemum forests in full flower in a shallow dish. He is a revered master and teacher of the art of the chrysanthemum, and his collaborator, Mr. Young, a native of Iowa who stayed on in Japan after serving in the Korean War and studied for fourteen years the Japanese methods of chrysanthemum pot culture, has himself become a well-known teacher and exhibitor in Japan. It is to him, I suppose, that we owe the aids the book offers for American readers, such as a glossary of terms, an appendix listing nurseries in this country that supply chrysanthemums, and an introduction that, among other things, compares the climatic conditions of Japan and the United States. He doesn't, alas, tell me how to winter-over chrysanthemum plants in the cold temperatures of Maine (my luck has been about ten per cent), and he does not even try to tell us what American chrysanthemum cultivars come nearest to the Japanese-named varieties shown in the illustrations. ("Cultivar," by the way, is a coined word meaning "cultivated variety." I have always disliked the word, but it is now in such general use by horticulturists and writers on floriculture that I have had to succumb to it.) Any amateur gardener who grows chrysanthemums will find Part I useful, what with its cultural directions and disquisitions on soils, pests, and techniques like "pinching back." I was astounded, for instance, to discover that half the time the Nakajima bonsais grow with their roots largely exposed, and I remembered wryly how many times I have patiently covered my chrysanthemum roots with soil, doubtless to their detriment.

"The City Gardener," by Philip Truex (Knopf), is by all odds the most complete and useful book I know for those who are ambitious enough to attempt roof, balcony, or back-yard gardens in any metropolis, and even for those who have to settle for a mere window box or for a pot-and-tub garden on a penthouse porch. The author is well equipped to give practical advice, for he has been through it all himself on his own roof. Also, he is the owner of a shop called the City Gardener, which for a decade has catered to New York's gardeners, those most beset and persistent of all amateur cultivators. He writes with enthusiasm and he writes well, and there isn't a stone or a plant or a contingency he has left unturned. I have attempted with only meagre success to garden in New York—in back

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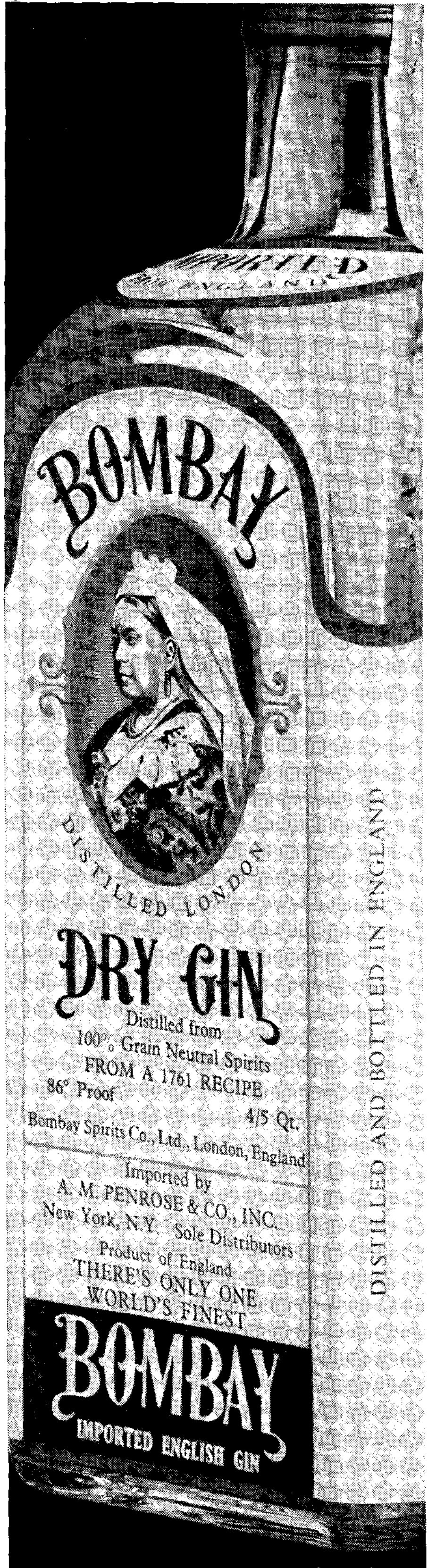

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yards and on porches and balconies—and though sootfall, gas fumes, and too much shade are now in the past for me, I wish I could have had Mr. Truex as my guide while I was trying it all. His book is in three sections: roof gardening, back-yard gardening (the two are totally different), and a twelve-month almanac. There are lists of city-tolerating plants, diagrams, photographs, a selection of recommended garden books, and an index. "Indispensable" is the best adjective for this readable volume.

For the suburban gardener, Donald Wyman's "The Saturday Morning Gardener" (Macmillan, 1962) gives equally sage advice. It is a guide to easy maintenance by the Horticulturist of the Arnold Arboretum, who also draws on his experience as a home gardener in a Boston suburb, with the help of his wife and teen-age sons. He covers planning, short cuts of many sorts, labor-saving machines, and so on, and he describes nearly a thousand low-maintenance plants, vines, shrubs, trees, and ground covers. Mr. Wyman warns us that plants and varieties that have proved difficult or easy for him may, in a different soil or locale, be the reverse, and this checks out with my own experience. Missing from his lists are three of the mainstays of my borders in Maine—hybrid columbines, delphinium, and Sweet William. The long-spurred columbines will renew themselves here at the drop of a seed, and the parent plants seem to go on forever. Modern delphiniums, if treated like biannuals, and good old Sweet William have given me next to no trouble. On the other hand, I simply can't seem to make hardy asters, and several other perennials that Mr. Wyman finds easy, do a thing. I might add that in my experience not very many Saturday gardeners have such coöperative young sons as Mr. Wyman seems to have.

"A Gardener's Book of Plant Names," by A. W. Smith (Harper & Row), is a sort of dictionary, but it is much more than that, and it is by far the most entertaining garden reading I've met up with in years. In a way, it came as an answer to prayer, because I have long been interested in the origins of plant names and have searched in vain for any fairly complete book on the subject. Here are at least a thousand listings of plant names and botanical-Latin descriptive adjectives—not a complete list, by any means, but a serviceable one. The author died just before the publication of his book. If he had lived, he might have given us another volume. Colonel A. Williams Smith was, like most educated Englishmen, a Greek and Latin scholar. His long military career took him all over the world and his travels gave him an interest in plants. He served in Russia with the Cossacks during the First World War and in Australia and Africa during the second one. And for a while he managed a teak forest in Upper Burma. Happily for us, he settled in New England on his retirement from the Army, became an American citizen, and raised fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers and made a collection of native wild flowers, shrubs, and trees. His book is American in slant, with English garden knowledge as a background. The entries list generic and specific names in alphabetical order, identify the roots of the botanical names—whether Greek, Latin, American Indian, or whatever—and, if they are not self-evident, explain the origins of the English common names. Most of the entries are brief. The charm of the book is that Colonel Smith, when he feels like it, takes off in full flight and writes an anecdote or even a sizable essay if the history of a tree or plant or the derivation of its name catches his fancy. The entry Rose occupies two pages, and so does Apple. I find it amusing to learn that Lycoris, a summer garden bulb, was "named in honor of a lovely Roman actress of that name, the mistress of Marc Antony;" that Tithonia was named for Tithonus, a young man much loved by Aurora, the goddess of dawn; that Tulipa (tulip) was the Latin version of the Arabic word for turban; that Calendula, which the English call "pot marigold," derives from *calendae*, the Latin word for the first days of the month, on which interest must be paid, and that its English name comes from the fact that in early English cooking a single head of the flower was thrown into the pot to flavor thick soups. Myths, historical facts, and etymology are thrown into Colonel Smith's pot in a savory mixture. Under Pine, he reminds us that in the seventeenth century all the noble New England white pines whose trunks measured twenty-four inches or more were marked as Crown property and were cut and transported to England to be used as ships' masts, and that as a consequence it is seldom that a pine board wider than twenty-three inches is found in early New England houses. He reminds us, too, that this confiscation was one of the many causes of dissatisfaction leading to the Revolution. Franklinia (named for old Ben), that rare and beautiful shrub with an odd history, does not get a separate listing, except as a variety of Gordonia, but George Washington is represented by Washingtonia, "a tall, not very handsome fan-palm native in California and the southern United States." Poor George! We should have done better by him botanically. Colonel Smith's essay on APPLE is particularly agreeable. I'll bet you did not know that the first named variety in America, Blaxton's Yellow Sweeting, was introduced around 1640 by the Reverend William Blaxton, who had a fruit orchard at what is now the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets, in Boston. "One of the best gardeners of his day, he also trained a bull to the saddle and used it to ride around Boston on his daily business." I could go on and on, but you will have more fun reading the book yourself. Some of the reviews in the botanical and horticultural journals have pointed out a few minor errors in Colonel Smith's nomenclature, and one of them even complained that the entries were of uneven length, which seemed to me to miss the whole point of this unusual book.

I AM not much of an herb grower, if only because my family prefers its food flavors undoctored. Therefore, the culinary herbs I raise have been of the simplest sort—mint, parsley, tarragon, and chives. These all used to occupy a small kitchen garden devoted mainly to head lettuce, but some of them are now wandering or missing. The two or three varieties of mint growing there threatened to take over the whole bed, so they were moved just outside the home-ground fence into a hayfield, with the result that if I forget to warn the haymakers not to mow them down, as happened this year, our mint supply is temporarily sparse. Our chives proved so attractive to one of our dogs they were temporarily banned from salad. (We have no dog at the moment, but I have just discovered that some painstaking yet unacknowledged villain appears to have spirited away my two big clumps of chives.) Years back, I had some borage plants in this same bed, given to me by a friend, but I was never able to find a use for this tasteless herb, and it, too, was moved from the kitchen bed into the hayfield, where it still flourishes among the grasses. I would have thrown out the stuff long since if my friend had

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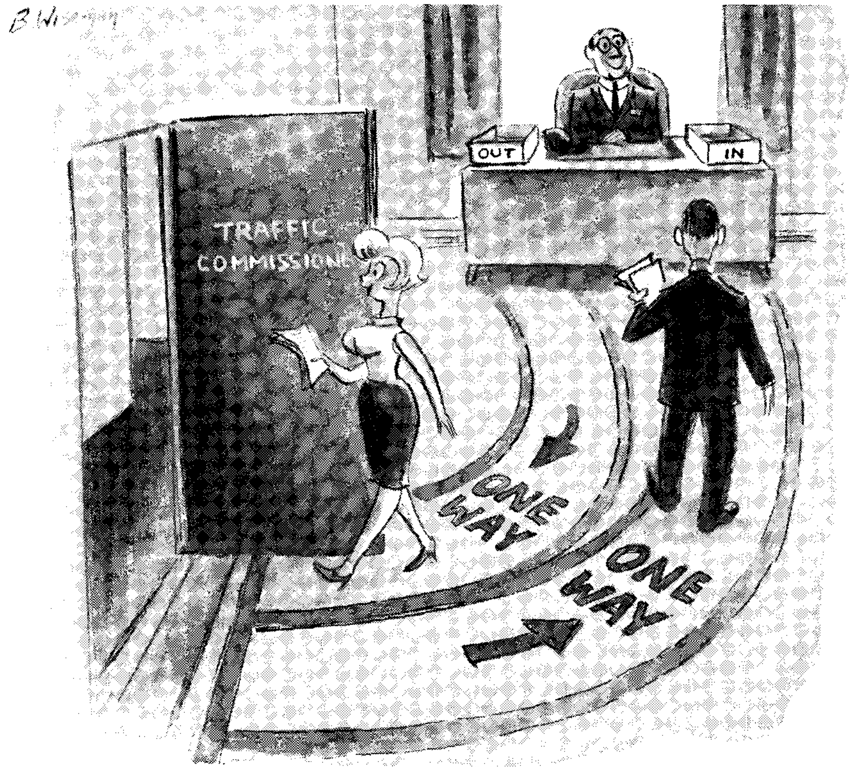

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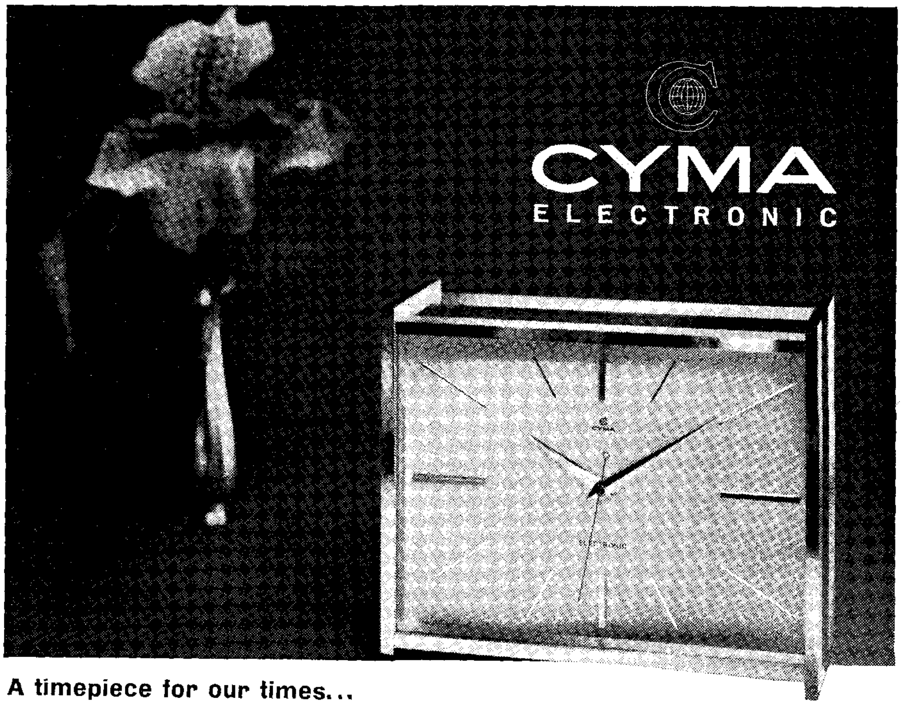

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not kept saying, "Borage for courage, you know, borage for courage," and I've always felt I could use a little extra courage. Before the frost this fall, I went out to the hayfield and ate a sprig of borage to check my memory—no taste. Possibly my friend's plants weren't borage at all, but they do look like its pictures.

Because of this sorry record as an herb gardener, I hesitate to recommend two recent books on herbs that I admire and that may have made me more herb-minded. I have renewed the mint in the kitchen bed and put in two small plants of thyme—one English thyme and one French thyme, obtained through Merry Gardens' admirable mail-order catalogue from Camden, Maine. And in the house, from the same nursery, I am starting for next summer's garden a pot of lemon verbena and a pot of rose geranium for fragrance. I have grown these before, but not of recent years. Nothing is more delicious than a lemon-verbena sachet for one's bureau drawer, or a rose-geranium leaf to pinch as one walks past it in the garden.

Margaret Brownlow's "Herbs and the Fragrant Garden" is, as its title implies, a book on fragrant plants and shrubs as well as on culinary and medicinal herbs. It was first printed, privately, in England in 1957, then enlarged and revised and republished there in 1963. The American edition (McGraw-Hill) is a large yet portable volume illustrated by photographs, charts, and plans, but chiefly by the author's thirty-two pages of delicate watercolors, each page containing many varieties of herbs or flowers. Eighteen varieties of thyme, for instance, are shown on a single page, but the effect is not crowded and the page has a pleasing pattern. Miss Brownlow paints with a sort of innocence and clarity that make for easy identification, yet the illustrations are those of an artist rather than of a botanical illustrator. To me, they far surpass photographs in their appeal to the eye and in their usefulness for identification. The text is equally pleasurable and useful. Its chapters include the fascinating history of herbs, advice on laying out and growing an herb garden and on harvesting its products and using them in cooking, salads, potpourris, and much more. A reference section, which occupies more than half the book, gives a table of flowering dates, short classified lists of aromatic and scented shrubs and North American herbs, and a long alphabetical list of the same with descriptions and advice on each plant, warn-

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ings against poisonous varieties, and much lore and history of the various species as well. There is an index. In spite of the book's orderliness, the writing is literary and personal, with poems, quotations, mythology, and personal experience interspersing the practical advice and the botany and horticulture. Perhaps I like it so much because Miss Brownlow appears to have my own predilection for fragrance and aroma, though I believe my pleasure comes chiefly from the author's vast knowledge and her patent enthusiasm. She never gushes; she merely enlightens the gardener and enlivens the reader.

The other herb book I like is an oddity titled "Garden Spice & Wild Pot-Herbs." It is a collaboration between Elfriede Abbe, the illustrator, and the writers of the text, Walter C. Muenscher, late Professor of Botany at Cornell, and Myron A. Rice, a horticulturist and formerly a research scientist at Yale. The first edition, which appeared ten years ago, was limited to ninety copies, and for these copies Miss Abbe set the type and printed it on a hand press; she also designed the book and made the bold woodcut illustrations. The Cornell University Press later the same year brought out a popular edition, which was an exact reproduction by the offset process of the handmade book. Now the Cornell Press has reissued the book, boxed, perhaps because it is such a contribution to graphic art, in which field Miss Abbe has acquired considerable renown. I do not happen to like the type in which she chose to set her handsome volume—Goudy Kennerly Bold & Italic, a really gigantic type face, which is decorative yet which I feel has the appearance of a rather fake antiquity (most of the "and"s are ampersands, which leap out at you alarmingly from the page)—but I do greatly admire her vigorous woodcuts, which are stunning examples of graphic art and are also, I assume, completely accurate botanically, since the versatile Miss Abbe holds the post of Scientific Illustrator in the Department of Botany at Cornell. Designing and illustrating fine editions appears to be her hobby, and, to cap it all, she is a sculptor and woodcarver of note. (A busy lady. This year she turns up again as the author, illustrator, plant researcher, and translator of Vergil in another Cornell University Press book, "The Plants of Vergil's 'Georgics.' " I found it dry; she appears to have little interest in the *poetry* of Vergil. However, it represents vast research, and classicists, medievalists, and botanical historians will doubtless welcome it.) To return

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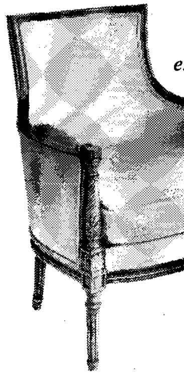

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to "Garden Spice & Wild Pot-Herbs," the text is thoroughly enjoyable, what with its exact botanical descriptions of two hundred and fifty plants and its suggestions on how to find and grow them, and to me it is particularly so because the two professors appear to have quite as lively an interest in cooking as in botany and horticulture. Recipes are given, and they sound good. I especially like the section on potherbs, most of which we commonly think of as weeds. Have you ever tried the first shoots of milkweed, cooked like asparagus, or made a Scotch nettle pudding, or eaten purslane (pussley) the way it is cooked in Europe, with butter, zwieback crumbs, meat broth, and cream or the yolk of an egg? Even pigweed can be a delicacy. Buy the book and see how. It will cost you ten dollars.

Joseph Wood Krutch's "Herbal" is another decorative book of exceptionally good design and typography. It is not a book about herbs for gardeners or cooks, as the two preceding books are, but is Mr. Krutch's attempt to write his own medicine and plant book, or "herbal," in the manner and spirit of the classical and medieval herbalists, ranging from Dioscorides the Greek to the pre-Linnaean herbalists, whose books were a weird compound of early botany, mythology, astrology, and beginning pharmacology. It is likely to fascinate anyone who has not delved into Mr. Krutch's sources in a library, or who has a taste for quaintness and an interest in the dark ages of medicine, or who likes to marvel at the comic superstitions and occasional good sense of our ancestors. Although it is a work of scholarship and written with style, I think the "wit" ascribed to the author on the book jacket is in this case mostly a matter of the reader's laughing *at* the odd beliefs of Dioscorides, Pliny, Theophrastus, John Parkinson, Nicholas Culpeper, and the others. The big volume is illustrated by the curious woodcuts of Pierandrea Mattioli's "Commentaries on the Six Books of Dioscorides," issued in Prague in 1563. They are handsome examples of the early plant illustrator's art, and the choice of plates seems to have guided the author's rather arbitrary selection of the hundred plants he covers. Some of Mr. Krutch's passages on modern drugs, many of which were used in medieval times, are interesting, but, aside from this, the book seems to me to come dangerously near to belonging in the conversation-piece category. Putnam is the publisher, and the book sells for seventeen dollars and fifty cents up to the first of the year, when the price

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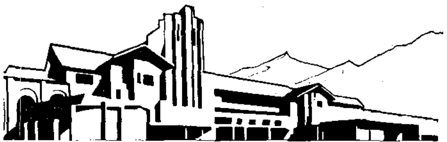

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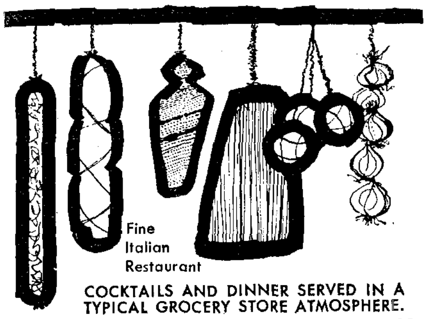

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Quaint superstition and early medicine enter into another book—a small one this time, called "A Witch's Guide to Gardening," by Dorothy Jacob, an English author, which in a wandering way covers much garden lore and legend and explains the Devil's hold on the natural world, especially in Great Britain. If witchcraft is your meat, this may be your book. I enjoyed the chapter on tree magic, much of it new to me, but on the whole the best thing the book did for me was to send me back to John Donne, whose magic and mystery I find more compelling:

Go, and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me, where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the Devil's foot . . .

If you remember, Donne, in the same stanza of his song, wants to be taught what wind "serves to advance an honest mind." It is a wind every writer must search to find—especially, perhaps, every writer or artist dealing with that "idea which we have come to call nature."

A NUMBER of years ago, I expressed in these pages the hope that an American publisher would bring back into print some of Gertrude Jekyll's garden writing of the late nineties and early nineteen-hundreds in an anthology selected from her thirteen books. Last year, Scribners did just this, in a volume of selections titled "On Gardening." It is a handsome book, dignified and tasteful in typography and format and discreetly illustrated with a few strong pen-and-ink drawings by Margaret Philbrick. (The compiler is not named.) One feels that Miss Jekyll, an artist herself, would have approved of her new book but might have felt that a condensation of her two best books would have been a wiser plan. The selections are well chosen and are as useful and interesting to gardeners today as they ever were, but to the Jekyll addict, anyway, they seem a bit skimpy and scattered. I, for one, missed the continuity of the tremendous tale Miss Jekyll unfolds in her first two books—"Wood and Garden" and "Home and Garden," in which she describes the making of her famous garden and the building of her house at Munstead Wood. The preface of the new book, by Elizabeth Lawrence, briefly and brilliantly sums up Gertrude Jekyll's life, describes her quirky and interesting personality, and assesses her contribution to the landscaping, gardening,

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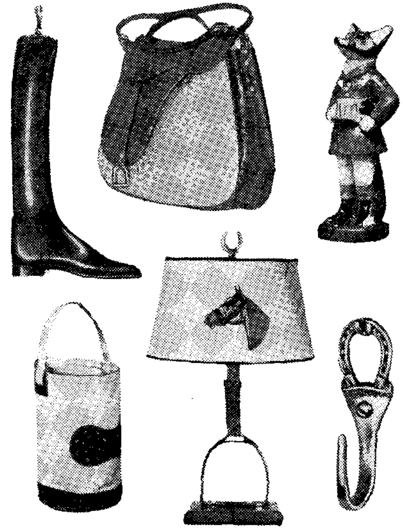

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and horticulture of her period and of ours. Her portrait is a useful antidote to recurrent snipings at this forceful lady's spinsterish habits and so-called plain looks. She was gallant and she had the good looks of character and vigor. In her fifties, giving up her work as an artist because of failing eyesight, she was able to create a wholly new career, in which she became an authority and an influence both in England and in this country. "In an age of fine writing and fine gardening," says Miss Lawrence, "Gertrude Jekyll excelled in both." Except for Miss Lawrence, I can think of almost no one of whom this could be said today.

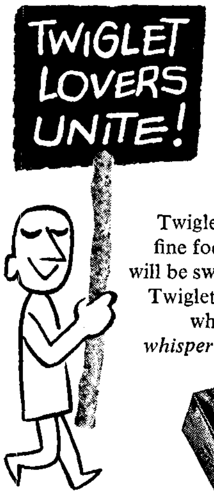
Another exception could be Mrs. Mortimer J. Fox (Helen M. Fox), a knowing garden writer and gardener, to whom I am indebted for an interesting footnote on Miss Jekyll's old age. (She lived to be eighty-nine.) In 1960, Mrs. Fox wrote me, "Years ago I visited Gertrude Jekyll. She was too ill to see me but told me to visit the garden. While I was there, along came two maids with their streamers floating from their caps and their blue-and-white uniforms covered with large white aprons. They were carrying a large washbasket which they held under one rosebush after another, and tapped the roses so the petals would fall into it. It was a delightful picture and so very old world." It should not be assumed, I feel sure, that this episode was the result of an old-maidish tidiness, since Miss Jekyll was always for naturalness and disliked a fussily neated-up garden. What was going on that day must surely have been the gathering of rose petals for Miss Jekyll's famous potpourris, described in both "Home and Garden" and the new anthology. It is pleasant to think that, old and ill though she was, Miss Jekyll, if only vicariously, was attending to her annual rose harvest, which would bring her garden indoors and preserve its ineffable June fragrance through the long winter months to come.

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

•

> The scoring of the Fantaisies is often amazing, but the overall effect perhaps is as overheavy as the pace is relentless. Even with their kaleidoscopic texture and color, the three movements all create in a listener somewhat similar effects of churning excitement but eventual exhaustion.
> boo
>
> —*Washington Star*.

Boo yourself, you tired old thing!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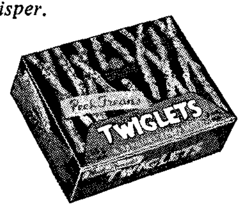

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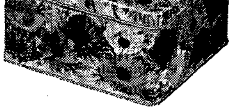

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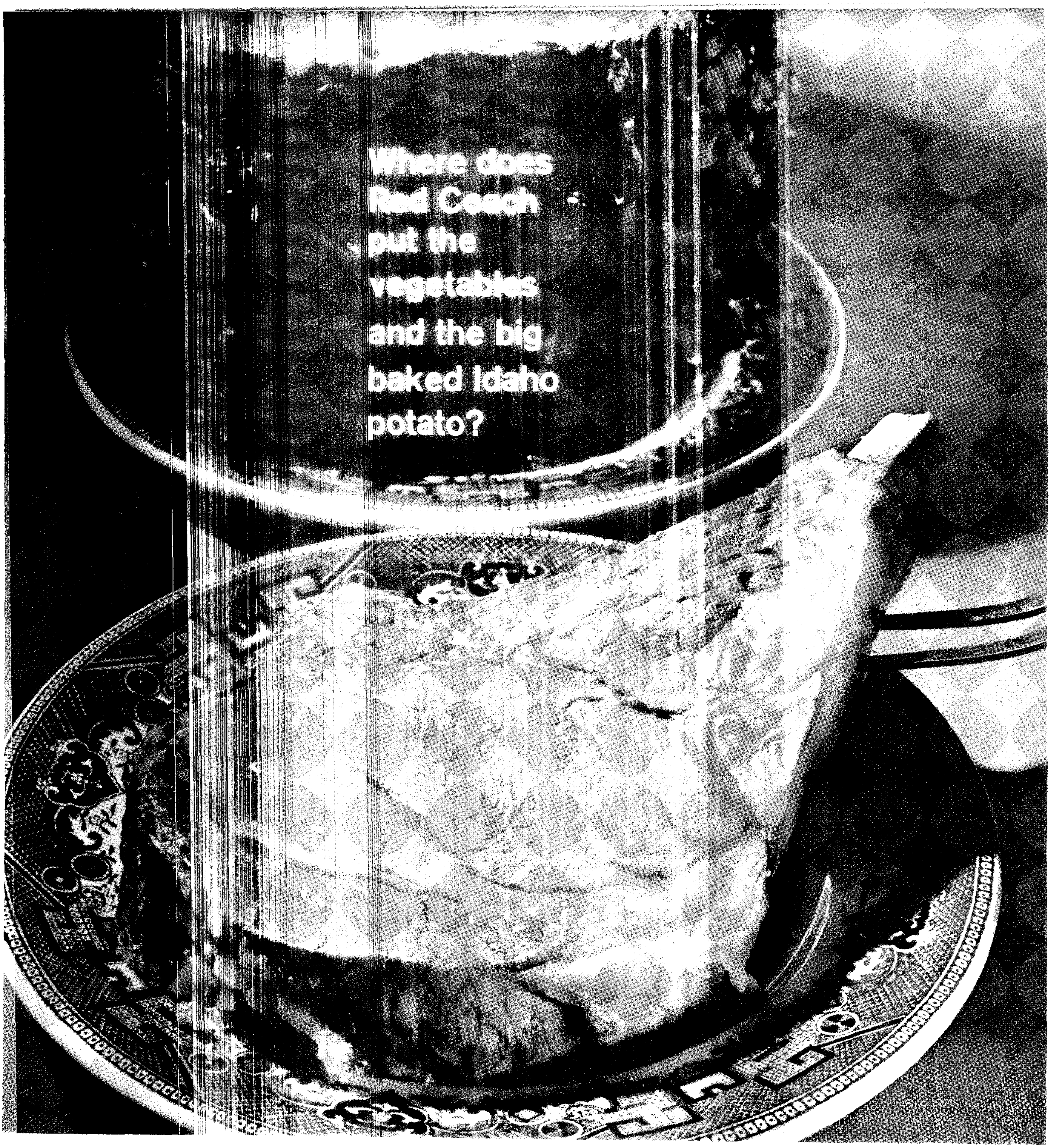
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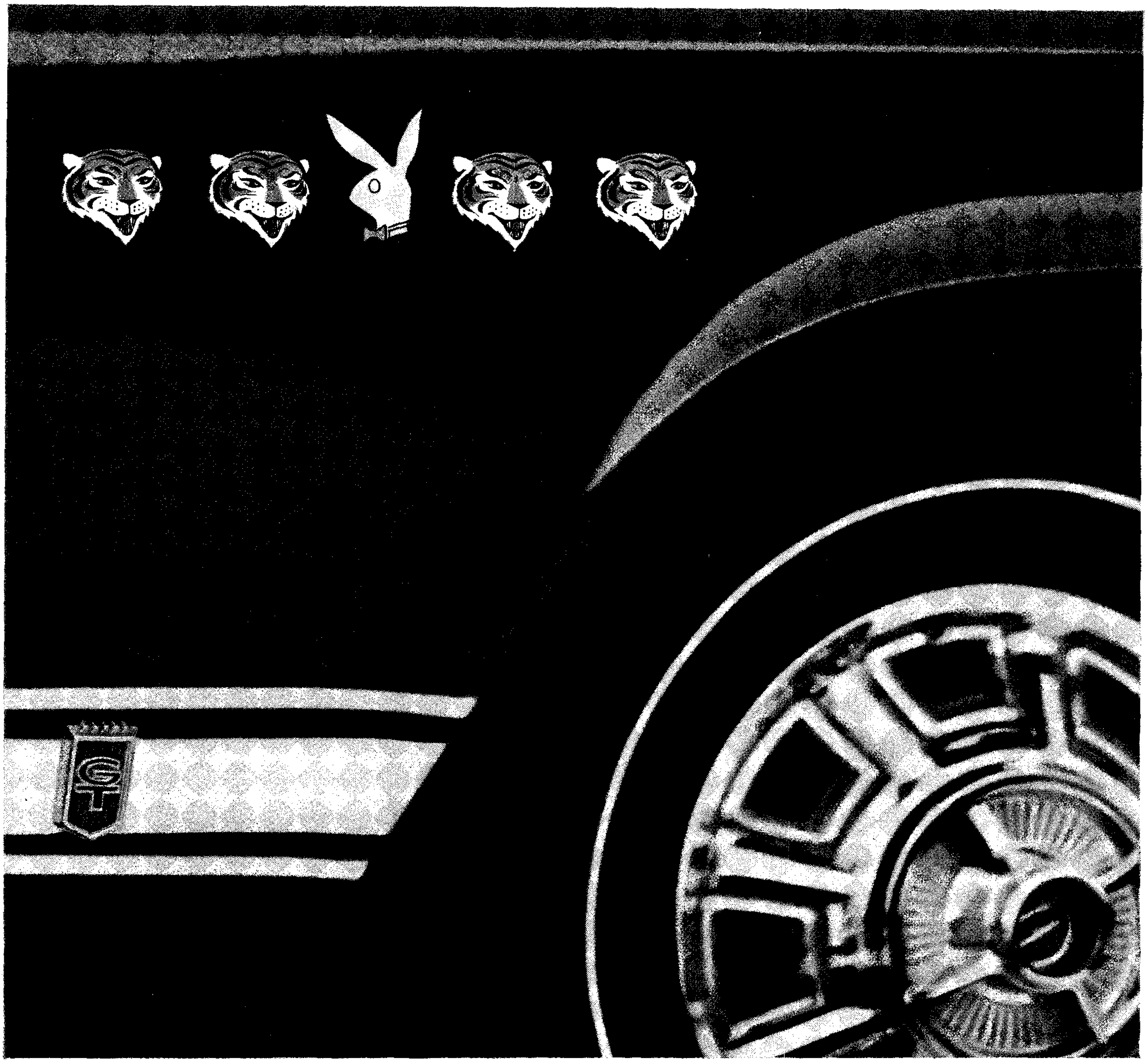

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If you want a big gun for tiger country, maybe it's time for Fairlane GT. But, watch it. Fairlane GT comes loaded.

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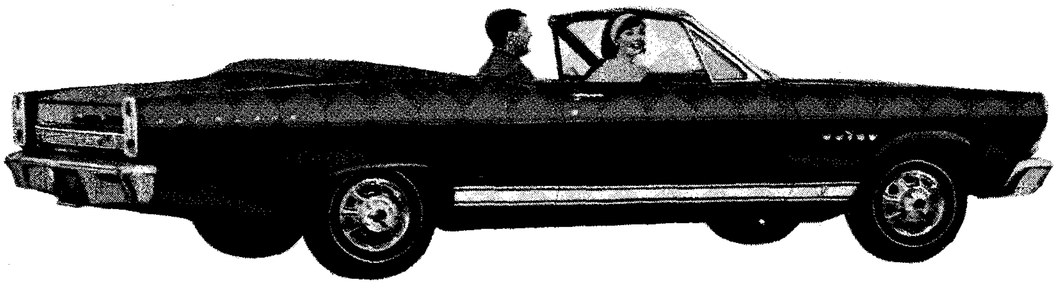
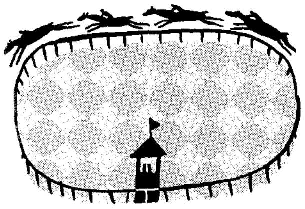


THE RACE TRACK

Getaway



IF memory serves (and I'm sure you'll correct me if it doesn't), one of George M. Cohan's favorite songs was "Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Goodbye." Racing did just that at Aqueduct last Saturday. Perhaps I'm an old sentimentalist on getaway days, but it seemed to me that although it was a misty, gray, cold afternoon and the horses in action were on the whole pretty mediocre, the sport was thoroughly enjoyable. F. Eugene Dixon, Jr.'s, Brave Lad justified his favoritism in the Display Handicap, winning in a rousing finish from Choker and Ky. Pioneer. Ten runners went to the post for the Display, one of the few events we have at two miles on the flat, and a selling-plater with the improbable name of Selected Shorts led by lengths for more than a mile. Then Choker took command, and after that Ky. Pioneer looked as though he might carry Calumet's colors to victory, but Brave Lad, who had started off slowly, swept past the leaders in the last furlong to win by two and a half lengths. Brave Lad, a rangy four-year-old gelding by Princequillo, is one of those fellows who always finish fast in the shorter races but never quite click. Observers thought he would have beaten Choker in the Gallant Fox, at a mile and five furlongs, had the route been a bit longer. This time it was. Earlier in the afternoon, Hero's Gift, Nike Site, Cooperate, and More Coins also put on a smashing performance before they passed under the wire, in the order named. Because it was the last chance for the horseplayers to get even, there was a crowd of 53,135 in the stand, the largest since Labor Day, and the lads and lasses tossed a whopping $5,520,372 into the tote. If you care, the total attendance at the Big A this year was 6,414,432 and the betting $634,026,019, both slightly less than in 1964. But then I don't suppose you do care.

One of the bigger disappointments of the week was in the New Market Handicap, in which Admiring and Petticoat, saddled by Hirsch Jacobs, went to the post at 3–5 and finished second and third to Triple Brook, an 8–1 chance. New Market, as you may know, was the first racecourse on Long Island—as a matter of fact, the first in America. It was laid out in 1665, on what was then known as Hempstead Plains and is now Garden City, by Colonel Richard Nicolls, the first British governor of the colony. I find a familiar ring to his announcement that racing there would be "not so much for the divertissement of youth as for encouraging the bettering the breed of horses, which through great neglect had been impaired."

BY the way, the New York Racing Association, Inc., has not applied for dates for its 1966 meetings. For several years, the season has started on the third Monday in March, but the legislature at its next session, which begins in January, is expected to advance the opening to at least the second Monday of March. And no horses will be stabled at Belmont Park this winter. The management finds that there would be too few to bother with, and, besides, the training track, which they'd gallop on, has been torn up to make a parking lot. My informers report that work on the new grandstand, which is going to be colossal, is humming along merrily.

SO Kelso is going to Hialeah, and, no doubt, into training for the Widener Handicap there on February 19th. I loved the cartoon that Peb, one of my favorite men with a pen, had in last Saturday's *Morning Telegraph*. In case you didn't see it, it shows Mrs. Richard C. du Pont sitting in front of Kelso's stall, apparently deeply preoccupied with the report of Carl Hanford, her trainer, while Kelso contemplates them through special spectacles. The caption is "But look on the bright side: he's still eligible to races for non-winners of $2,000,000. . . ."

SELAH!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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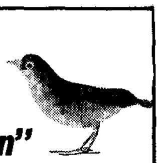

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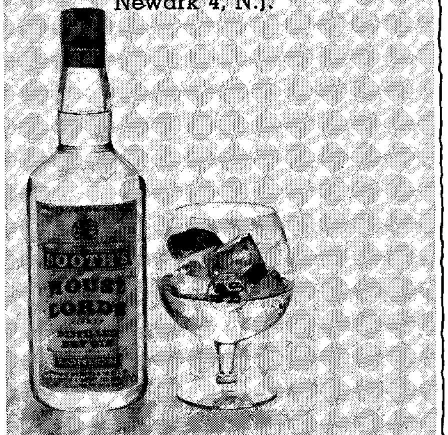

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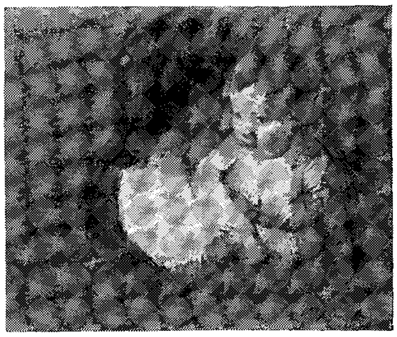
NOW that the city is gaining the upper hand in the water crisis, and electricity is once again pulsing through the wires, it is time to take a good hard look at some other severe shortages that have been sneaking up on us:

Bread—Commissioner of Starch Marketing Carmine L. Finucci has warned that the bread shortage is rapidly approaching the critical level, and he asks for coöperation and understanding from all New Yorkers during the emergency. The bread crisis has come about through an incredible combination of unforeseeable factors. To begin with, the annual reducing-diet fever, which normally seizes up to forty-seven per cent of the city's adult population at this season, has so far failed to materialize. Add to that the accidental sinking last month, off Sandy Hook, of an inbound freighter carrying seventy-eight tons of calcium styroflabionate (the essential ingredient that gives modern bread its distinctive "paper towel" flavor), and a pattern begins to emerge. Then, late last week, Commissioner Finucci released a survey showing that more and more restaurant diners were nervously tearing their bread into little pieces and rolling the pieces into tiny balls; this habit is up eleven per cent over last year in the East Fifties alone. The Commissioner sees no reason as yet to bar bread-baskets from tables, but he has asked for "self-control and common sense" in the feeding of pigeons.

Soup—With soup production at major canneries in the East at an all-time low, Runny-Foodstuffs Commissioner Arthur Leamy sees no sign of a break in the deadlock between manufacturers and the International Brotherhood of Leek, Carrot, and Turnip Dicers. Leamy this week told an ad-hoc housewives' committee that he could offer no hope for an early return of soup to supermarket shelves but that his office plans to distribute three million copies of a flyer telling how to make an adequate soup substitute from bones, vegetables, seasonings, and other readily available ingredients. "Sounds funny," the Commissioner told the ladies, "but it works. We intend this measure only as a stopgap, and we are bending every effort to bring the soup shortage to an early end." Meanwhile, the city has been encouraging restaurants to thin their soups with skim milk or sherry; a card will be placed at each table explaining that the thinning is not done with city water.

MARY CASSATT
(1845-1926)



Mother and Child Pastel, 1905 21¼ x 25½ inches

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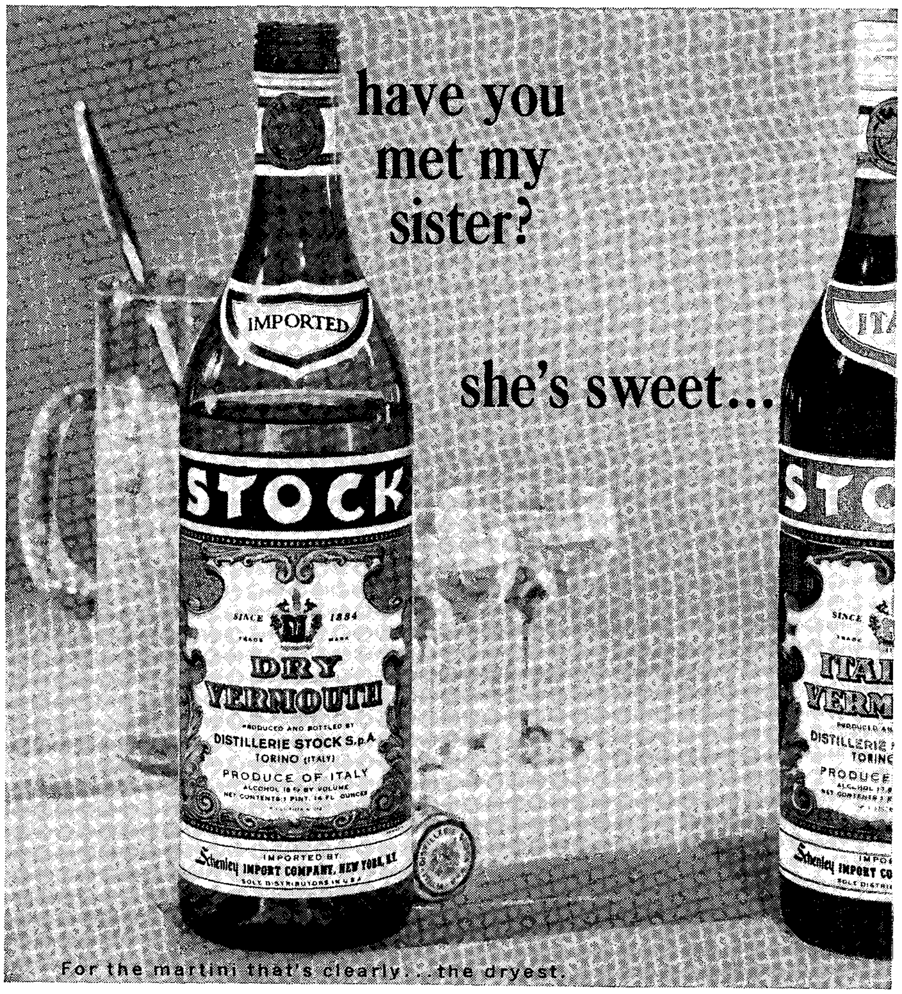
Mortar—Lower-Middle-Income Building Commissioner Myron A. Byron lashed out this week at building-trades spokesmen who lay the present mortar shortage at his door. When New York's biggest mixed-in-transit mortar fleet was sold to a soft-ice-cream chain last month, it was Byron who arranged for two million tons of dry mortar to be hauled to the city by railroad—enough to meet industry needs for months. His decision to leave the shipment in its open freight cars overnight was not made until he double-checked a Weather Bureau report that the precipitation probability was less than twenty per cent. "Anybody with a complaint can take it up with the federal government!" Byron shouted to newsmen over the sound of jackhammers yesterday at the West Side freight yards.

In any case, the Department of Buildings considers the effect of the mortar shortage to be minimal. New starts in apartment houses continue normal for this season, and bricklayers are relearning that oldest of masonry techniques, dry wall. Until further notice, builders have been asked to keep all new apartment houses three stories shorter than usual, and, upon completion, to post a notice forbidding tenants to hang pictures on outside walls.

Air—Commissioner of Air Michael F. X. Noonan said last night the slight air shortage that has been developing these last few weeks appears to have bottomed out. Although air in and around the city is only at about 37.9 per cent of normal, as opposed to 44.6 per cent last year on this date, faintings are down, and it is now a week since anybody actually turned blue. The Commissioner attributes the temporary air shortage to the population explosion, and to an abnormally heavy influx of visitors for the peak of the convention season. Many of these out-of-towners come from smaller communities, where they are accustomed to breathing deeply. "The selfish breathing of a few," Commissioner Noonan has said, "spoils our air for the many."

As of last night, the Department of Air had begun to crack down on restaurants that persist in serving popovers


have you met my sister?
she's sweet...
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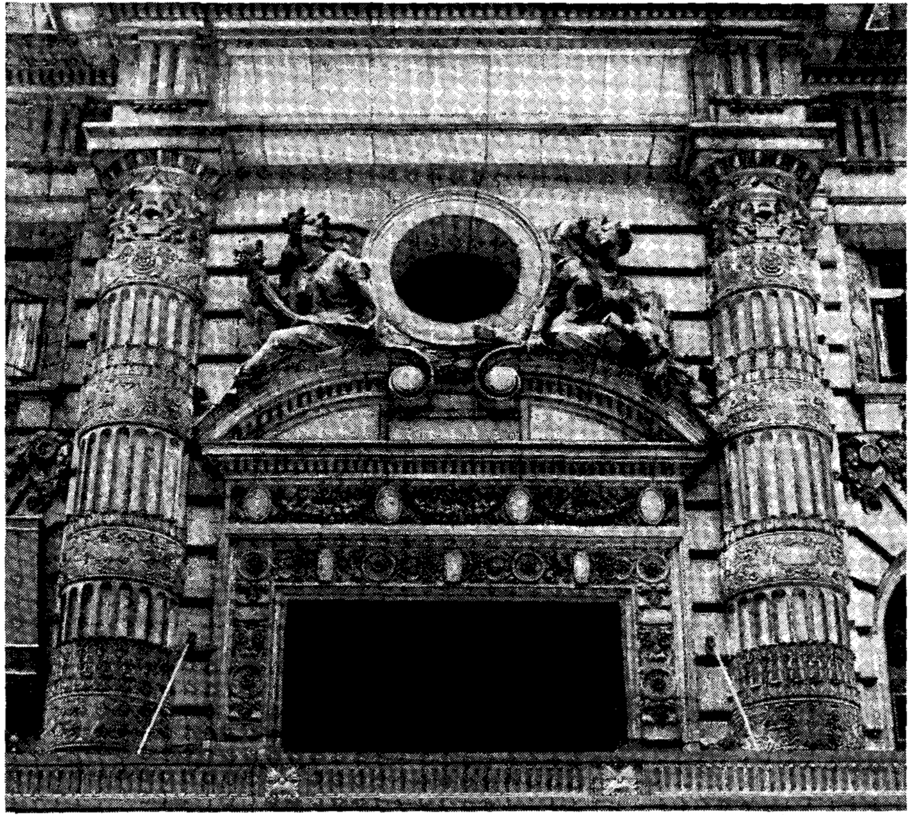

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and soufflés. Today the department issued a guide to air conservation for the general public that concludes with this thought: "Waste motions—running, bending, laughing—make needless calls on precious oxygen. Please don't laugh for everything. Responsible citizens will follow Commissioner Noonan's example for the duration of the emergency by breathing shallowly while remaining quietly seated or in a supine position for at least sixteen hours a day."

—GORDON COTLER

•

FLY IN DECEMBER

In an old, dark house—
where the thick light held us
bowled in glass—

looping from nowhere, furious, he came
pirouetting, hurling
a black, drunken aim,

zanging, unzipping the halves of the air
all afternoon and evening,
singing black in eye and ear

at the dog, at me, at the light,
flinging,
bitter, rude, a piece of night,

or, overhead, rode invisibly
in the terrier's shouldered, worried glance
on some vague journey

through doors into the other rooms,
back, wrestling
whatever angel he held, or doom:

death, the sweetness gone, the loss of
    summer.
At midnight, he stopped
suddenly, letting the windows remember

the late snow falling to and fro
again, the furry
stars that burn in lovely agonies as they go

beyond our tiny night.
Vile
star—breath—flower!—knot

that won't pull loose to dying,
does he see
at last what is always too late for deriding

perched somewhere, dumb,
watching in a hundred eyes or—blind?—
having let it come?

Whatever.
        In the old, dark house
we have settled down for the night,
somehow, the three of us.

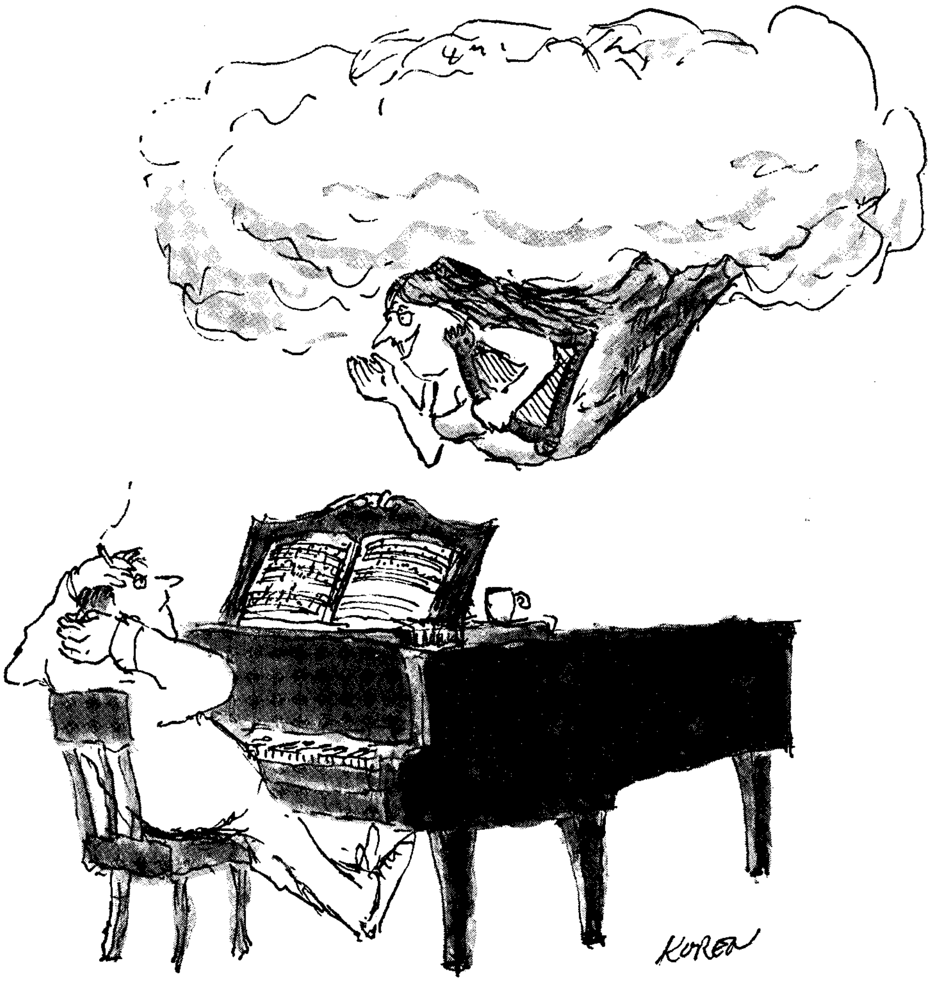
—ROBERT WALLAC

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

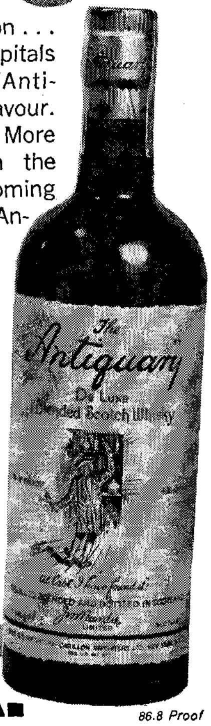
DECEMBER 11

IN Texas, the President and his advisers are working on plans for a long, large war in Vietnam. In their planning, which is at this stage largely budgetary and is likely to entail the diversion of funds from certain domestic programs to the war effort, consideration is no doubt being given to the climate of American opinion; it is a crucial part of every calculation the President makes. If the conferees were to accept the findings of the latest Louis Harris survey, which were published here earlier this week, they would have very little cause for concern. Indeed, if the whole thing had been a White House fabrication rather than the scrupulous and objective canvass it surely was, it could scarcely have been made to seem more reassuring. According to Harris, the American people approve of every aspect of present administration policy. Seventy-one per cent feel that we should "keep on fighting until we can negotiate on our own terms." This gives the President a mandate that must be the envy of Harold Wilson and General de Gaulle. Only four per cent favor unconditional withdrawal, while thirteen per cent favor a course phrased by the canvassers as "stop fighting now and negotiate"—a proposition that might be acceptable in Washington if it were acceptable in Hanoi, which it is not. The President has spoken of "other hard steps" he may feel required to take if Hanoi continues to reject his call for a negotiated settlement. One of these is said to be a blockade of North Vietnamese ports. Those who favor this outnumber those who do not. The poll, furthermore, shows support not only for his prosecution of the war but for his resistance to certain specific proposals for escalation. Roughly two out of three Americans now think it would be a mistake to extend the ground war to North Vietnam, to bomb mainland China, or to employ tactical nuclear weapons. While support for present operations in South Vietnam has increased in recent months, there has been, except in the matter of a naval blockade, a slight decrease in the number of those who say they favor escalation—down from thirty per cent in October to twenty-eight per cent in December. Opposition to the use of nuclear weapons and to widening the war does not, of course, foreclose these as options available to the President at some future time. The whole history of this and other military interventions shows that once such additional steps are taken they are rather quickly accepted as necessary parts of the war's routine—or what the Harris surveyors described to the surveyed as "holding the line."

The President sets great store by polls, and often has the latest batch in his pocket. But he is far too astute a student of public opinion and of democratic processes to think that polls tell the entire story, or even the most important part of it. In matters such as this, the polls measure consent, or acceptance—not conviction. The people accepted President Truman's intervention in Korea and drove his party from power because of it. There was far more enthusiasm for President Eisenhower's "peace" than for Truman's "war." In this troubled city today, the realities of political life and of attitudes toward Vietnam (there are times, and this is one of them, when attitudes toward Vietnam seem about all there is to political life) are in no important way reflected in the Harris survey. To be sure, a large majority of people here—probably even greater than Harris's seventy-one per cent—supports, or gives continuing consent to, the American military presence in Vietnam. But a large minority within this majority gives unhappy and reluctant consent; it accepts war only because it knows that there is now no alternative except surrender. At times in the past there may have been a choice between war and negotiation, but today there seems to be no such choice. (Several times this past week, there have been reports from Hanoi that it has no interest in anything except victory. The Hanoi radio has denied the story, passed on by the late Adlai Stevenson to Eric Sevareid, that in the fall of last year the North Vietnamese government sought to use the good offices of the United Nations Secretary-General to arrange a meeting with American spokesmen in Rangoon; it described the whole account as a "legend.") The choice is between hanging on and capitulating, and it is a rule of existence for a great power that it does not capitulate until it has been entirely, or almost entirely, destroyed. But the majority that supports the administration is fragmented beyond repair. Within the President's party, there are, on the one hand, leaders like Senator Russell, of Georgia, chairman



"Try 'Dum-de-dum-dum, dum-de-dum.'"



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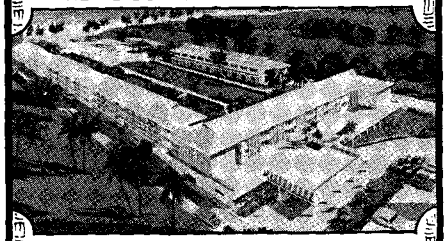

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of the Armed Services Committee, who would immediately carry the war to North Vietnam, and, on the other hand, leaders like Senator Fulbright, of Arkansas, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, who is persuaded that the war has been carried much too far already. Each view has vigorous adherents in both the Senate and the House, and it would be difficult to say which is the stronger. It is in any case not a matter of much relevance. The Fulbright school has no program except de-escalation, which it knows to be impossible; it can only scold the past and rummage through it looking for lessons for the future. The Russell school has a program both explicit and available, some of which the President is expected in time—and in desperation—to adopt. If and when he does take any of his "other hard steps," he will act in the knowledge that each is a blow to the consensus he so deeply wishes to conserve.

Regardless of what any polls show in the way of support and non-support for government policy, the issue of Vietnam is the most divisive one the President has ever faced in his years as a national leader. Only an insignificant number of Americans may currently say that they want no part of the war or are opposed to particular aspects of it, such as the bombing of North Vietnam, but the insignificant number includes some highly significant people—men and women whose general good will and advice the administration wants and needs, and who, though they do not have the President's immediate access to the masses, nevertheless have the power to bring about substantial changes in the political atmosphere. This was strikingly illustrated here last week at a gathering sponsored by the President himself—the White House Conference on International Coöperation. It was a most impressive event, and an uncommonly well-managed one. Several thousand eminent and accomplished citizens had been asked by the President to assist him and the appropriate agencies of government in setting new goals and in seeking new techniques in all our varied undertakings with other nations and within international organizations. According to the way the conference was set up, Vietnam, *our most conspicuous failure* in the field of international coöperation, was irrelevant to most of the concerns of the conferees—trade, communications, nuclear proliferation, human proliferation, and so forth. Vietnam was, however, very much on the minds of the participants; some had little else on

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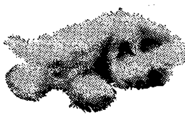

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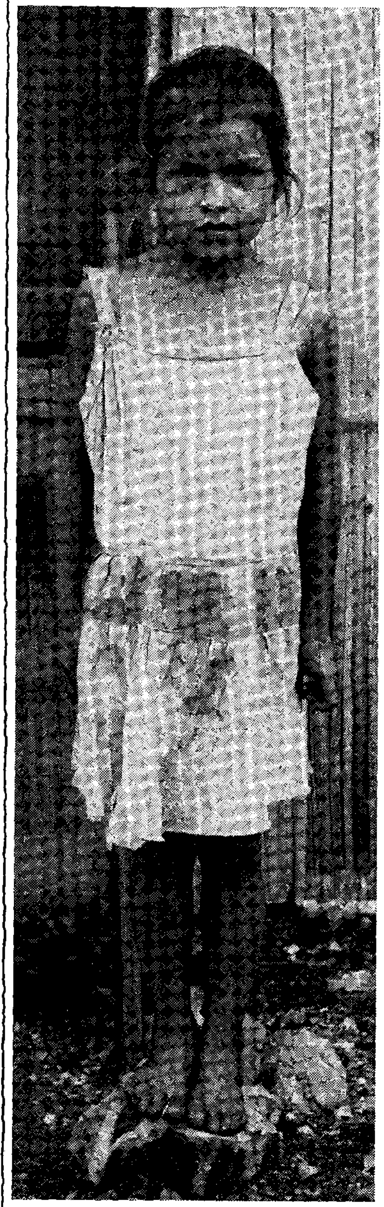
their minds. It was brought up by critics of our policy, many of them angry and intemperate, in most of the panels, and it dominated, as might have been predicted, the session on "Peaceful Settlement of Disputes," which became nothing less than an administration-sponsored demonstration against the administration. And the closing session, a plenary one, very nearly became that, too. The Secretary of State was the principal speaker, and he, knowing what had gone before, felt compelled to devote almost his entire address to the subject of Vietnam. It had become apparent to the organizers that if questions from the floor were entertained, the conference would end in an atmosphere of hostility and tension. The tension and hostility were there, but they were largely concealed by having written questions delicately rephrased by conference interlocutors.

In his defense of American policy, Secretary Rusk was gracious and eloquent. He argued, as he has often argued in the past, that the nations of the world today seem very close to settling their disputes peacefully, if not amicably. The great nuclear powers have established a kind of peace based on mutual fear. Most of the lesser powers have renounced war out of fear of involving the great ones. It could almost be said that war has been outlawed, except for the fact that the Communists continue to support what they call "wars of national liberation" and what we call "aggression" by subversion and terror. Still, the Secretary went on, the whole problem of maintaining peace and order in the world today is one that "makes pygmies of us all," and he said that those responsible for American policy "need your prayers, not your imprecations." It was possible to take some hope for the future of civility and continued communication—or what is nowadays fashionably spoken of as "dialogue"—from the fact that the entire conference, including the bitterest of critics, rose to its feet to honor the Secretary's manifest good faith. Two days ago, in a telephoned speech to the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in San Francisco, the President said that he, too, was not insensitive to the need "to question the wisdom of our course," and added that "not even the absence of alternatives to the use of force to meet aggression lessens our distaste for it."

NO one here supposes that either the President or the Secretary has any enthusiasm for the awful business in which they are engaged, or that they



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approach decisions without weighing as best they can the moral implications and the diplomatic consequences. The terrible fact, though, is that over the past year, to say nothing of the years that have gone before, official calculations have been grievously and almost unrelievedly in error. At his last press conference, the Secretary insisted that no more had been expected from our bombing of North Vietnam than certain marginal military advantages, such as slowing down convoys and causing temporary shortages of ammunition. In April, however, his deputies were confidently assuring skeptical correspondents that the bombings would compel Hanoi to enter into negotiations by the fall of the year now ending and to conclude them sometime in 1966. In some cases, American diplomats seem to have miscalculated even the intentions of American military men. In midsummer, when the first really large contingents of our troops were being put ashore, State Department officials said—and perhaps believed—that their mission was not to fight for terrain, not to engage in pitched battles far from their bases, not to try to comb the Vietcong out of the jungles, but to hold certain coastal enclaves as a demonstration of our determination not to be driven out, and, further, as a means of affording refuge for those South Vietnamese who wished our protection against the Vietcong. We were not, it was said, becoming engaged in a land war in Asia but were pursuing a course that would protect us from any such folly and at the same time would enable us to honor our commitment to our Vietnamese allies on Vietnamese soil. This was the official explanation of what we were doing in July. When American troops began doing all the things it had been said they would not do (and doing them gallantly and with a good many unexpected successes), there were suggestions from high diplomatic and military sources that it might be well to be on the alert for an early military victory in South Vietnam—not the negotiated settlement that had been foreseen earlier as a consequence of stalemate but a settlement brought about by a victory of American arms. This was seen as a likely prospect—it was said that it might come within weeks—less than three months before the Secretary of Defense left Saigon saying that it was hard to escape the conclusion that we were in for a long war.

The mistaken forecasts of negotiations this year were based on what appears to have been the mistaken assumption that Hanoi and Peking really wanted what they claimed to want—an end to the war and the withdrawal of American power. It was sometimes objected, back in the summer, that nothing might suit the rulers in those capitals better than to have the United States remain in Vietnam for a long and bloody time. After all, it was pointed out, we seemed to be doing them far less damage than we were doing ourselves. If they made it possible for us to accept anything that had the appearance of a decent settlement, and if we then generously participated in the work of reconstruction throughout the whole peninsula, as the President had promised, it would no longer be easy to describe us as murderous imperialists. Wasn't it entirely possible, State Department officials were asked, that by moving great forces into South Vietnam we were doing exactly what best served Hanoi's (and, more particularly, Peking's) interest? Were we not, that is, transforming a fratricidal Asian conflict into an American war against Asians, spending American lives and money in a territory in which our vital interests were only lightly involved, and at the same time doing minimal damage to the vital interests of China? This was not at all the case, the State Department insisted. The Department was certain that the Chinese meant it when they said they wanted the United States to leave Southeast Asia. This was the first aim of Chinese policy. Peking was mortally afraid of American power. The Communist rulers looked upon it not as a direct threat to their own regime but as a standing menace to their expansionist designs. With the United States in Vietnam, China was immobilized. It was therefore quite clear that China wanted us out at the earliest possible moment and would pay a heavy price to assure our departure. (Since Chinese military intervention was not thought likely, the price was to be paid by the North Vietnamese.) Our going might make life somewhat more difficult for the propaganda ministers in Peking, but there were more important things than propaganda—specifically, Chinese dom-

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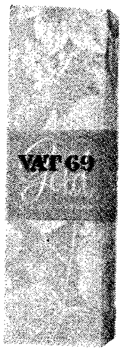

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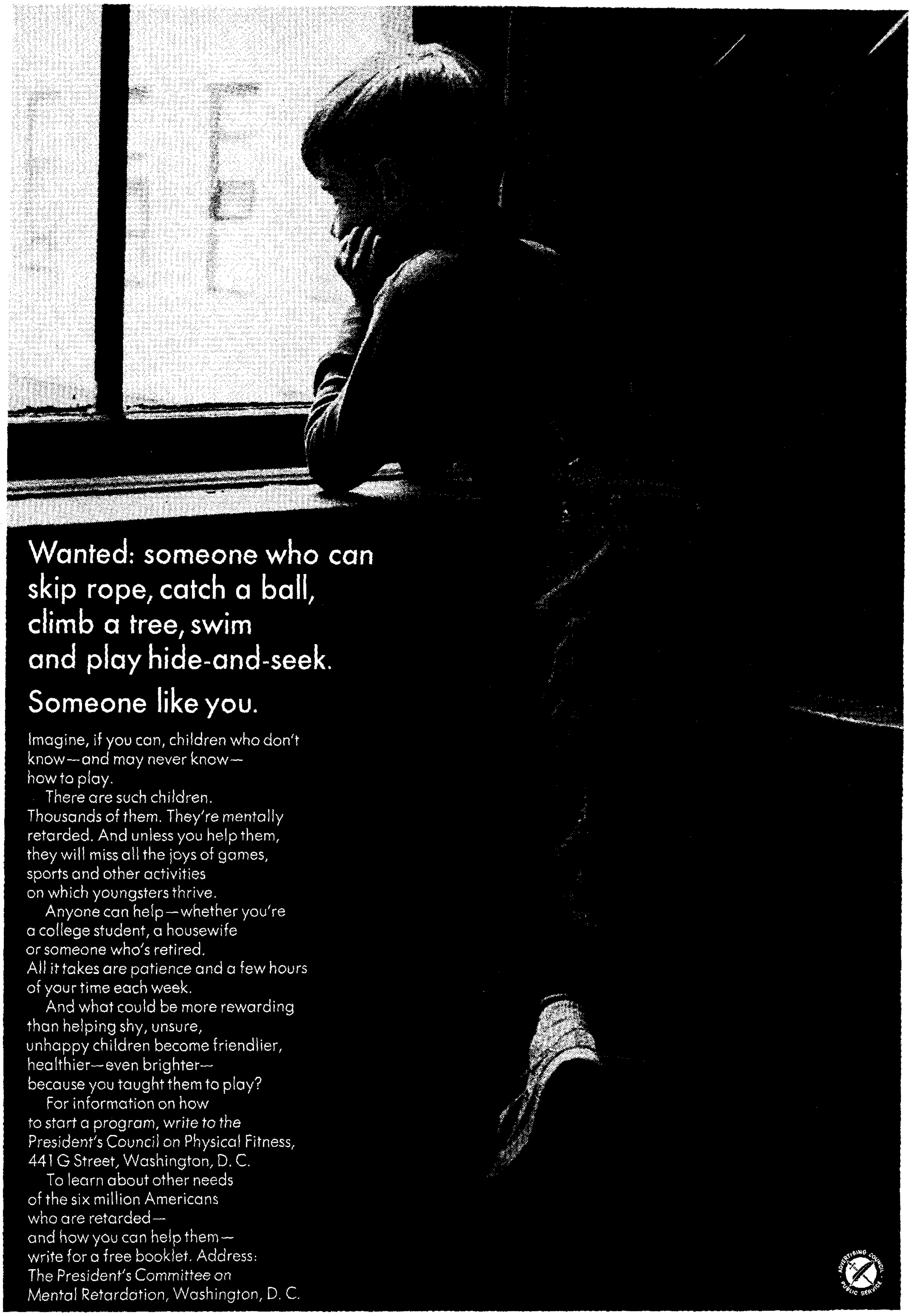

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inance in Asia. By being in Vietnam in great force, we were denying China what it most prized.

It is conceivable that the Department's midsummer analysis had, and still has, elements of soundness. In many embassies here, there are diplomats who are critical of American policy but nevertheless believe that our immense presence in Vietnam last summer played a part in deterring Chinese intervention in the short war between India and Pakistan and that it gave encouragement to those who fought and conspired against Communist power in Indonesia. But events have seemed to show that our adversaries saw at least as much profit in having us stay as in having us go. Our departure, had it been greatly desired and given the very highest priority, could have been arranged at almost any time. The President would not have abandoned South Vietnam to the Vietcong, but he would not have insisted that it become the little showcase of democracy and free enterprise that John Foster Dulles once thought it was in the process of becoming, and for some time it has been clear that a South Vietnam in which the Vietcong played no role was not within the realm of political possibility. We would doubtless have had difficulties in getting consent from Saigon for compromises that would have been acceptable to us, for Saigon wanted, and still wants, to commit us not only to protecting its sovereignty but to destroying Hanoi's. But by making consent the price of our support we could have gained it, if not from General Ky, then from some successor. Many intermediaries have conveyed all this to Hanoi and Peking. Hanoi has been assured that we seek a return to and observance of the 1954 Geneva agreements, which is what Hanoi says it wants, too, despite the fact that its record of observance has been worse than ours. Hanoi has also said that it would enter into negotiations only on condition that they be conducted "on the basis of the program of the South Vietnam National Liberation Front." This has seemed to many an insistence on advance political capitulation, and that is probably what it is, though Bernard B. Fall, perhaps our leading authority on Vietnam, has pointed out that the "program" is as windy and confusing as some of our own political platforms. Among many other things, it calls for "a liberal and democratic regime," "a foreign policy of peace and neutrality," "peaceful reunification of the country," and the defense of "universal peace." Skilled negotiators could spend months

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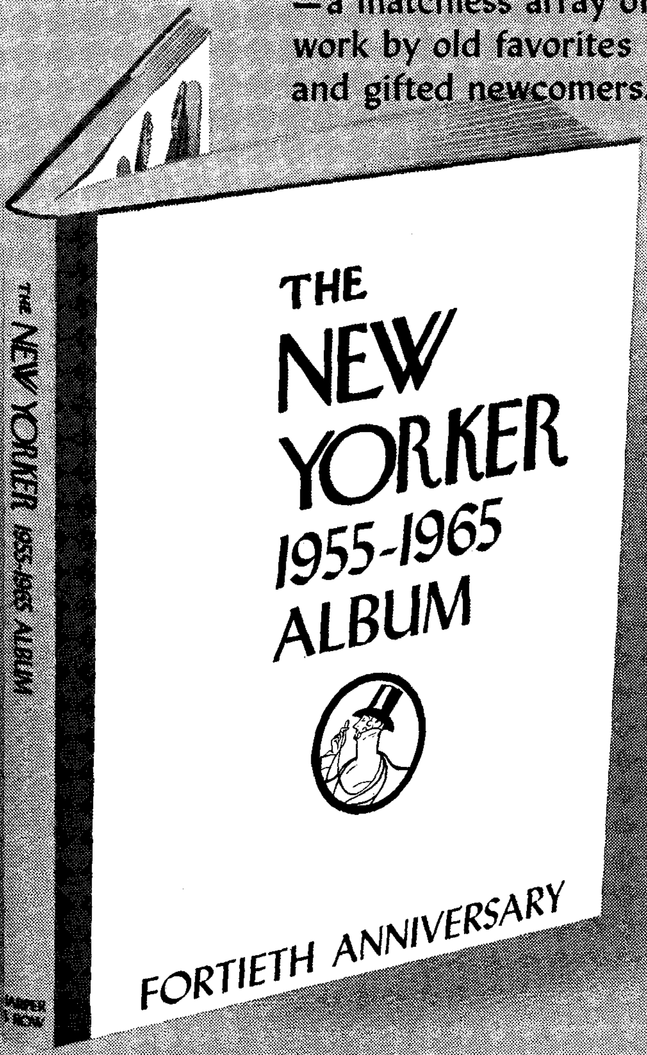

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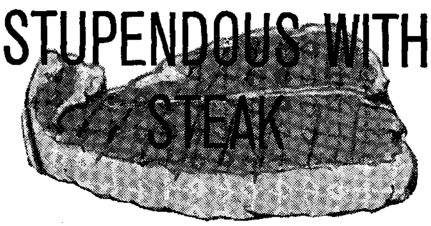
talking about any one of these. But unless Hanoi and Peking are bluffing wildly, it would appear that they are in earnest today when they disclaim any interest in early negotiations, and when Hanoi goes as far as to deny that it was ever irresolute enough to have sought contact with the United States in 1964. (According to the State Department, it most certainly did.) The day may come when they will feel some urgency about having us leave. But now, evidently, they see considerable value in having us stay until an involuntary departure can be forced upon us. James Cameron, of the London *Evening Standard*, has reported from North Vietnam that our bombings so far have worked miracles in creating unity and strengthening morale throughout the countryside and in the city.

If our policymakers have consistently misread the evidence, their errors are probably as nothing compared to those of their counterparts in Hanoi and Peking. Our insistence on nonrecognition of odious governments denies both us and them information that might be useful in making approaches to reality. But our resources are vastly greater than theirs, and we are, fortunately, in touch with other governments in which the press is free and objective inquiry is encouraged. According to Cameron, Hanoi is making long-range calculations based on the belief that American opinion is now turning against the war and will in time force the government to call its troops home. This is the month's most chilling news by far. For what is plain to be seen here is that before long President Johnson is likely to face an ordeal comparable to that faced by President Truman nearly fifteen years ago over the war in Korea, and that he may not be able to manage it as Truman did. Though in the end the country grew weary of the war, the weariness led to increased support for General MacArthur's bellicosity. Truman, however, with powerful aid from allied governments, from the United Nations, and from the small but influential minorities that are now attacking the government not for the way in which it is conducting the war but for the fact that the war is being conducted at all, was able to hold out for a policy of restraint. He could resist the clamor to extend the war because of a national and even international consensus on the proposition that the war itself was just and necessary, that it was being honorably led by a unified command, and that it represented a large step forward in international peace-keeping. The President



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today is being told by his allies that he is fighting a fundamentally unjust war. Given a fair chance, the United Nations would almost certainly find against us. Those at home who feel that the war is fundamentally unjust may make peace with their consciences by demonstrating, but, quite apart from the question of whether or not they mislead Hanoi and Peking, they weaken, paradoxically, the forces of American restraint. In limiting the war and in seeking negotiations, the President can draw no strength from those who think a limited war is no more defensible than an unlimited one.

The number of those in total opposition to the President's policy is likely to grow, and Hanoi, if the reports reaching here are to be believed, will rejoice and feel closer to victory. But as opposition grows, so will both militancy and weariness. The line of both the militant and the weary will be that a commander who does not use all the power he has to smash the enemy is unfit to be entrusted with the fate of American soldiers. It is not an easy line to resist in a country that hates what it is doing and is yet persuaded that it is doing it for honor's sake. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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[*From "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage," by Bergen Evans and Cornelia Evans*]

... it ["accrue"] is most safely used in a specifically legal context, meaning to become a present and enforceable right or demand (*Interest accrues at the rate of two percent per annum*). It is ostentatious and inaccurate to use *accrue* as a synonym for *result* or *happen* when there are no legal or financial implications....
—*Page 8.*

These limitations are but trifles, however, compared to the immense benefits that would accrue from the adoption of some working basic international language.
—*Page 54.*

The fault of allegory is that its implications may be lost in the story and a false moral deduced instead of the intended one. Thus a child told that the early bird gets the worm may identify himself with the worm and *not* be incited to rise betimes. —*Page 26.*

... ["betimes"], while standard usage, now smacks of the consciously literary and would be regarded as an affectation.
—*Page 60.*

•

Another diversion was her pet dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson. She first met him, according to one story, when he was served up to her in a king-sized pie at a banquet given by the Duchess of Buckingham. He soon became a court favorite. Intelligent, witty, perfectly formed, his only handicap was his height—approximately 80 inches.—*Annapolis (Md.) Capital.*

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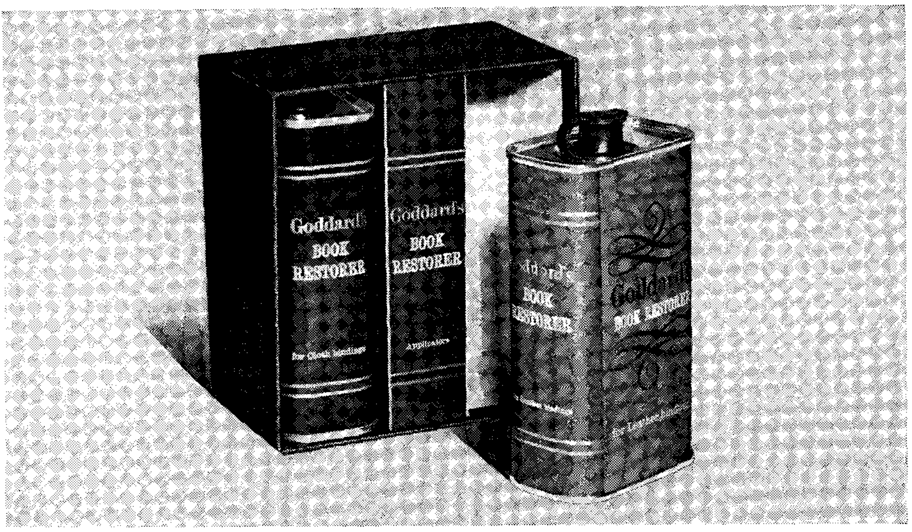

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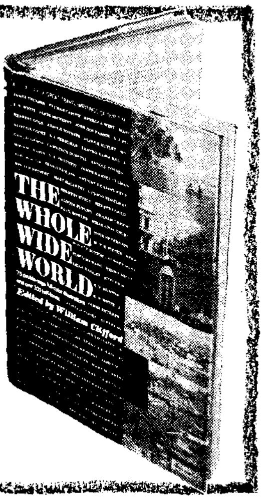

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FICTION

THE LITTLE SAINT, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Bernard Frechtman (Harcourt, Brace & World). The story of a serenely triumphant life, the life of an artist whose spirit was totally involved with the world around him, while his heart remained untouched—the heart of a humble, contented child. The scene, from about 1894 to about 1964, is Paris—the Paris of a cheerful, hard-working, truly loving mother named Gabrielle, who supports her six children by selling fruit and vegetables from a pushcart. The surname of Louis, the fifth child, who is abnormally small, is Cuchas, but his three older brothers and his older sister are named Heurteau. The little Heurteaus are, presumably, legitimate, but their father vanished from their lives years ago. Who was the long-lost Cuchas, father of Louis? And what about little Emilie, the youngest and most unlucky of Gabrielle's children? Who was her father, and where is he? And was M. Heurteau really the father of all four of the older children? No one knows for sure except Gabrielle, and she is too busy caring for her children and entertaining her latest lover to worry about any such nonsense as paternity. Gabrielle and the children and the lovers (one lover at a time) live all together in one enormous room. Little Louis, always trusting, sees nothing to shock or hurt him. The one rebellion Louis makes in his life is silent, amiable, and determined: "He was told later when they had tried to put him into a nursery school when he was two years old, that he had not cried but had struggled, and that when his mother had left he had escaped by the window. As he still did not know his house from the outside, he had wandered about among the pushcarts and a policeman had finally gone up to him.

" 'What are you looking for, little boy?'

" 'I'm looking for Mama.' "

Louis grows up and grows older and becomes a very old man, a painter whose name is famous all over the world. He never marries. He lives alone, accepting everyone and questioning no one. Louis is the core of this book, but his mother, the great Gabrielle, is its dominant figure. Gabrielle is unforgettable. Everyone who reads this story of Parisians struggling to live, and enjoying the struggle, will feel happier—much happier.

GENERAL

MORNING AND NOON: A MEMOIR, by Dean Acheson (Houghton Mifflin). This book, as its subtitle proclaims, is a memoir, but it is not an autobiographical one in the usual sense. It is, rather, a firmly reticent and highly episodic account of certain people and certain events encountered by the author between his birth in Middletown, Connecticut, on April 11, 1893, and his appointment on February 1, 1941, as Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs—the morning and noon of his life. The events upon which he chooses to dwell are his boyhood (a "moment of joy . . . preserved in sunlight like a Renoir picnic"), a summer job as a Canadian railroad laborer (between his graduation from Groton, which he so disliked that he does not even mention the place by name, and his matriculation at Yale), two years as private secretary to Justice Brandeis, a couple of court cases he handled during a turn as a practicing lawyer, and his term as Under-Secretary of the Treasury. The people he chooses to mention, in addition to Justice Brandeis, include Justice Holmes, Felix Frankfurter, and Franklin Roosevelt. It is only in speaking of the last that he tends to drop his guard: "He condescended. . . . To accord the President the greatest deference and respect should be a gratification to any citizen. It is not gratifying to receive the easy greeting which milord might give a promising stable boy and pull one's forelock in return." And he adds, "In others he inspired . . . affection and devotion For me, that was reserved for a ma of whom at that time I had neve heard, his successor." That reference to Harry Truman is the onl glimpse he gives us o greatness, and he readily anticipate our complaint that he stops his reco

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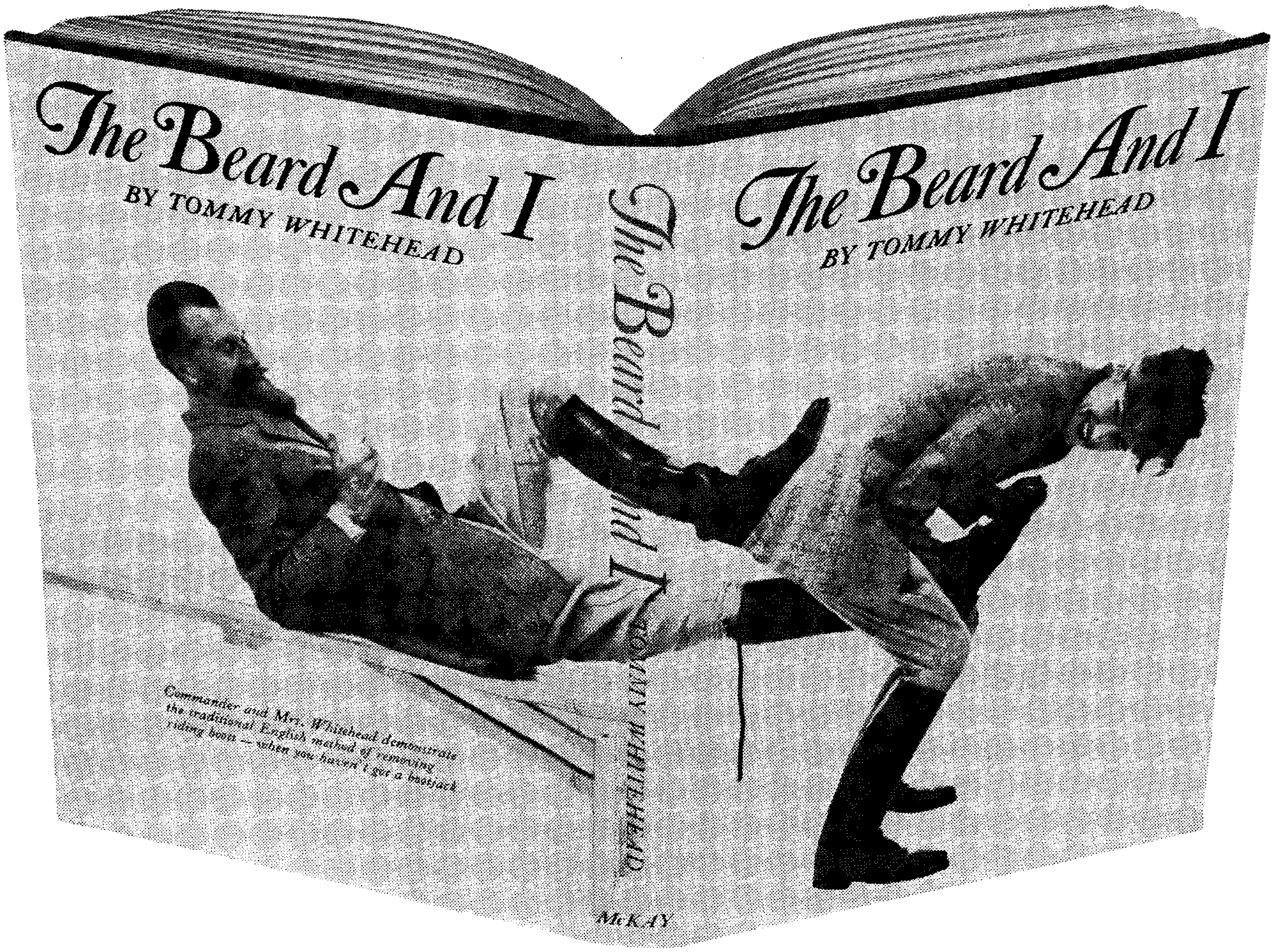
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The amusing revelations in this cockeyed life of a company wife make wonderful reading. With a twinkle in her eye, Tommy Whitehead tells how they got Schweppt into a business that was supposed to sell a traditional British mixer to Americans, and how, because of the Commander and his beard, it turned into a celebrity merry-go-round.

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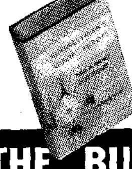

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lections too soon: "As involvement and responsibility grew, as the criticism for the outcome of events began to focus upon oneself, detachment and objectivity became suspect. The element of self-justification could not be excluded. One must watch one's words. They were likely to become, in lawyers' jargon, part of the *res gestae*, essential circumstances surrounding the subject." His explanation is intended to do no more than explain, but it goes far and away beyond that. It precisely characterizes the man. Photographs.

THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS, by Sir John Bagot Glubb (Prentice-Hall). The author, whose many years in the Middle East included a long term as head of Jordan's Arab Legion, here provocatively suggests that a large part of the history of Europe as conventionally taught in the West is incomprehensible by reason of its exclusion of Arab history. "The Dark Ages," he writes, "did not begin with the barbarian invasions in the fifth century but with the Arab closure of the Mediterranean in the seventh. They slowly came to an end after the year 1000, as the Arab Empire weakened." Thus, he goes on to observe, the relapse of Europe into ignorance—the withering of trade (the disappearance of spices, silks, gold, perfumes, oil, papyrus), the end of learning, the substitution of a land economy for a money economy, the paralyzing evolution of feudalism—was both created and paralleled by the rise of Arab civilization. It is this extraordinary rise—the establishment in less than a century of an empire that stretched from Spain to China—that forms the subject of this book, and Sir John depicts it with vigor, with clarity, and with a stirring consciousness of the arts and sciences that flowered in its wake. Illustrated with end-paper maps and many excellent detailed maps in the text.

VOICES FROM THE SKY, by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper & Row). Without any question, Mr. Clarke is the evangelist of space travel. Since before the Second World War (he was then treasurer of the British Interplanetary Society, the NASA of prewar England, which had at its disposal about three hundred dollars a year to spend on rocketry), he has been preaching and writing about the rewards awaiting us when we finally get away from this planet in full force. This book, his latest, is a collection of essays, mostly about the

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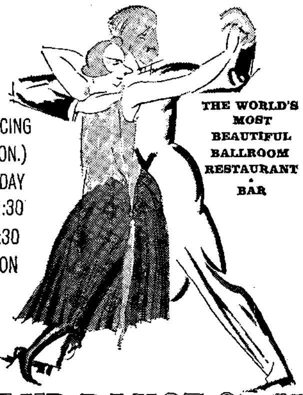

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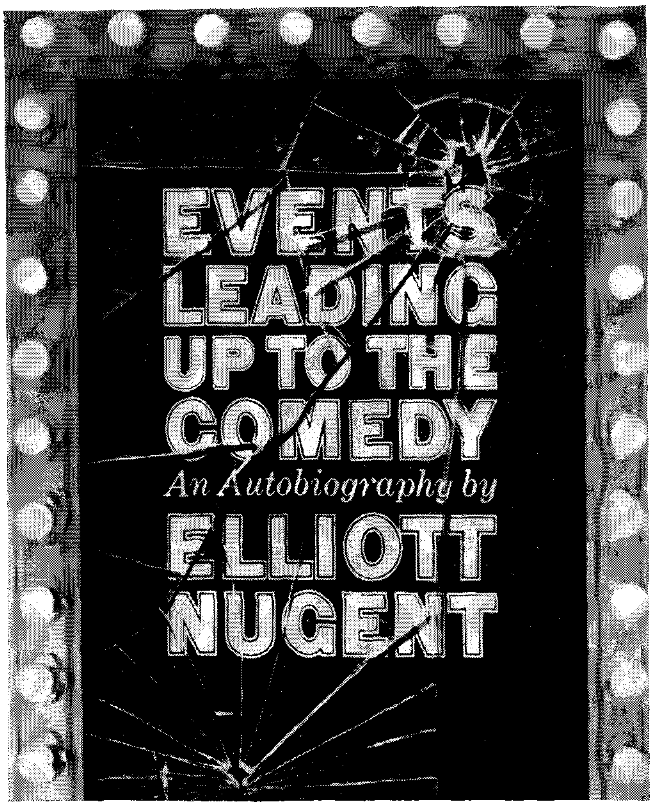
uses of space. As in many such collections, there is a certain amount of redundancy, but this is more than outweighed by the enthusiasm and imagination that Mr. Clarke brings to the subject, along with the enormous reservoir of information that he has acquired during the thirty years or so that he has been thinking about space flight. The book will probably not persuade most people to try to get aboard the first flight to the moon, but it may convince the skeptics that it is worthwhile to send someone else there.

THE ATLANTIC COMMUNITY: A STUDY IN UNITY AND DISUNITY, by Drew Middleton (McKay). Mr. Middleton was a New York *Times* correspondent in Europe from 1942 until early this year, and he is dismayed by the present state of the coalition between the United States and Western Europe. He thinks that the Common Market countries are mistakenly unsympathetic to the United States' worldwide responsibilities and far too trusting of Russian intentions, and that the United States, on the other hand, often forgets that Europe is no longer a war-ravaged dependency. On balance, he suggests that Europe is more to blame for today's estrangement. Nonetheless, he insists that Europe still needs the United States, and that no matter how troublesome our allies seem, we must not give up and go away.

PORTRAIT IN OIL: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NUBAR GULBENKIAN (Simon & Schuster). The author, an oil magnate and the son of an oil magnate, has trouble deciding whether he is a poor little rich boy or an exceptionally lucky fellow. True, he never wanted for anything, but he always had to ask for it, because his father never gave him an independent income. If the elder Gulbenkians, who sprang from Armenia, could go anywhere in Western Europe (and take their children), the family's obstinately Eastern attitudes (e.g., patriarchy, arranged marriages) made it difficult for the youngsters to feel that they belonged anywhere—except, perhaps, at the Ritz. Mr. Gulbenkian tells of business (Gulbenkian coups, Gulbenkian feuds, and complicated Gulbenkian contracts) and of pleasure (wine, women, and horses; he doesn't care for music). Some of his anecdotes are very funny.

GREAT FAMILY COLLECTIONS, edited by Douglas Cooper (Macmillan). A compilation of twelve articles on



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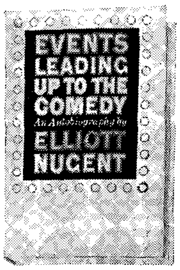

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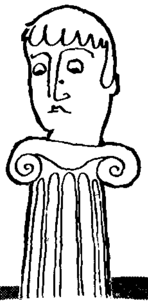

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twelve art collections by local specialists. The great value of the book is that it affords an opportunity to study paintings, sculptures, and other works hidden in great mansions—among others, those of the Rospigliosi-Pallavicini in Rome, the Counts Harrach in Vienna, and the Dukes of Alba in Madrid. Its major fault is a certain fulsomeness, as shown in a tendency on the part of some of the authors to overpraise the noble collectors for the perspicacity of their selections and for their openhandedness as patrons. The texts, for the most part, are amiably anecdotal, while the photographs of the interiors of some of the palaces, with their great marbled, mirrored halls and acres of canvases, are truly awe-inspiring—reminding one, in some instances, of the huge Salle des Pas Perdus in the Gare Saint-Lazare, in Paris. The illustrations are plentiful (close to four hundred, including forty-eight in color), though not exceptional in quality. Nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

GREAT HOUSES OF BRITAIN, by Nigel Nicolson, with photographs by Kerry Dundas (Putnam). Though this is a big book as well as a lovely one, it does not pretend to offer more than a brief introduction to each of thirty-nine remarkable country houses whose riches are so great that any one could support a volume of its own. (Some of the oldest, reconceived through successive remodellings, are three-dimensional dictionaries of English art history.) Not without difficulty, Mr. Nicolson fixes on the main excitement—the particular glory—of each building. The photographs give excellent ideas of over-all structure and of fine details, such as Tudor panelling or Adam ornamentation. Twenty dollars and ninety-five cents.

●

It was believed that students need to: Create an inner joy through language which can become a kind of food that nourishes and possesses an internal dimension.—*Letter from the University of the State of New York received by a teacher in Amenia.*

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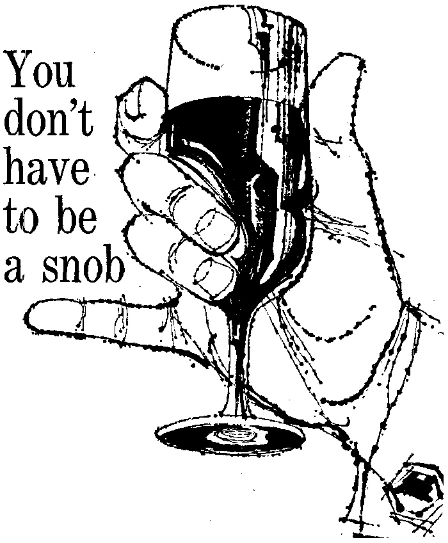
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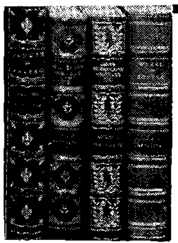

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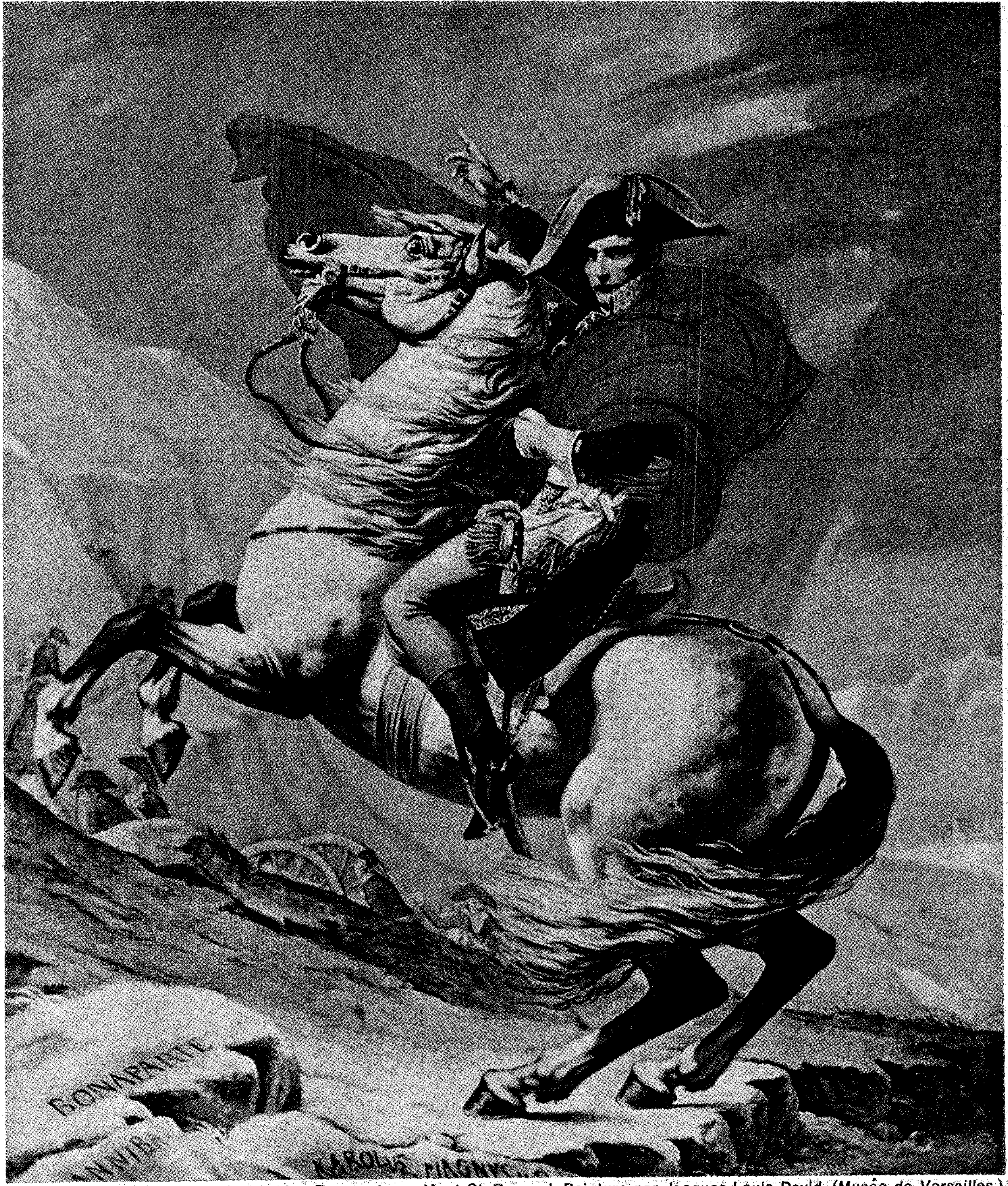

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